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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XX.

PAGE

A DAY WITHOUT THE EVER. By E. O. CUPPY ... 299

ABOUT 'NUNZIATA. By ARTHUR BLOUNT .. . 597
Illustrations by C. BARKER.

ADVENTURE OF PETER THE MOUJIK, THE. By LUCY HARDY 29

AFGHAN WAR, AN INCIDENT IN THE SECOND By J. R. S. 160
Illustration by R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.

ALL HALLOWS EVE. By A. P. G.... 304

AUSTRIA (THE ROYAL HOUSE OF) AND ITS MURDERED EMPRESS. By MARY SPENCER WARREN. With Illustrations 115

B 23. By ERNEST W. LOW 516
Illustrations by CECIL ALDIN.

BALLOON, UP IN A. By J. M. BACON .. . 150
With Illustrations.

BEYOND. By FRANKLIN PIERCE CARRIGAN 668

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND. Drawn by A. BAUERLE 528

BROKEN DOLL, THE. Picture in Colours by CARLTON SMITH . . ... *Facing* 200

BY FAITH. By K. ELPHINSTONE . .. 153

CAMP. By LEWIS TORRE 525

CASTLES (REAL) IN THE AIR: MONASTERIES OF METEORA. By CHARLES ANGUS . . 173
With Illustrations.

CENTENARIAN OF SAMOS, THE. By S. L. BENSUSAN 43
Illustrations by W. CUBITT COOKE.

CHARLES THE FIRST'S LAST DAYS. By E. ALMACK 605
With Picture in Colours and other Illustrations.

CHEEVERS AND THE LOVE OF BEAUTY. By BARRY PAIN 325
Illustrations by CHRIS HAMMOND.

CHRISTMAS. Drawn by BERTHA NEWCOMBE . 237

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS. By NORA HOPPER . 318

CLOWNLAND (THE KING OF): JOEY GRIMALDI AND SADLER'S WELLS. By CLEMENT SCOTT 271
With Illustrations.

COLLECTOR OF THE PORTE. By R. W. CHAMBERS .. 241
Illustrations by LANCELOT SPEED.

COME, SWEET LASS. Drawn by GILBERT JAMES 102

COTTAGE COQUETTE. Coloured Picture. *Facing* 470

CRANKS IN CROCKERY. By E. F. SPENCE ... 584
With Illustrations.

CUMBERLAND (THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF) AND THEIR HOME. By A. DE BURGH 183
With Illustrations from Photographs.

DARK PRINCE, THE. By NORA HOPPER 33
Illustration by LANCELOT SPEED.

DENMARK, ROYALTY IN. By MARY SPENCER WARREN. With Illustrations 15

DEVIL'S OWN, THE 370
Illustrations by G. MONTBARD and from Photographs.

DIAMOND PRICE, AT. By MARGARETTA BYRDE .. 77
Illustrations by K. LUCAS.

DOG AND THE MAN, THE. By PAUL NEUMAN ... 623
Illustrations by H. A. EVES.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE. Picture in Colours by HAL HURST... . ... *Facing* 232

PAGE

DON CARLOS, DUKE OF MADRID. Portrait in Colours ... ... *Facing* 553

EUGENIE, EMPRESS OF FRANCE. By R. S. MICHEL. With Illustrations 271

FEEDING-TIME. Coloured Picture ... *Facing* 270

FIGHT IN LEICESTER SQUARE, A. By Major MARTIN HUME 275

FINE FEATHERS: SCRAPS FROM LADY BABBIE'S NOTE BOOK .. 438, 521, 651
With Illustrations in Colours.

FINNAN HADDIE, THE. By B. MACGREGOR 221
With Illustrations from Photographs.

FIRST IN THE FIELD. By MARY HARTIER 604

FLASHES FROM THE FOOTLIGHTS 692, 638
With Portraits.

FLYING-MACHINES, THE NEWEST OF . 31
With Illustrations.

FRATRICIDE, A FAMOUS. By Major M. HUME . 400

FRECKLES. By W. PETT RIDGE... 401
Illustrations by GUNNING KING.

FROM THE CAPE TO CAIRO. By C. DE THIERRY 553
With Illustrations from Photographs.

GOOD-FOR-NOTHING, A. By A. O. BRAZIER 24
Illustrations by FRANCES EWAN.

GRIMALDI (JOEY), AND SADLER'S WELLS. By CLEMENT SCOTT 271
With Illustrations.

HAIL, MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMASTIDE. Drawn by A. BAUERLE 229

HANGING ROCK, CHILLAGOE, QUEENSLAND 48

HATZFELDT (COUNT) AND THE GERMAN EMBASSY. By J. F. F. 69
With Illustrations from Photographs.

HOMES (EARLY) OF OUR PRINCESS. By MARY SPENCER WARREN. With Illustrations .. . 15

HORSE-DEALING STORIES. By A. S. APPELBEE 431
Illustrations by A. J. WALL.

HOW BRITISH SUBJECTS HAVE MADE RUSSIA. By J. M. BULLOCH 84
With Illustration.

HOW COFFEE CAME TO PARIS. By STODDARD DEWEY. With Illustrations 312

HOW THEY SURVIVE .. 461
With Illustrations in Colours.

ICONOCLAST, AN. By MRS. ANDREW DEAN 178

IDYLL. Picture in Colours by D. DOWNING *Facing* 340

IN CONFIDENCE. By MRS. ERNEST LEVERSON .. 302
Illustrations by H. A. EVES.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE .. 71, 188, 348, 425, 545
With Illustrations.

JAN CRISFORD'S RETURN. By ZACK 302
Illustration by WALTER WILSON, R.I.

JOCK AND SACCHARISSA. By E. NESBIT and EDGAR JEPSON 285
Illustration in Colours by EDWARD READ.

KIMBERLEY DIAMOND MINES. By R. SILLARD. 647
With Illustrations from Photographs.

KINDNESS OF MRS. RUTHERFORD, THE. By CHARLES ANGUS 55

KING'S FRIEND, A. By F. H. MELVILLE 353
Illustrations in Colours by A. FORESTIER.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XX.

PAGE

LABOURER OF PONT AVEN, THE. By WILLIAM F. PAYSON ... 493
Illustrations by REX OSBORNE.

LADY BARBARITY. (Serial Story. Chaps. I.—VIII.) By J. C. SNAITH ... 227, 445, 549, 653
Illustrations in Colours by W. D. ALMOND, R.I.

LITERARY CHAT. By SPHINX ... 459, 563, 666

LILIES. Illustration from Photograph ... 2

LORDS OF SHADOW, THE. By FIONA MACLEOD 310
Illustrations by A. L. BOWLEY.

M.P.'S AND THEIR FADS By A. MACKINTOSH 416
Illustrations by E. F. SKINNER.

MAN OF SENTIMENT, A. By A. MACDONELL ... 145
Illustrations by C. H. TAFFS.

MONARCH OF ALL HE SURVEYS: MR. ROSS AND THE COCOS ISLANDS ... 629
With Illustrations.

MONASTERIES OF METEORA, THE. By CHARLES ANGUS. With Illustrations ... 173

MOORISH SCENE, A. Picture in Colours by L. MARCHETTI ... *Facing* 353

MOUSE CLUB, THE. By LOUIS WAIN ... 398
Illustrations by LOUIS WAIN.

MR. BATEMAN AND MISS SCOTT. By "DOT" 308

OH, LOVELY JANE Drawn by M. COWPER ... 444

OLD AGE PENSIONS. By J. HOLT SCHOOLING ... 97
With Diagrams by J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

OLD VENNY. By GEORGE GAMBLE ... 589
Illustrations by A. J. WALL

OLE MIS' ANNE. By E. TRAFFORD-HEWITT ... 194
Illustrations by W. CUBITT COOKE.

ON GOOD BEHAVIOUR. Picture in Colours by E. GRIVAZ ... *Facing* 241

OWL EWINGS, THE STONE-BREAKER. By J. J. BRITTON. Illustrations by A. J. WALL ... 217

PAIR OF GLOVES, A. Coloured Picture. *Facing* 236

PAVEMENT ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK. By C. L. MCCLUER STEVENS ... 201
With Illustrations.

PHARAOHS HAVE VANISHED; PYRAMIDS REMAIN. By S. L. With Illustrations ... 11

PHEASANT. Illustration from Photograph ... 88

PIANO, EVOLUTION OF A. With Illustrations ... 108

PITMAN, THE: ROMANCE OF HIS TOIL. By JOHN PENDLETON ... 63
With Illustrations from Photographs.

PLAYMATES. Picture in Colours by TROOD. *Facing* 305

PLAY AND ITS STORY: "THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA." With Illustrations ... 435

PORTLAND, THE DUKES OF. With Illustrations. 201

PRIMROSES. Picture in Colours by KATE GREENAWAY ... *Facing* 209

PRINCE OF SPORTSMEN, THE. Coloured Picture ... *Facing* 360

PRITHEE, PRETTY MAIDEN. Picture in Colours by YEEND KING ... *Facing* 325

PSYCHE. Sculptured by MULLER ... 38

PUNCTUAL SWAIN, THE. Picture in Colours by J. HAYNES WILLIAMS ... *Facing* 250

REPRISALS. By GEORGES MONTBARD ... 383
Illustrations by G. MONTBARD.

RETURN OF JOHN ABNEY. By M. B. HARDIE ... 369
Illustrations by RAYMOND POTTER.

REVERIE, A. Drawn by E. F. SKINNER ... 458

RIDE A COCK-HORSE TO BANBURY CROSS 52
With Illustrations.

RIVALS, THE. Coloured Picture ... *Facing* 209

ROCKS WITH FUNNY FACES ... 40
With Illustrations from Photographs.

PAGE

ROSE AND CHRYSANTHEMUM. By C. DAWE. Illustrations in Colours by A. FORESTIER.
MUSUME, THE ... 503
AT THE SHRINE OF SHINTO ... 613

ROSES, YELLOW AND BLUE. By B. MILNE ... 103
Illustrations by FLORENCE REASON.

SAGITTARIUS. Drawn by A. L. BOWLEY ... 319

ST. AUSTIN AND THE CHILD. By K. T. H. ... 316
With Illustration.

SANTA MARIA. By ATHOL FORBES ... 575
Illustrations by A. H. BUCKLAND.

SCANTY SHELTER, A. Drawn by CECIL ALLIN ... *Facing* 652

SCAVENGER BOY, A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A. By J. D. SYMON ... 305
With Illustrations from Photographs.

SHEELIA. By ROSA MULHOLLAND ... 619

SHEEPSTEALERS, THE. By CECIL CLARE ... 342
Illustrations by A. L. BOWLEY.

SORRY AFFAIR, A. By STEPHEN HAYNES ... 125
Illustrations by RAYMOND POTTER.

SPORT, THE WORLD'S—
CURIOUS CHARACTERISTICS OF BRITISH GAME BIRDS. By H. A. BRYDEN ... 565
FRANCE'S SEA-FISHING. By F. G. AFLALO ... 365
HIGHLAND DEER-STALKING. By ROCKWOOD ... 483
RHINOCEROS AND LION HUNTING IN AFRICA. By H. A. BRYDEN ... 361
WITH RIFLE AND HOUNDS. By W. BLEW ... 479
Illustrations by R. C. WOODVILLE, SEPPINGS WRIGHT, and ARCHIBALD THORBURN.

STAIN OF BLOOD, THE. By KATHARINE TYNAN 333
Illustrations by FLORENCE REASON.

SUMMER CHRISTMAS, THE. By MAARTEN MAARTENS ... 261
Illustrations in Colours by WAL PAGET.

SURPRISE OF MR. MILBERRY, THE. By JEROME K. JEROME. Illustrations by DUDLEY HARDY ... 209

THAT RUSSIAN PRINCESS. By P. A. NIX ... 134
Illustrations by J. WILLIAMSON.

THE OTHER DAY. By G. C. P. ... 83

THE ROAD. By J. J. BELL ... 290

THE WIND HAS BLOWN MY HEART AWAY. By D. S. S. ... 341

TOMMY: WHEN HE IS SICK, AND HOW HE IS CURED ... 170
With Illustrations from Photographs.

TREASURE OF AWATAPU CREEK, THE. By H. W. TOMPKINS. Illustrations by H. A. HOGG ... 486

UGLY MRS. DURING, THE By RICHARD PRYCE 344
Illustrations by BERTHA NEWCOMBE.

UNSOLVED MYSTERY, AN. By Major M. HUME. 3
With Illustrations.

VALET, THE NEW. By HAROLD MACFARLANE 163
Illustrations by N. ERICHSEN.

VENUS AND MARS AS FOUNTAINS OF HONOUR. With Portraits ... 368

WHERE THE DIAMONDS COME FROM. By R. SILLARD ... 647
With Illustrations from Photographs.

WHERE THE WICKED CHINEE GOES TO. By JOHN FOSTER FRASER ... 220
Illustrations by a Chinese Artist.

WILLIAM II., GERMAN EMPEROR. Portrait in Colours ... *Facing* 424

WINTER'S DAY, A. Drawn by OSCAR WILSON ... 524

WOMEN DUELLISTS. By Colonel C. W. WILLOCK 238
Illustration from Picture by Mrs. S. E. WALLER.

WOOER, THE. Picture in Colours by OSCAR WILSON ... *Facing* 220

YANGTZE HOLOCAUST, A. By C. W. MASON ... 277
Illustrations by C. J. DE LACEY.

Photo by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street.

LILIES.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY.

By MAJOR MARTIN HUME.

IN Green's Lane, Charing Cross, a little to the west of where the giant railway station now rears its hideous hump, there dwelt in the days of Charles II. an energetic—not to say fussy—elderly bachelor of credit and renown. He was a timber-merchant with a wharf close by, at the bottom of what is now Northumberland Street; a churchwarden and parochial prop of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and the most active Justice of the Peace for the city of Westminster. He had been turned from "Mr." into "Sir" Edmondbury Godfrey for his public spirit in staying in town through the time of the plague to organise relief and public order; and thenceforward until the autumn of 1678 had lived in fair repute and apparent prosperity. Once, it is true, he fell into trouble with the Court for daring to arrest Dr. Wakeford, the Queen's physician, for a debt of £30 for firewood, and was confined for a week in Whitehall, to his intense and outspoken indignation, for employing ordinary legal process against one of the royal household; but, generally speaking, he had remained on good terms both with his fellow Churchmen and with the growing Catholic party, which was becoming daily more aggressive under the protection of the King's only brother, the Duke of York, and the Portuguese Queen-Consort.

All England was in a suppressed ferment at the supposed danger to the Protestant supremacy from the known opinions of the heir-apparent to the crown and the proceedings of the Catholic propagandists, when on Sept. 6, 1678, an individual waited upon Sir Edmondbury Godfrey at his house, for the purpose of swearing an affidavit before him as magistrate. This was, of course, a frequent occurrence; but what was, in truth, unusual on this occasion was the character of the sworn deposition and the person of the deponent.

The latter was a man of sensual and forbidding countenance, of sanctimonious bearing and insinuating address; wearing the rusty garb of a clergyman, and announcing himself as Dr. Titus Oates. His statement was an astounding one. As a pretended convert, he said he had gained the confidence of the Jesuits, and had lived as one of them in their various seminaries abroad. In this way he had become acquainted with the details of a vast conspiracy to murder the King of England and overthrow the Protestant religion by aid of Spanish troops. The statement was full and detailed, implicating some of the most important people in England, and it is clear that Godfrey had no relish for being mixed up with so great a matter, even as attesting magistrate. He made a few notes only of the deposition; and after the paper

was attested Oates carried it away with him, and there the matter rested for a time.

In the meanwhile Oates took care to whisper his story to weak-minded clergymen and others, who he knew would carry it to Court; and there is no doubt also that Godfrey mentioned it, amongst others, to the Duke of York's secretary, Coleman, who was one of the persons accused by Oates. On Sept. 28 Oates went again to Godfrey, and swore to three other copies of his deposition; and a few days afterwards was summoned by the King's Council. The man's story was unconnected, inconsistent, and wild: neither the Lord Treasurer Danby nor the King was inclined to believe that there was much truth in it; but public opinion was in a tempest of alarm, and Jesuits and Catholic nobles were placed under arrest in large numbers, Oates being exalted to a popular idol, as one whose timely revelations had saved the King and the Protestant religion in England.

Both parties were strong at Court; and, unjustly enough, both Protestant and Catholics blamed poor Godfrey, the attesting magistrate Why, asked the Protestants, did he not immediately take steps after his first interview with Oates, on Sept. 6, to obtain an official investigation before the accused accomplices had time to destroy incriminatory papers? Why, asked the Catholics, was he so busy in taking lying depositions of this sort, striking at the highest heads in the land, instead of at once seizing Oates and sending him to the Council, who would have known how to deal with him? Godfrey was naturally a despondent person. He knew he was in the black books of the Catholics at Court since Dr. Wakeford's affair, and for the first ten days of October he sent about telling his friends that, come what might, he was bound to be the first victim, that he should be knocked on the head, and so forth.

"Why not take your man-servant with you when you go abroad?" they asked. "He is no good; a poor weak fellow like that," replied the magistrate. "Then get another one," urged his friends; but Godfrey said he did not wish to be hampered with a man at his heels, and with a long face gave himself up to the inevitable, anticipating disaster.

On Saturday, Oct. 12, he left his house at nine o'clock in the morning; and shortly afterwards was seen at Marylebone. Tainted evidence asserted subsequently that he was near St. Clement Danes Church in the Strand at one o'clock in the day, that he was at the Palsgrave's Head Tavern, opposite the site of the present Law Courts, and that he had stayed in a house in that neighbourhood until eight o'clock in the evening. However that may be, he was never seen alive again. A hue and cry was raised; for he was a punctual man of regular habits, and foul play was suspected at once. The public, already wild with excitement, cried unanimously that the Jesuits had killed him; and Oates's revelations assumed a fresh importance.

On Thursday, the 17th, his body was found in a ditch where now is the Camden Town end of Regent's Park. His body was transfixed with his own sword, but there was no blood. A broad red mark round his throat showed that he had been strangled and his neck was broken. His valuables and money were intact, and his shoes were clean, showing that the body had been brought dead to the place where it was found; and Bishop Burnet, who saw the body, says that there were on the clothes many small spots of white candle-wax, such as was only used by "priests and persons of quality."

The discovery heightened public horror. In vain the Catholics and the more cool-headed Protestants urged the possibility of suicide, of the murder having been committed in one of the many evil houses in the neighbourhood where he was last seen, of the probable vengeance of the ordinary criminals, of whom Godfrey had been the scourge for years, and other possible solutions of the mystery. The public would have none of them. The hated Jesuits who would have killed the

King, they said, had murdered the active magistrate who had been instrumental in foiling their design.

The King thought otherwise; he evidently disbelieved in Oates and the Popish plot from the first, but he was powerless to stem the torrent; for the people were murmuring doubts of his own orthodoxy, and he let affairs take their course. A reward of £500 was offered for the apprehension of Godfrey's murderers; whilst Oates's delations and accusations became more and more reckless, and the infamous Scroggs, the Lord Chief Justice of England, was only less popular than the arch-perjurer himself, because of the indecent ruffianism with which he soiled the judgment-seat. Oates, however, was making too good a thing of it to retain a permanent monopoly of perjury. A rival must necessarily go a step farther. Oates, as far as he had dared, or the King would allow, had pointed to the Duke of York; another man now came to the magistrates with a wilder story still, evidently meant to involve the Queen, Catharine of Braganza, in Godfrey's murder.

SIR EDMONDBURY GODFREY.

William Bedloe was, if possible, a worse character than Oates himself. He had served and betrayed many causes, and bore wickedness stamped deep upon his face; but yet no sooner had he told his tale, than he too was implicitly believed—petted, rewarded, and raised to the position of a hero. Of course he knew all about the intended invasion of England, and the proposed murder of the King; but what was more to the point for the moment was that he had actually seen Godfrey's dead body in Somerset House, where the Queen lived during the King's absence at Newmarket. His story was that four priests, Le Faire, Welsh, Girald, and Kelly, especially the first, had sought his aid to kill some obnoxious person, for which they offered him £4000, and mentioned Lord Bellasis as the man who had the money. Bedloe professed to have made friends with Godfrey at their instance, and had tried to bring about a meeting at a coffee-house between the magistrate and the disguised priests, though he pretended that he never knew that Godfrey was the person to be killed. On the day of the murder Bedloe drank with Le Faire at the Palsgrave's Head Tavern, where, at the time, the priest told him the person to be put out of the way was present. Bedloe promised to meet Le Faire at the cloisters of Somerset House that night, to help in

the deed, but did not go. On Monday night they met again in Red Lion Court, when the priest reproached Bedloe for breaking his promise. "The deed was

TITUS OATES.

done now," said the priest, "but if you will help Ballasis' servants to carry the body off you shall have half the reward."

That evening Bedloe went by appointment to Somerset House and met Le Faire, whom he pumped in a way which, it might have been supposed, would have aroused the suspicion of the simplest, and at last was conducted into a gloomy room in one of the inner courts, where five or six persons were present. One held a dark lantern, and in compliance with Bedloe's request, threw the cloak off the face of the corpse, which lay on a bed. He at once recognised it as that of Godfrey. He proposed throwing it into the river, which those present thought unsafe, and at last he was forced to promise on the Sacrament to come at a later hour and help to remove the body. He professes to have been panic-stricken thereupon, and to have fled to Bristol, where shortly afterwards he told his story. His revelations about the main plot disagreed with those of Oates, but they led to a fresh series of arrests and trials, and his examinations were long and frequent; though his evidence about Godfrey's murder was too vague to be of much use. By the middle of December, indeed, people had become cool enough to remark upon the discrepancies in the statements of the informers, and doubtless Bedloe thought it was time to re-establish his credit as a witness.

There was a Catholic silversmith named Miles Praunce who frequently did work for the Queen's Chapel in Somerset House. One of his servants, who owed him a grudge, reported that he had been absent from home soon after Godfrey's murder; a statement which was found to have been erroneous. He was taken to Whitehall for examination, and there Bedloe saw him. He must have known him by sight as a Catholic attendant at the Queen's Chapel, and immediately requested that he might be detained, as he was one of the men who were present in the room where Godfrey's dead body lay. Praunce was apparently a weak man: he had seen that there was no chance for those who were accused, unless the turned King's evidence. He, perhaps, believed that Bedloe told the truth when he professed

WILLIAM BEDLOE.

to have seen the body in Somerset House, and he may have had vague suspicions himself. In any case, when he was taken before the King and Council a day or two afterwards, he was ready with a

complete and circumstantial account of the murder, at which he professed to have assisted. His tale was to the effect that two priests, Girald and Kelly, attached to

MILES PRAUNCE.

the Queen's Chapel, Green the caretaker of the chapel, Hill the servant of the Queen's chaplain, Dr. Godden, and Berry, the porter at the main Strand gateway of Somerset House, had met many times at the Plough alehouse with Praunce, and had there planned the murder. Hill, he said, had been sent on the morning of the crime to inquire whether Godfrey was at home; and this was confirmed by Godfrey's maid-servant. They had dogged the magistrate to "a house near St. Clement's Church," where he had stayed till nearly eight in the evening. When he left, notice was given to the conspirators, and as he passed the side-gate of Somerset House one of them ran out and told him that two of the Queen's servants were fighting in the lower court, and begged him as a magistrate to come and part them. Godfrey at first refused; but at length was prevailed to enter, where Berry, the porter, and Kelly, the priest, were engaged in a pretended struggle. When they saw him they separated, Berry running down to the water-gate to prevent intrusion from that side, while Praunce, according to his own account, went to the side-gate in the Strand for a similar purpose. When Godfrey turned to go back Green threw a linen handkerchief round his neck from behind, and twisted it tight with the aid of the others. They dragged him down with great violence, and Green stamped on his breast, while the rest throttled him. Girald was for making sure by striking him through with a sword, but the others prevented this to avoid tell-tale blood.

It would appear that Dr. Godden, who had fled, had a very small apartment, not in the palace itself, but on the other side of the narrow passage that led from the side-gate in the Strand down to the court-yard and the river. Praunce declared that Godfrey's body was carried into this apartment and laid in a small room off the tiny entrance-hall at the top of the entry-flight of steps, although at the trial Dr. Godden's niece and servants swore ttha such a thing was impossible. Praunce swore that on Monday night, the 14th, the body was carried to another room in the palace itself, although he could not fix upon the position of the room. This was the time when it was alleged that

STEPHEN DUGDALE, THE INFORMER.

Bedloe saw it, and he also was conveniently vague as to the whereabouts of the room. The body was again moved the next night—it was assumed, in fear of

Bedloe's betraying the secret, as he did not return as promised; but as they were carrying it again to Hill's room at Dr. Godden's, some alarm was raised, and it was hurried into another apartment, which, it was believed, belonged to Sir John Arundell, although that was proved to be impossible.

At length on Wednesday night arrangements were made for disposing of the body. Praunce declared that a sedan-chair was brought, into which the corpse was thrust. One of the conspirators then walked to the main gate into the Strand at midnight, giving a signal to Berry, the porter, to open the gate. According to the story, Green and Kelly walked ahead while Praunce and Girald bore the chair with its ghastly burden. At Covent Garden they rested, Green and Kelly then acting as bearers as far as Soho Church, where Hill met them with a horse, upon which the corpse was then mounted, with Hill behind to hold it up. The sedan-chair was lodged until their return in a half-finished house near by, and the company then went across the fields to St. Pancras, where the body was found. To make his story the more complete, Praunce told of a meeting of all the murderers and many priests a few days afterwards at a tavern at Bow, where a full account of the murder was read to the company with much applause and laughter. The drawer at the tavern, moreover, recollected that a large company did dine there on the day mentioned, of whom Praunce was one. He testified also to have heard the name of Godfrey mentioned while he listened at the door; and that Praunce came out and threatened him with chastisement for eavesdropping. A messenger at the tavern also confirmed Praunce's statement that he had been sent to Poplar to ask a Catholic gentleman named Dethick to join the party at dinner.

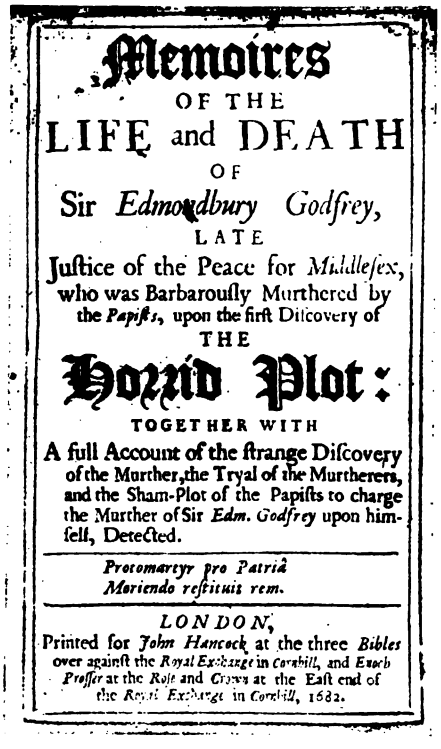
After making his statement to the King and Council, Praunce was taken back to Newgate, and next day urgently begged to be allowed to speak to the King again. He was taken to the Council, and casting himself on his knees, swore that all his statements were absolutely false. His agitation and terror were so great that he appeared to be beside himself, but firmly held to his retraction. On his return to prison, he assured the Governor, no doubt on a promise of a free pardon if he reaffirmed his statement, that all he had originally said was true. More than once he retracted, but by and by, as he grew bolder, he kept to his original story, and vied with Oates and Bedloe in his pretended revelations of the main conspiracy.

The priests implicated in the murder by Praunce and Bedloe had fled long before; but on Feb. 6, 1679, the Court of King's Bench at the Old Bailey sat to try the men accused by Praunce—namely, Green, Hill, and Berry—for the murder of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey. On the bench were Scroggs, the Lord Chief Justice, and Jeffreys, the Recorder of London, both of them full of smiles, compliments, and aid to Praunce and Bedloe, while insulting, brow-beating, and tnreatening the witnesses for the defence.

The three unfortunate prisoners defended themselves as well as they might, for in those days in Crown prosecutions the defendants were not allowed the help of counsel except on points of law, and their witnesses were not sworn; but they were practically condemned before the trial. All three of them proved good alibis. In vain the sentry swore positively that the gate was not opened on the Wednesday night, and that no sedan-chair went forth from Somerset House; in vain was it shown that it was impossible for Praunce's story to be true, and that his tale and Bedloe's were at variance; in vain was it pointed out that Praunce had more than once retracted all his evidence; in vain did Hill's brave wife dare to stand up and reprove Scroggs in his own court for his disgraceful partiality and unfairness. Nothing availed against panic and religious animosity. The judge summed up as if delivering a speech for the prosecution, and, in the face of the most solemn and dignified protestations of their absolute innocence, the three prisoners were condemned to death. On Feb. 21, Green and Hill were executed at Tyburn, protesting with

THE MURDER OF SIR EDMONDBURY GODFREY.

their last breath that their lives had been sworn away by a perjurer. Berry was a Protestant — although he had feigned Catholicism to keep his place in the Queen's household—and he was reprieved for a week to induce him to confess. Pardon and rich reward were held out to him if he would only affirm the statements of the informer, but he stood firm in his innocence, and refused to the death to


Memoires
OF THE
LIFE and DEATH
OF
Sir *Edmondbury Godfrey*,
LATE
Justice of the Peace for *Middlesex*, who was Barbarously Murthered by the *Papists*, upon the first Discovery of
THE
Horrid Plot:
TOGETHER WITH
A full Account of the strange Discovery of the Murther, the Tryal of the Murtherers, and the Sham-Plot of the Papists to charge the Murther of Sir *Edm. Godfrey* upon himself, Detected.

Protomartyr pro Patriâ
Moriendo restituit rem.

LONDON,
Printed for *John Hancock* at the three *Bibles* over against the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhill*, and *Enoch Prosser* at the *Rose* and *Crown* at the East end of the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhill*, 1682.

TITLE-PAGE OF AN OLD PAMPHLET DEALING WITH THE TRAGEDY.

acknowledge a crime which he had not committed. At his execution, on Feb. 28, all decent consideration for a dying man was forgotten.

The ordinary of Newgate accompanied him in the cart to Tyburn, and exhausted every means to extort a confession, but without avail. When, in his last moments, the prisoner was again protesting his innocence, the Sheriff roughly stopped his mouth and bade him not insult an honourable tribunal; and he was thus hurried into eternity with his unfinished reiteration of innocence still upon his lips.

On June 15, 1686, another prisoner appeared at the Old Bailey. Miles Praunce had said too much to be consistent. The cold fit of reason had succeeded to public panic, and the perjurers were being found out. Praunce had been convicted already of two cases of false swearing, and now came penitently before the Court to confess that every word he had sworn about the murder of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey was a lie. The tribunal expressed an opinion that it was very wrong to swear away falsely the lives of three innocent men; but, of course, if Mr. Praunce was sorry, that altered the case somewhat; and they would not be hard upon him. So the scoundrel was condemned to a fine of £100 to the King, to stand in the pillory for an hour on three separate days, at Westminster, the Royal Exchange, and Charing Cross, and to be whipped at a cart-tail from Newgate to Tyburn.

Who killed Godfrey, and why, will probably now never be known. If the surgeons at the trial spoke the truth the theory of suicide is untenable; but it does not seem probable that the Catholic party would run the risk of killing the magistrate while leaving Oates untouched. Godfrey himself certainly believed that he was marked out for destruction by the Papist party; but it is much more likely that the idea was impressed upon him by Oates, in order that by subsequently having him murdered he could divert suspicion from himself and increase the odium against the Catholics; which the crime certainly did. After his death it was found that Godfrey was deeply in debt, and curious rumours were afloat as to his mode of life and his movements on the day of his death. Everything, however, which did not tell against the Catholics was stifled at the investigation, and the only conclusion which can now be safely asserted is that the three men who suffered death for the crime were more basely murdered than was Sir Edmondbury Godfrey.

THE PHARAOHS HAVE VANISHED; THE PYRAMIDS REMAIN.

AN ambition to see the Pyramids came to me in the early days and survived the test of geography lessons. In my hours of tribulation, when I stood before maps of the world and located Calcutta in Japan and Rangoon in Beluchistan to an unfeeling master's grim delight, the desire to visit the land of the Arabian Nights passed away, neither the North nor South Pole tempted me, and I nursed resentment against the islands that Robert Louis Stevenson has since immortalised, because they would hide away in small places on those cruel schoolroom maps. Yet even in those days, when the world was doing its best by means of irregular shape and deceptive colouring to make my young life wretched, Egypt with its Nile and Pyramids occupied a place in my heart without taking up too much room. I think that the affection was born with the earliest readings of the Bible and the consequent explanations I but half understood. Be that as it may, I looked forward to the vague day in a distant future when I should travel to the land of the Pharaohs and see the awful Sphinx keeping watch over the limitless ocean of sand, and the great Pyramid of Cheops defying time and staring defiantly at the blazing African sky. Travellers' tales increased the respect and veneration with which I started, and my enjoyment of other countries and other old-world cities was always clouded by the reflection that Egypt was yet unvisited.

THE GREAT PYRAMID OF GIZEH.

At last the long-desired day came when I was one of the passengers by the train that reaches Cairo from Alexandria. Some few miles from the ancient city I had seen the Pyramids of Gizeh gleaming in the sun far away to the right, and that momentary view kindled all the hopes that I had ever enjoyed. To wait was impossible, and so soon as Cairo was reached and lunch was over, I drove away with a voluble dragoman, who seemed to have taken all Egypt under his special care and patronage. I saw the Khedive, and later, Sir Herbert Kitchener, the Sirdar; but I could

not look at either twice. There was the Nile covered with dahabeahs. Gizeh was near at hand, and these facts took all my power of thought. The beggars by the roadway, the long teams of camels, passed unnoticed. I was scarcely conscious of the great heat. There was but one feeling predominant when we drove along the last hundred yards of road and the greatest of the Pyramids was comparatively within reach—a feeling of deep delight. Then I received a severe shock; for on the right of the road, facing the imperishable monument of the mighty son of Snefru, I saw a modern hotel, hideous because of its modernity, and by one of the entrance-gates was a signboard with the awful word "BAR." The train of thought that was carrying my most secret reflections nearly five thousand years away into the heart of the fourth great dynasty of Egypt came into violent collision with this hard fact. There was a dreadful cry, and the line was strewn with mental wreckage. The ideals that had come to me so many years before were in one short moment put to a horrible death. The dragoman thought I was suffering from heat, and recommended a short interval for refreshments. I snubbed him sternly. We drove on round the curved hill, whereon the sand was gathering thickly, and soon the horses were pulled up panting by the side of the great Pyramid. Forthwith we were surrounded by men with camels and donkeys, who wished to take us to the Sphinx, which lies farther along the sandy plain, over which a carriage cannot travel. With difficulty they were shaken off, and then I looked with respect upon the mighty mass before me. Some adventurous traveller had climbed to the top with two Arab guides; the three men looked absurdly small, and far away. I remained overwhelmed with thoughts, commonplace enough no doubt, but inevitable at such a time and in such a place. Someone pulled my arm; I turned round and saw an old Arab. In language he took to be English, he offered to run up and down that great Pyramid in ten minutes for a couple of shillings. Had he threatened to do this unless I gave him two shillings he would have been a wealthier beggar; as it was, the vulgarity of the idea made me wish to assault him, and I hissed out "Mafisch"—*i.e.*, "I have nothing for you," just as though I could have made other remarks in Arabic had I been so minded. When he had gone, disconsolate, I tramped over the cruel sand to the lesser Pyramids of Chefren, and Menkara, trying hard to forget the incongruities around me. I noticed that at least one of the Egyptian plagues—that of flies—was still left to remind the survivors of an ancient race of the Captivity, and, feeling again in tranquil mood, turned my steps in the direction of the Sphinx.

For the first few minutes I was too impressed to notice more than the grand figure that has baffled time and knowledge since days before the Pyramids had risen. In sight of this wonder of the world, emotion is apt to run riot. Not for long in my case. My sleeve was pulled again: a photographer stood by my side as though he had risen from one of Chefren's Temples below us. He pointed to his stock-in-trade, and offered to photograph me, with the Sphinx for a background. I told him briefly what I thought of him, and he went wondering to his old place. Then a brief quarter of an hour passed, bringing no troubles save flies, and I watched the strong noon light playing over the battered features of the great Enigma, and giving them—or so I thought—varying expressions. There seemed at times to be some expression of grief too deep for words, as though the thousands of years passed in ceaseless vigil had wearied the Sphinx beyond all endurance. Disintegration and burial, far away from the horrors of sand, sun, and tourists, these seemed to be what the vast structure was praying for; and upon its seeming prayers there came a sudden sound of shouting and singing: Tommy Atkins was out for a holiday. He came in his might in kharkee dress and pith helmet, he spread himself all over the place, bargained with clamorous camel-men, played pitch-and-toss with bits of broken marble from the Temples of Chefren, sang songs of the music-hall,

gambolled cheerfully and heartlessly. With him familiarity had bred contempt, reverence had never been. He could not hear the Sphinx groan with real anguish or see the despair in the stony glance bent eternally against the blinding light. It is more than likely that Tommy Atkins never heard of Vandals. He stayed till the full limit of time was up, then camels were once more requisitioned and bargained for; the noisy troop departed, and ere their last cries died away, a yet more horrid one replaced them, for two real American tourists came along, dragging their bicycles over the sand. It was too much; full of sympathy for the silent sufferer I turned away, leaving it to be discussed in tones whose twang made the very flies forget to bite, and wandered back disconsolate. The driver said the horses needed rest, and so perforce I went into the hotel facing the Pyramid of Cheops. There one or two Englishmen lounged about in flannels. I saw that there was an installation of electric light, and every improvement that the nineteenth century has brought in its train; but, oh! how incongruous it seemed, this modern hotel named after the founder of the First Egyptian Dynasty!

The drive home had all the sadness that treads upon the heels of disillusion. I noticed that there were golf-links at the foot of the Pyramids, and in an adjoining field Tommy Atkins, oblivious of heat, was playing football. A hansom cab came along the road. I dare say it was bringing yet more Americans along. The dragoman said that the authorities were talking of connecting Cairo with the Pyramids of Gizeh by means of a small railway line. Doubtless this, too, will come to pass.

The man who wishes to feel that his impressions of the Pyramids and Sphinx are realised should keep away from them. The Pyramids may, perhaps, be seen safely from a great distance, but the Sphinx, being on lower ground, had better remain unseen, for to-day degradation reigns supreme.

THE SPHINX.

Some day an American millionaire will probably buy the whole of the Gizeh collection, and the monuments of the Fourth Dynasty, together with the Sphinx of yet earlier date, will find their way to the grounds of some Chicago park. A big order, but Americans are very enterprising; and, after all, if these records must be shamed, it is well to think that they are not shamed on the scene of their ancient honour. S. L.

THE KING OF DENMARK.

THE EARLY HOMES OF OUR PRINCESS.

ROYALTY IN DENMARK.

DENMARK is not so much the happy hunting-ground of the English and American tourist as would be the case were it situated on the mainland; the day's steam-boat journey from Kiel to Korsör deters many a one; but those who do get so far are fully repaid. Landing at the primitive little harbour, with its quaint Custom-House, very polite officials, and its queer restaurant, where you pay a fixed sum and eat as much or as little as you please, you are soon en route for Copenhagen in the well-warmed and cleanly furnished carriages of the Danish State Railway. Steaming into the principal station of the capital, you find yourself one of the population of a place which for fine thoroughfares, open spaces, and handsome buildings is vastly superior to many a vaunted city in the beaten track. And the people! What a healthy, well-set-up nation they appear! Somehow one cannot but be favourably impressed with them; they look so kindly, happy, honest, and content. I never saw a beggar within their streets, yet I have made two prolonged sojourns in their midst! 'Tis an ideal place, and its destinies are presided over by ideal monarchs.

The King and Queen of Denmark are essentially a homely couple, seldom leaving the shores of their own country, and living a life of simple unostentation in the midst of the people over whom they have reigned for upwards of thirty-four years. Many and great have been the changes during that period, not the least of them being the gradual and increasing relationship of their Majesties with the reigning families of Europe, owing to the various alliances of their sons and daughters. Throughout it all, however—next, or on a level with their children—the Danish people and the Danish country have been the chief solicitude of both King and Queen, outside politics and interests occupying only a very minor share of their time or thoughts.

Few monarchs, perhaps, mingle so freely with their people as does King Christian. Not only does his Majesty walk about the streets alone and unattended, returning the respectful greetings which are accorded him on every hand, but it is no uncommon thing for him to stop and chat with any group of workmen he may be passing, entering with animation into any question they may be discussing. And the people like this freedom and close acquaintance with their King! The fact of it is, a man with less tact and minus the kindly good nature which distinguishes his Majesty would have found himself in a far more trying and difficult position than has he, for the Danes have strong Socialistic tendencies, and no one who had not gained and kept their respect could have maintained the supremacy.

Not for one moment, however, must one lose sight of the great assistance rendered to the King in all State matters by his consort. Queen Louise is gifted with a keen insight and a ready tact, and few momentous questions are settled save by the united counsel of husband and wife. Nearly every morning the aged couple (for they are each about eighty years old) confer together in their private sitting-rooms, cogitating upon this or that measure for the welfare of their subjects. What has actually been accomplished under their patronage is beyond all

compute; every branch of education is well to the fore, and agricultural pursuits—in which at least half the population are engaged—have received a more decided impetus than can be recorded for any other country. Small holdings of land have been much encouraged; indeed, in 1894 an Act was passed which made it prohibitory to engraft small farms upon large estates. The peasant farms now number upwards of 72,000. Cattle-raising has also been much encouraged by royal patronage, and the export of dairy produce reaches annually a magnificent total. There is scarcely any question appertaining to the advancements of arts and crafts which has not received the earnest consideration of their Majesties and been largely benefited by their encouragement.

When Christian IX. was proclaimed heir to the throne in 1852, he and his wife were residing in the Gûle Palace, a residence of quite moderate size, standing near to the Amalienborg group of palaces at present occupied by the King and the Crown Prince. As the future occupants of the Danish throne, the little palace was not considered sufficient for the dignity of the position of their Royal Highnesses; so the Château of Bernstorff was presented by the nation for a summer residence. Bernstorff has since occupied an important place, I might say, in the history of the world; for not only were

THE THRONE OF DENMARK, ROSENBORG CASTLE.

its gardens and woods the playground of a future Empress, a Queen, and a King—the two former destined to share two of the most important thrones of the world—but here, too, in later days, have assembled year by year the actual occupants of thrones; the King and Queen gathering around them children and children's children—an assemblage the members of which, by their various alliances, are in the nearest relationship to nearly every monarch in Europe. Thoroughly happy and informal have these annual meetings been, sometimes here and sometimes at Frederiksborg; a sojourn at either of these places being looked upon as a welcome break in a continual round of State duties and often wearisome social functions.

The everyday life of the Danish Court is reduced to the simplest proportions. Early rising, early meals, the fewest of State functions, and an early retirement is literally the prescribed rule of life. All

THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S MATERNAL GRANDFATHER, THE LANDGRAVE OF HESSE.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S MATERNAL GRANDMOTHER.

their days through the King and Queen have adhered to this simplicity of living: just as they did when Crown Prince and Princess, so they have continued to do as far as possible since they have been monarchs of the country. People have told the funniest and most romantic tales concerning the early life of their Majesties when their children were young about them. Everybody knows that Denmark, in comparison with some kingdoms, is poor, for it is a country of limited area and population; therefore, the State allowance to the royalties is not considerable. At the same time, even before the proclamation of Prince and Princess Christian as Crown Prince and Princess, it was generally understood that they were destined for that dignity, and their children were accordingly trained with all consideration for their future position. Often and again has it been romantically told how Prince Christian supplemented his income by giving drawing

lessons to the children of the wealthy. The Court of Denmark and Marlborough House can afford to smile at this assertion, although it is a little overstepping the bounds when one writer, more fanciful even than the others, draws a charming little word-picture of the youthful Princes and Princesses waiting at the gates of their residence on a summer evening for the home-coming of the father, tired from his lesson! Where the joke comes in is that the King of Denmark never went in for Art at all, and never painted a picture! Had these inventors said it of the Queen, they would at least have had something to go upon; for her Majesty is very clever with her brush and pencil, and has often painted and drawn not only for her friends and relatives, but also for contributions to bazaars which have been held for charitable causes. In addition to her artistic tastes, her Majesty is also a skilful musician, speaks several languages fluently, is a brilliant conversationalist, and is famed throughout her own country for the beautiful art-needlework which she from time to time executes, much of it being bestowed on churches and bazaars. Their Majesties are sufficiently familiar here for most people to be aware that they have both of them more than the usual share of good looks; and it would almost seem that until recently they have possessed the secret of perpetual youth; and even now few observers would credit them with the years which they really possess.

ROSENBORG CASTLE, COPENHAGEN.

The number of officials at the Court of Denmark is small in comparison with our Court; and in the same way the Court ceremonies are far less in number. For instance, what is known as the "Queen's Drawing-Room" is conspicuous by its absence. When young ladies are to make their entrance into Society they are presented privately to her Majesty the Queen. Also there are no levées, gentlemen being presented in the same private manner to

the King. The Copenhagen season is a winter one, held during the time that the Houses of Parliament are sitting. During that period two or three State balls are given in the Palace of Amalienborg, and also there may be several official dinners and receptions by the King.

As their Majesties on one of my visits graciously permitted me to see the State rooms used for these purposes, I may perhaps include a few details concerning them. Judging from the very plain exteriors, one is hardly prepared to find the interiors so beautiful. I may say that the group of four palaces which were purchased from Danish noblemen after the destruction of the Palace of Christiansborg by fire are apportioned in this way: two of them are connected by a colonnade, and are used, one for the King and Queen's private residence, and one for State purposes; the third palace is occupied by the Crown Prince and Princess; and the fourth is the Foreign Office.

THE QUEEN OF DENMARK (ABOUT 1863).

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AS A GIRL.

To return to the State apartments. First note the very handsome dining-room. This is spacious and superbly decorated: the stucco ceiling in cream and gold with its beautiful figure casts, and the magnificent gold relief of the wall panellings with the Ionic supporting columns, the crystal and ormolu chandelier with the relief of the crimson hangings and upholstery of the gilded furniture, are all exceedingly fine and seen to great advantage under the brilliancy of the electric-light, which was introduced just previous to their Majesties' golden wedding. The saloon in which the State balls are held is—though not so large as the ball-rooms I have seen at some of the European Courts—certainly the most beautiful. The exquisitely wrought parqueterie floor, the rich colours of the painted frescoes, the crystal and gold of the chandeliers, the cream with gold relief of ceiling and walls, the marble-topped Console-tables and costly Sèvres china—combined with the rich crimson curtains and those of

FREDERIKSBORG PALACE, COPENHAGEN.

THE RIDDERSAAL AT FREDERIKSBORG.

costly fine lace, present a scene of really fairy-like splendour. The Throne-Room is small, the throne being surmounted with the ordinary crimson velvet canopy ornamented with gold crown, fringe, etc., the throne-chair, of course, to match. Some fine paintings on the wall lend additional interest to the room. The State drawing-rooms are very lovely: cream, gold, and crimson predominating in the decorations and appointments. Sèvres and Dresden china, fine tapestry, splendidly executed paintings, cabinets in pebble and ormolu, and several valuable curios given by the members of the family as "golden wedding" presents, are some of the things which must prove of much interest to the visitor.

But even in the season the King and Queen find plenty of time for their favourite occupations and amusements, and plenty of time to devote to the large number of grandchildren living near them. As I have said, the residence of the Crown Prince is next door, and just round the corner is the Gûle Palace, where live the younger son and his wife. Both their Majesties are very fond of children, and have some with them every day. Either walking or driving the King and Queen are continually met with; perhaps in the streets or boulevards, or more often on that favourite marine promenade, the Langelinie. Here the élite of Copenhagen promenade or drive every afternoon, and the King will often saunter up and down, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by a son or grandson; or, maybe, he will stroll quietly through the streets, perhaps making one or two purchases if he should see an article which takes his fancy. His Majesty is exceedingly charitable, and in one way or another gives away a great deal of money: thus it is not at all uncommon for him to go out with a full purse and come home with an empty one.

THE KING'S PALACE, AMALIENBORG, COPENHAGEN.

It is said that on one such occasion he met an old courtier of uncertain temper. The King, in his homely, good-natured way, offered him some refreshment, and together they repaired to a restaurant and partook of it; but when presently the paying time came, his Majesty found himself in a predicament, for his purse was empty. Fortunately, just at the critical time the Crown Prince came along. Hurrying to him, the King whispered, "Lend me some money, my dear boy; I have been entertaining—and cannot pay." But it is not only during fashionable hours that the King may be met with, for he is very fond of early morning exercise, either walking or riding. He is an excellent horseman, and when mounted has a fine and remarkably youthful figure; sometimes he will take a long walk to a country village and back, and sometimes he will walk about the gardens of Castle Rosenborg. These gardens, by the way, are open to the public, so that King and peasant take their constitutionals side by side. This old Castle has a history which space forbids my giving you, but in it are now kept the State regalia, the throne-chairs, and the silver lions, the latter used only for coronations and royal funerals.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES, HER MOTHER, AND HER SISTER DAGMAR.

PRINCESS DAGMAR (THE CZAR'S MOTHER).

Just a few words about Frederiksborg, the summer palace, already mentioned, where the Danish family with their numerous relatives were wont to assemble year by year previous to the death of the late Czar. It stands in the midst of the loveliest park in Denmark, a park containing some fine avenues and charming side-walks, and a large collection of beautiful statuary. Much of the interior is very homely and cosy-looking, the dining-saloon and library perhaps being the largest and most handsome of the apartments. The former occupies really the centre of the Castle, and has a roof of immense height, also a gallery. The special decoration consists of friezes

descriptive of the Trojan War. The surrounding gardens are especially fine, with their fountains, terraces, and statuary; and it is interesting to note that the whole of the statues in this garden—about seventy in number—were given by the people. The late Czar was particularly fond of Frederiksborg, so much so that he built himself a pretty Italian villa near to the Castle.

Just lately Bernstorff has been the place where the family have annually gathered together. English, Danish, Russian, Grecian, Swedish, and the Cumberland families meet at this small château and literally crowd it out. The accommodation afforded is really extremely limited, but as it is strictly a family gathering, even the most illustrious members not only do not mind the unwonted squeezing, but, on the contrary, seem to enjoy it. Charlottenlund, the summer residence of the Crown Prince and Princess, is situated only a short distance away from Bernstorff, so that the younger members of the family are enabled to walk or cycle to and fro through the charming woods between the two residences.

PRINCE WALDEMAR,
BORN 1858; MARRIED MARIE OF ORLEANS.

PRINCESS THYRA,
DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND.

Needless to say, the majority of the out-door functions for which royalty is so much sought devolve upon the Crown Prince and Princess. They are immense favourites with the people, and to all appearance will follow the traditions inaugurated by the present monarchs. The Crown Princess, it will be remembered, was the only child of the late King of Norway and Sweden, and is consequently a niece of the present King. Their Royal Highnesses have a family of eight children, the eldest of whom, Prince Christian, is twenty-eight years of age, an officer of the Guards, and unmarried. MARY SPENCER WARREN.

A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

By A. O. BRAZIER.

WALTER FLOOD was going to the bad. Slowly but surely the cards and the club were laying their hands upon him, and slowly but surely the old bright look in his face was giving way to the cunning weakness of dissipation. His very walk had changed. He shuffled and dragged one foot behind the other, and when he stood still his eyes wandered nervously, as if they were afraid to meet the gaze of honest folk. Blotches began to appear on his skin. He affected gaudy ties, and his hat began to creep to the back of his head. By-and-by the glaring red of a silk handkerchief showed itself at his breast, a false diamond glistened on his finger, and outside his mother's cottage his manners were becoming affected and coarse.

He was Mrs. Flood's only son. He was all that she had in the world—all that God had left to her; and it was hard, terribly hard, to see him going down hill. For even her blind eyes were opened at last. She had refused to believe it at first, but now she saw it all—saw the restless look growing on his face, the new lines about his mouth, and, above all, she was terribly conscious of his shortened temper and the strange, unusual irritability with which he spoke to her.

But she hid it. The bitterness of her heart she crushed beneath her proud spirit, and she showed no sign of the agony she suffered. The neighbours said she was hard-hearted and indifferent to her son's evil doings. They even said that she made no effort to help him, and that like as not she would wash her hands of him when he had gone far enough. Still she said nothing—said nothing although she felt her heart breaking within her, and although her eyes were often weary with tears. She could not speak to him. She knew his reckless temper too well, and she was always afraid of driving him from home. So the light was always waiting for him, the fire was always warm, and her smile always cheerful. She never upbraided him, never reproached him; and he, with his thoughts on other things, was unconscious of the weariness in her eye and the grey growing in her hair.

The nights that he spent away from home became more and more frequent; his temper became shorter, and the lines about his mouth deeper. It was rumoured that he was heavily in debt. Once there had been a row at the club to which he belonged. He had been caught trying to cheat at cards, and next morning his employer, a solicitor, had heard of it and warned him that it would be the last time.

Then for a few days he had settled down. The thought that perhaps his mother might hear of it sobered him. It would kill her to know that he was a thief—or, at any rate, next door to a thief—and the fear of her finding out kept him at home.

But it was only for a few days. With time the chances grew less, and little by little he crept back to his old haunts.

One night he came home crushed and haggard. His pockets were empty—he had lost heavily at cards, and the debt was more than he could ever hope to pay. He thought of the wretched pound a week he earned as solicitor's clerk; he remembered his mother's straitened means—her small economies, her scrupulous regard for pence—and the recollection sickened him. He thought of his night's work, and the thought stabbed him like a knife every time he drew his breath, and he staggered into the dark house—dark except for one

room where a lamp was burning and a supper waiting for him—and slunk silently upstairs.

* * * *

The next morning Mrs. Flood watched her son anxiously. His face was pale, his eyes bloodshot, and already she fancied she could detect signs of the coarsened skin, the bloated appearance he would get in after days.

She forced back her sighs, and began cooking his breakfast. Her only son, she repeated to herself, her only son! And he sat staring moodily at the white tablecloth, silent and wretched.

When she turned and called him by name, he started as if a pistol had been fired in his ear.

"I forgot it for a minute," she said, "but Mr. Williams's clerk brought up the fifty pounds yesterday. It's all in notes, and I'm sure I don't know what I shall do with it till I've paid off those debts."

Walter's face shone with a strange light. His eyes glistened as he watched her pour out his tea.

"I'm thinking," she continued, "I'd better go and see about paying the bills to-day. I don't like having debts hanging about, and they've been owing so long. It will be a comfort to be rid of them."

The expression in her son's eyes had grown suddenly sharp, but she went on unnoticing.

"How thankful your father'd be if he knew they were paid off! If only the legacy had come before he died—but there, things never do, and I'm sure I never expected old Mr. Pryce to remember me all these years."

Walter sugared his tea nervously. As he lifted the spoon his hand trembled a little.

"You counted the notes, mother?" he asked. "They are all right?" There was a slight flush on his cheek as he spoke.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "They are all right, but if you like you can go through them again."

She produced a stodgy envelope from her pocket as she spoke, and handed it across to him.

He took it from her almost with haste, and pulled out the notes. They crackled in his fingers—they almost seemed to cling to him—and the black letters, the water-marks, the long scrolls about the figures, danced before his eyes.

Fifty pounds! Fifty pounds! Something seemed to be hammering it into his brain. Fifty pounds would almost clear him: fifty pounds that were going to pay his father's old debts—old debts that nobody cared about. Fifty pounds!

Was he counting them? He began again. He went through them wearily, and then put them back into the envelope.

"You'd better let me pay them," he suggested hoarsely.

But she shook her head.

"No, no; I'll do it myself," she said. "They were your father's debts."

* * * *

He came home later than ever that night, but his mother was waiting up for him. There was a strange set look about her mouth, a steely expression in her eyes. People said she was hard. She looked it now, and there was no softening in her face as her son came in.

When he saw her sitting there—sitting bolt upright with her grey eyes fixed steadily on his—he uttered an exclamation of surprise. But there was something besides surprise in his voice she thought. She looked strangely old and haggard, and for the first time he noticed it, and his conscience pricked him a little.

"Oh, mother," he said, "why haven't you gone to bed?"

His tones were weary, his bearing dejected and downcast.

"I waited for you," she said coldly.

"You shouldn't have done it," he returned. "I'm not worth it—I'm not worth all your care."

He went up and put his hand on her shoulder, but she moved away from him.

"No," she said abruptly. "I know it—I know it now—at last! I found it out to-day. Before, I thought—I hoped it was because you were young. I believed in you. I—I never thought you were a *thief!*"

A quick red flush ran up into his face. He opened his mouth to speak, but she stopped him.

"Tell me nothing," she said sternly. "I do not wish to hear. I could have forgiven you anything but that—anything! And the remembrance that you are a thief is bitterer to me than death."

"Mother——" he began hoarsely.

"The mother of a thief!" she repeated. "The mother of a thief!"

"Tell me what you mean?" he cried.

She rose to her feet. Her face was very white.

"Tell you," she faltered. "Repeat to you that—that you stole my money. Oh, the shame of it!"

Her voice broke. The colour that had gone from his face again began to come back.

"If you had only told me!" she went on presently. "I can't think why you did it. You must have known that I should miss the money. At first I could not think why you turned back this morning. I thought you had forgotten something. But an hour after I knew. You pretended to put the notes in the cupboard, and instead of that you—you stole them!"

"Mother!" he cried.

"Before Heaven I wish I were not your mother!" she said bitterly. "A thief——"

WALTER FLOOD WAS GOING TO THE BAD.

"I am not!" he shouted.

She looked at him unmoved.

"I am not a thief," he repeated. "I never stole your notes!"

"Don't tell me lies about it," she said wearily. "I can't bear it. I only know this—the last time I saw the fifty pounds was when they were in your hands When you were gone they were gone too. Until you prove that you did not steal them you are a thief to me."

The hot blood surged up into his face, anger flashed up into his eyes, angry words struggled through his lips. He spoke bitterly and vehemently, partly in anger at her accusation and partly in relief that she had not discovered his cheating at the club; and what bitter words he said to her he scarcely knew.

She watched him in silence. Her face grew whiter under his words; and then, before she could speak again—before she could realise it—he had gone.

* * *

In the morning she called him as usual, and then went down to cook his breakfast.

But the bacon frizzled in the pan and curled up into hard dry pieces: the tea became cold, and she had to put it back on the hob, and still he had not come.

It was getting late—nearly time he started for the office—and she mounted the stairs and knocked at his door.

There was no reply.

She knocked again, louder this time; and when nothing answered her, she turned the handle and went in.

The room was empty, the bed had not been slept in; everything lay still, senseless and unmoving, and there was emptiness in the very atmosphere.

A fly buzzed solemnly across the ceiling; the sun poured through the window and mocked her loneliness.

When she realised what had happened she went to the dressing-table and took up a piece of paper that was lying there.

"I can't forget that you called me a thief," it ran. "I shall never forget and never forgive. It's no use telling you that I did not take the money—it's no use using hard words to you. I am going away, and you will never see or hear from me again."

II.

In the three years that followed Mrs. Flood grew harder, sterner, and more reserved than ever. She tried to forget that she ever had a son, and the effort left a bitter expression upon her face. The light had gone out of it, the lines had stiffened round her mouth and left it sinister and forbidding; and the neighbours gradually shunned and avoided her until she was left to solitary wretchedness in her small cottage.

But one morning a great horror burst in upon her—a horror that shook her whole life.

It came about in a commonplace way—so commonplace that one would laugh if one did not know that the tragedies of life are generally found in commonplace settings.

A storm in the night had torn away part of her chimney. Some of the bricks had fallen inwards and blocked it up, and in the morning the grate had to be taken out of the kitchen.

The workmen were there busy clearing away the débris, when something suddenly fell to the ground.

It was an envelope—thick, crumpled, and dirty with the dirt of years.

"Now wot's this?" said one of the workmen. He put down his hammer and wiped his hand on his apron. Then he peered into the packet, and an exclamation of astonishment escaped him. He stood with round, wide open eyes.

"Oh, lor!" he exclaimed. "I'll be jiggered."

"What is it?" said Mrs. Flood.

"Oh, lor!" he said again, drawing a breath, "'oo'd ever a-dreamt o' sich a thing? It's somethin' as ye'll be mighty fine an' 'appy about, I'm thinkin', Mum. It's a 'andful o' tenners."

He held out the envelope towards her, but to his surprise, she did not attempt to take them. She stared at him wildly. There was a look of terror in her eyes.

"Oh, my God!" she cried. "Oh, my God!"

A recollection began to grow upon her—a recollection that made her dazed and faint.

"They are the notes," she faltered, "that I accused my son of stealing—oh, my God! I remember now—there was a chink in the cupboard—a space. . . . They must have slipped . . . and all these years! Oh, my son!"

She seized the envelope from the astonished workman and dragged out the notes. She looked at them—turned them over and over in feverish haste, and then suddenly flinging them from her she staggered back to a chair and bowed her grey head over the table.

III.

For weeks there had been a paragraph in the papers headed "To Walter F——." For weeks the black letters had been urging him to return, and for weeks there had been no result—no sign. Now the words had been altered, and they ran, "Your mother is seriously ill. If you wish to see her alive come at once."

Inside the little cottage Mrs. Flood lay delirious, and the neighbours, who had avoided her because of her hardness of heart, were with her now because of the trick fate had played with her life.

And, while she tossed and moaned in high fever, the rain outside poured steadily down. It clamoured against the window-panes and beat itself against the glass, and cried out to the sick woman until she thought it was the voice of her son.

"Walter," she cried. "Oh, my son, my son! . . . Come in. . . . Don't look at me like that. . . . I—I can't bear it. . . . Don't stay away from me. . . . If I could only see him once. . . . If he would only kiss me . . . once . . ."

But when at last he did come—when he rushed up the narrow stairs bronzed and bearded—she did not know him.

He knelt down beside the bed and took her hand — a hand that was almost a skeleton—in his, and looked eagerly into her face. But her eyes were vacant.

"Mother, don't you know me?" he cried.

"Fifty pounds," she whispered, "and he was in debt. . . . Fifty pounds . . . he stole them. . . . Of course . . . who else could it be."

He steadied his face.

"Mother, don't you know me?"

"Yes, the workman," she said. "You can have the notes you found. . . . I hate them. . . . They have killed me and robbed me of my son."

* * * *

Everyone had become silent in the room, but outside the rain clamoured persistently. There was a voice in it which seemed to be calling the dying woman on the bed.

She stirred uneasily, and one hand went slowly up towards her breast. Her face was very thin and very grey. There was a faint glistening upon her forehead, a dampness upon her cheek, and her eyes seemed to be fixed upon some invisible object.

SHE STAGGERED BACK TO A CHAIR, AND BOWED HER GREY HEAD OVER THE TABLE.

A broken word fell from her lips—then another. . . . Then her eyes moved slowly down.

Walter leant forward. A grey shadow was beginning to creep over her face, and thinking there was recognition in her eyes he took her damp hand in his and smiled into her face.

His smile was terrible.

THE ADVENTURE OF PETER THE MOUJIK.

A RUSSIAN STORY.

BY LUCY HARDY.

PETER NICHOLAVITCH, a Russian moujik, had roamed many versts away from the village; as he often did to escape the alarum of his wife's tongue. Anastasia Ivanova was a capable, stirring woman, unusually active and energetic for a Russian peasant, and Peter, who was famed throughout the village for being the laziest member of the "Mir," the slowest moving, softest spoken of all that slow-moving, soft-speaking community, had but a sorry life at times in his home. To lie on the warm stove in winter, or to bask in the sun in summer, and to drink as much vodki as he could in any way obtain, was Peter's modest ideal of a happy life; an ideal, alas! which he was, under Anastasia's vigorous government, too seldom permitted to realise.

Active and industrious herself, Anastasia had no tolerance for her husband's idleness; and if she could not force him to labour, at least took care that, while under his own roof, idleness should not be made too agreeable to him. Anastasia's own earnings, added to the little dowry which she had brought her husband, just sufficed to keep the pair; and Peter had indeed wedded her with the idea of blissfully indulging his constitutional laziness at Anastasia's expense. But the wife was by no means ready tamely to consent to this arrangement; and it happened that Peter was often scolded out of doors, either to seek the society of the village pope (priest), an old crony of his, or to wander alone towards the forest near the village.

The village pope believed in Peter. Like a true Russian, the latter was extremely superstitious, and, when goaded by the lash of Anastasia's tongue into earning a few roubles, was frequently wont to expend all he could spare from vodki in the purchase of tapers to burn before the shrine of his patron saint, or in contributions towards some fresh ornament for the village church, whose sky-blue dome and bright gilt minarets stood out in such strong contrast to the hovels which surrounded it, just as its gorgeous interior (the church of the meanest Russian village is often richly decorated) so contrasted with the scantily furnished interiors of even the abodes of the village magnates—the startchina (mayor), the starostas (elders), and the pope himself.

Anastasia was of a practical, not to say worldly, turn of mind, and considered her husband's piety (as exemplified by his votive offerings) as scarcely less reprehensible than his indolence. She did not venture to express these heretical opinions openly, but she indemnified herself for her reticence in public by her vehemence in private; indeed, the domestic storm which had just driven Peter out of his home had been raised by the latter's ill-judging liberality. That very morning Peter had returned from an expedition to the nearest town, whither he had journeyed for the pleasing purpose of receiving a trifling legacy, the bequest of an uncle and godfather who had wearied of the dull monotony of village life, migrated to the town, successfully pursued a trade there, and had remembered his village kinsfolk in his testamentary arrangements.

The sum eventually handed to Peter Nicholavitch, after all the necessary legal formulæ had been gone through, was but a trifling amount after all; but as the moujik strutted along, with the greasy rouble notes safely buttoned away in a bag under his sheepskin coat, he felt himself a Crœsus indeed. It was seldom that he had the handling of more than a few kopecks at a time, thanks to Anastasia's vigilance. It had been a sore trial to that good woman that a slight attack of illness had prevented her accompanying her husband to the town on this occasion, but she had taken the precaution to make him swear before the sacred icon that he would enter neither vodki-shop nor even tea-house on his way home, but bring the precious roubles back intact. Anastasia had already settled how the little legacy (which she imagined to be greater than it actually proved) was to be spent. First, she would finally and for ever pay off the loan which her shiftless husband had contracted ("for tools he is too lazy to use," thought Anastasia bitterly) with that cheating Jew usurer, to whom all the village community were more or less in debt. Then she would replace their shabby and half worn-out "house-stove" (the central piece of furniture in a Russian peasant's abode) with as handsome a one as that possessed by the startchina himself. Then—yes, Peter himself should have a fine silk sash for his touloupa, and even a moderate amount—say a half-rouble—for his beloved vodki; while for herself, visions of brightly coloured handkerchiefs, even of a gilt chain and cross, danced before Anastasia's eyes as she lay musing upon the top of the stove—the usual sleeping-place of a Russian peasant family. And the pope? Oh, yes, of course a certain proportion of the legacy would have to be paid over to the pope for religious uses, and Anastasia set her brains to work to consider how small an amount—by dint of hard swearing and protestations—Father Ivan could be induced to believe was the Church's fair, even liberal share in Peter Nicholavitch's lucky windfall, which his prudent wife was prepared to swear at quite half its real amount, whatever that might prove.

It must be here recorded that Anastasia's father had been a Raskolnik, or Dissenter, and that although after his decease his widow and daughter had deemed it wisest to profess a return to the Orthodox fold, the adherence of both, especially of the younger woman, had been rather from prudential than from religious motives.

Meanwhile, Peter was returning to his native village with his own brain equally full of Alnaschar visions. It was indeed a grievous pity that he had been induced to take that rash vow against entering the tempting vodki-shops of the town; but, as Peter wisely reflected, spirits were easily procurable in the village, and he had but postponed his enjoyment. So he trudged on with rapid steps down the village street, passing the house of the pope as he did so. This worthy had just come to the door, and saluted Peter with the usual soft Russian courtesy. The two men had one link in common: both possessed a shrewish wife.* Ivan Androvitch, the pope, being of a warmer temper than was the easy-going Peter, kept his domestic tyrant in a certain amount of order by retaliating with cuffs when her temper became unbearable—but he was a little afraid of his wife all the same, and could therefore sympathise with Peter. There is a story of a lady out walking with her husband, who, when a passer-by accidentally trod on her dress, addressed him in somewhat strong language. The delinquent, an old farmer, only looked pityingly at the husband, and remarked in a tone of genuine and kindly sympathy, "I du feel for 'ee, Sir, I du; for I 've just such another bitter-tongued 'un of my own at home."

Peter's face brightened at the sight of Father Ivan, and, in less time than it takes to write, he had eagerly related the story of his good fortune to his friend, and thankfully accepted the latter's cordial invitation

* In Russia the "white clergy," or parish priests, are permitted to marry.

to step in and take a glass of vodki after his long tramp. Peter drank not one, but a good many glasses, and the pope's vodki was always the best in the village. The moujik drank and talked, and felt himself a very great man indeed; and then the conversation gradually drifted round to the condition of the village church, to whose interior the villagers had long been talking of making certain additional decorations. A vainglorious spirit suddenly assailed Peter: why should not he play the part of a "barin" (noble), of a Czar himself, as it were, and, singly and alone, complete the suggested adornment of the shrine "of his own patron saint," as Father Ivan softly reminded him? So in the end Peter actually handed over the whole of his late kinsman's legacy for this pious purpose, and walked—a little unsteadily—towards his own abode, where, when Anastasia speedily learnt the sad facts——but no words can do justice to the scene which followed! Peter promptly fled, as from a hurricane, and had penetrated some way into the lonely snow-bound forest before he ventured to pause and take breath. The worst of it was that, now he began to think over the matter calmly, he himself was a little inclined to repent his too precipitate generosity—vodki-born! However, there was no getting the money back now, as he ruefully reflected; and he would have to go on living with Anastasia! This idea was so terrible that Peter stumbled vaguely on, feeling that every yard he wandered at least took him farther from that righteously indignant lady. His head was scarcely clear yet, or the rest of this story might have remained unwritten.

Stumbling along the silent forest track, Peter at length halted at what looked like a small bank of hardened snow. The worthy moujik was always a believer in the Oriental proverb, "Sitting is better than standing, lying is better than sitting"; and now, wearied, and but half-sober still, he thankfully flung himself down upon this apparently inviting couch without further scrutiny. To his horror, however, the bank, which was merely a drifted heap of withered boughs covered with snow, immediately gave way beneath his weight, and the terrified moujik fell into a small pit, alighting upon a huge soft furry mass, which immediately stirred beneath him, and emitted a low ominous growl. Peter had, in fact, fallen into one of those lairs ("câches," as the Canadian hunters call them) which the bears construct for their hibernation during the winter months. Peter's abrupt descent upon his back had, however, effectually awakened the slumbering Bruin, who now proceeded to struggle to his feet.

Half-paralysed with terror, Peter did what was perhaps the very wisest thing under the circumstances. He clutched firmly by the fur of the animal, and kept his seat on its back, holding on as for dear life. The bear, after a few struggles and growls, awkwardly scrambled out of its lair, with Peter still clinging to it! The fright had completely sobered the moujik by this time, and he recognised his best chance of escape. As the angry beast shambled towards the trees, Peter dexterously clutched at one of the strongest boughs, swung himself overhead, climbed into the topmost branches, and then commenced yelling at the bear at the top of his lungs, and pelting it with pellets of hardened snow. Bears are not the most courageous of beasts; and Bruin, like Peter himself, had been considerably startled by the latter's fall, and yet more by the continued presence of a strange creature upon his back. In a few moments the terrified moujik had the satisfaction to see the brute lumber heavily away into the forest, when he cautiously descended from his lofty elevation and sped home on the wings of the wind, arriving so exhausted at his own door that he sank fainting before its threshold. And here he was, a minute or two later, found by his wife, whose temporary indisposition had vanished in the glow of her wrath and disappointment. She was now about to sally forth with the rather forlorn hope of representing to the pope that the money Peter had presented to the Church was in reality not his to dispose of—that it was owed, promised, his wife's property, not his

own — to swear, in fact, to any fiction that might avail to rescue even a few roubles from Father Ivan's clutches, though Anastasia herself had but faint hope of the success of her errand. Finding, as she opened her door, the apparently lifeless body of her husband lying before the threshold, Anastasia shrieked aloud. She was not a bad-hearted woman, for all her bitter tongue; and really fond of her Peter, with all his imperfections.

Sympathising and inquisitive neighbours hurriedly flocked out of their abodes. Peter was carried within, and vodki poured down his throat by Anastasia's own hands. He speedily revived, and was able to recount his extraordinary adventure, and escape.

"Well for you, oh, my son! that you so recently showed your piety, which has been thus amply rewarded," cried a voice from the doorway, and Anastasia recognised Father Ivan, and knew the roubles were now gone for ever!

"Well for you, I say," continued the pope solemnly, waving his hands towards the group of villagers, "that you, Peter Nicholavitch, instead of putting your newly acquired wealth in vain and worldly uses, as some profane advisers would have counselled you to do" (Anastasia winked), "had the devotion to offer all at the shrine of your patron saint. And now, behold! your wife is restored to health, and you yourself preserved as by a miracle."

The village listeners devoutly crossed themselves. and a murmur of admiration and assent went round.

"Would such a miracle have been wrought in your favour," proceeded the pope majestically, "had you been a Raskobnik at heart, or a withholder of the dues of the church, or a mean doler out of a mere pittance for offerings? In such a case surely the bear had devoured you before now! But you gave gladly and generously to your patron saint, and he did not forget you in your hour of need. Anastasia Ivanova," added the pope, turning solemnly to the wife, "see that in future you duly reverence your pious husband, in whose favour so miraculous a deliverance has been wrought."

Anastasia gasped a little. After all it had certainly been a very singular escape; and who could say but that the saints might have had a hand in the matter? And so the good roubles had not been wholly wasted after all. There was some consolation in this view of the affair.

"It may be," remarked Father Ivan carelessly, as he turned away, "that Anastasia Ivanova herself desires to make some small gift to the blessed saint in token of her own thankfulness for her husband's miraculous preservation, or at least to burn a taper before the shrine."

So, partly from regard to public opinion and partly from a half belief in the truth of Father Ivan's assertions, Anastasia herself actually screwed out the price of certain votive tapers, to burn in the church.

As for Peter himself, this adventure with the bear proved the luckiest event in his life. The conspicuous reward which, according to Father Ivan, had been granted to his piety, set him far above all his village associates, and invested him with a certain reverence in their eyes. Even his wife scolded him no more for his laziness; but resignedly took up her burthen of working for the support of them both. And Peter, for the rest of his days, earned a few roubles when it suited him; but spent most of his time lounging about the village, being treated to vodki by his admirers, and relating again and again the history of the "miracle" wrought as the reward of his pious gift to the village shrine.

No other moujik has yet been found to eclipse his glory by making a similarly liberal donation.

THE DARK PRINCE.

By NORA HOPPER.

WIND outside, and the light of stars: inside, the Dún was full of torchlight, and noise of voices singing and smitten harps. In the high seat sat old Conaire, King of Brefny, grey and bent with the misrule of near on a hundred winters: at his right hand waited the empty chair of his dead son, Conall, as it had waited for twenty years; and on his left sat Conall's son, Eochy, turning wide, gentle, blind eyes to the quarter whence the music came, fitfully, like a fretful wind.

"Play up," said Conaire, as the harps paused. "Why play ye all so faintly, Dall and Trenmore? Thought ye I had need of a lullaby song?"

In the torchlit chamber babe Conaire slept,
Oro! without how the tempest swept!
Wise Nóra watched by the sleeping child,
Oro! without how the wind was wild!
She rocked his cradle so high, so low—
Shoheen, shoheen, shoheen, sho!

It was the song of the youngest and boldest harper, Trenmore, whom all there knew to be of nearer kin to King Conaire than blind Eochy himself; and the King broke out laughing for pleasure of the mocking rhyme.

"Sing again, my yellow-haired lad, and sing loud," he cried, in his thin pipe, "for there's sleep-dust in my eyes to-night."

"And what will I sing of, King, and what name will I put in the song? And will I make it of women you loved, or women you hated? Nóra Crióna's red hair—or the black head that slept last on your breast, my King? or the yellow cool of Eeveen, your wife?"

"Let be two of those three dead women, harper," the King said, frowning till his grey brows met. "Waken my son's wife if thou canst, Trenmore; but let sleep my wife, and thy mother, Noradonn."

"Is it your pleasure also that I should sing of Nóra Crióna, kinsman?" Trenmore asked, plucking the "Dark Prince's" sleeve. "Is it so, Prince Eochy?"

"Ay, why not, Trenmore? Your father sang for my mother," Eochy said. Whereupon Trenmore took harp and sang of Nóra Crióna—Wise Nóra—Conall's unloved wife, and he made rhyme of her wit and her courage and her beauty: "the wild red beauty of the Shee," the song called it, remembering the rumour in men's mouths that Conall had taken a changeling to wife—

Oh, we gave you gold to crown your head,
And we gave you sorrow to your maid,
Care, to watch you in your silken bed,
Nóra Crióna!

Like a lily in a quicken wood,
White amid our press of spears you stood;
But the year grew old and winds were rude,
Nóra Crióna.

Like a lily you were sweet to see,
And you passed like lilies, quietly;
Do you grow a rose amid the Shee,
Nóra, Nóra Crióna?

Now the song ended here, and there fell upon them a little silence under whose shadow men looked curiously and askant at the King, for there was none in Brefny who had yet forgotten how Conaire had loved and sought to wed young Nóra Crióna, how she had wedded Conall, the King's son, and loved none, and how her passing had been stranger than death. Had not Conall waked to find her place empty beside him in the grey of an April morning, and save the blind baby son crying forlornly in his cradle, no more sign on earth of Nóra Crióna, who had been loved and hated so

well? . . . . Now whether Trenmore's song had roused the sleeper and opened the locked doors of forgetfulness or no, I cannot tell; but soon after this feast a rumour blew vaguely about the King's house in Brefny, whispering here and there that Nóra Crióna had come again. Lights were seen flitting about the deserted hall where the Lady of Brefny had kept her state, and once and again in the false dawn or at twilight a kerne saw a shadowy figure, crowned with a splendour of red hair, pass unchallenged by the sentries and unstayed of King Conaire's watch-dogs, unkennelled and savage though they were. Then the talk drifted to the "Dark Prince" himself, hinting that he, too, was aware of a new presence in the Dún, and that he had even followed it to his mother's deserted bower, and there held converse. Higher yet drifted the rumour, and touched the King's dull ears; but here it found no acceptance. Indeed, Conaire made open mock of it: "Let men not tell him of a sleepy sentry's dreams," he said, though it needed no dream to tell him the Prince's head was full of whimsies, and his heart be-fogged with visions; and this because he had kissed no woman in honest love and stricken no man in honest hatred. But, by Bove Derg and his Red Swineherd, he would find a cure for that! Eochy should marry, and though Brefny should never have a dark king to rule her, Eochy's children should govern her—and they should be fair and strong and free from blemish as Irish kings should be. Therefore, messengers went west and east and south, seeking a wife for Eochy of Brefny. Eivir of Annayalla, Githa of Danish Dublin, and Muirgeis O'Shaughnessy were fair enough in all conscience; but Eivir of the White Marshes was a witch, and the Dane was a foreigner, and Muirgeis's dower was small; so Conaire and his councillors would none of these three, and fell to considering the claims of the two beautiful daughters of Sheehy of Iar-Connaught, one widowed, the other still a free maiden in her father's hold. So, at last, the lot fell upon Maive of the Sheehy, and with much pomp her kinsmen brought her out of Connaught to Conaire's Dún; and Malachy, High King of Ireland, came himself to the marriage feast, with gold bracelets for the groom and kisses for the bride.

Now the feast was long and noisy, and the toasts many, and midmost loud singing and louder talking, none saw how early bride and groom withdrew from their seats right and left of the Ard-Righ, nor heard how they talked together on the threshold of the Dún, with the wind and starlight in their grave faces.

First the bride spoke: "They say that your mother was half a fairy, and that she has come back to the King's Dún. Is that truth or a lie, Eochy?"

"Truth, my Princess; and that I swear by my mother's empty grave."

"Has any man seen her, then, my Prince?"

"Alas, dear heart, I am dark. But you shall see her, Maive."

"Shall I?"

"And you will love her, maybe? There never was so sweet a voice—but you shall hear her speak, and call you her daughter."

"Sweeter than mine?" said she. Then, "Hush and hark! They are singing again, and in praise of thy grandfather. Was he indeed so strong a man of his hands, Eochy?"

"I have heard so," Eochy said. "Dear, 'tis no fault of mine that I was born blind: think no scorn of me for that, Maive."

"Listen!" she said; and in the quiet old Dall's voice rang out through the Dún—

And who at all was like to thee?
Colleen and Shee found over fair
Thy yellow hair: and only she
Who could not see might never rue.
My king, and who was like to thee?
Fear met not thee mid quickens haunted:
Who drove enchanted horses three?
Who plucked and ate Dé Danaan fruit?
Who with his foot drove back the sea?
My king, and who was like to thee?

"Look up at yonder bower, my Princess," Eochy said, as the song ceased amid shoutings of Conaire's name. "'Tis my mother's greenan, where I will take thee presently. Is there a light within?"

"A dim light—ay."

"WHAT IS IT YOU SEE, MY WIFE, THAT TURNS YOUR HAND SO COLD IN MINE?"

"Come, then, my heart." So they went hand in hand across the court of the women's house, and stood together at the heavy door of the greenan, where Nóra Crióna had spun and sung and dreamed twenty years before.

"I hear the thrum of a spinning-wheel," said the Connaught lady, leaning towards the "Dark Prince" with lips apart and smiling, and a wave of colour ebbing and flowing in her face. "Husband, I am half afraid to enter. Am I not more to thee than thy mother's ghost?"

But the Dark Prince's heart was darker than his eyes at this moment, and he did not know what was the meaning of his wife's clinging hands and her hurried breathing; and his thought was more on his fairy mother than on Maive, as he swung the door wide and lifted his bride lightly over the dusty threshold-stone.

"Be welcome, my heart, as thorns in May," he said softly. "Mother o' mine, here is my wife at last!"

Now in his heart the blind man had made a picture of the greenan, and he saw it as it had been twenty years before: lighted and warm and friendly, with green hangings on the wall and many torches: and in her seat midmost the light his mother sitting richly clad, with all her glory of red hair shed out upon her shoulders, and a white hound and a black hound sleeping at her red-shod feet, and a weeshy red dwarf sitting on a stool to her left hand, droning an old song in time to the thrum of her wheel.

But Maive of Connaught saw a lofty room arrased with cobwebs, and lighted by two sputtering pine-knots; dust thick on the floor, and rusty weapons on the walls, and in the middle of the hall a red-haired woman, young and fair to see, with the silver chains of servitude on her bare arms and round her white throat. And she cowered away from Eochy's groping fingers, holding up piteous hands in mute prayer to the woman who was not blind.

"Mother — Maive —" Eochy said hurriedly. "What is it you see, my wife, that turns your hand so cold in mine?"

"Do not tell him," whispered the red-haired woman, covering her face, "if you love him, lady." But Maive's hand turned colder yet in Eochy's hold, and she spoke in a voice colder still.

"Your mother's women keep her state ill, my Prince, for the moth has eaten the hangings of her chair; and she is clad in a slave's woollen gown instead of the blue garments of her degree. Indeed, Prince Eochy, she holds her royalty too lightly."

"I am dark, Lady Maive," Eochy said gravely, "and I did not know; but if my mother clothes herself in wool instead of silk, then woollen is queenly wear. Mother, we must look that you keep your state better now you have a daughter as well as a son——"

"Let the play end here," Maive said abruptly, and as she spoke, the woman who stood listening found her clasped hands too slight a cover for her shame, and fell at the bride's feet, with her face hidden on the dusty floor. "It has lasted too long already. Surely you have no mother, my husband, if you call this creature by her name. . . . Stand up, woman, and tell your name and kin."

"Gunhild," the woman murmured, "of Dublin."

"Listen, my Lord," Maive said cruelly, "here is the truth at last. Ask her why she wears a slave's mottled gown." Eochy did not speak, but Gunhild rose to her knees, and answered nevertheless—

"Twenty years ago I was sold into slavery here in Brefny to Conall, your father. He tired of me before the year was out—and then he died—and I have dwelt here with the women that waited on Nóra Crióna ever since. I was but thirteen when I saw Conall first, my Lord, and because my gods hated me they have made me endure thirty-three grey years."

"A slave whom your father tired of; and so very surely no mother of yours, my most dear Lord," Maive said with a smile. "Tell us, woman, why the play began?"

"My Lord was 'dark,'" Gunhild pleaded, "and I did my Lord no harm; nor have I offended even the ghost of Nóra Crióna."

"Leave weeping, wench," Maive said sharply. "My Lord will be gentle with you. Come, my Prince, what will you do to her for the lies she has fed you with? Best chide her, and let her go: and by-and-by when she spins among my women I will given her in honest marriage to some man of Brefny—she is comely yet, my Prince. And her lies have done you no ill."

"Surely, no ill," Eochy said, with a pale smile. "Lady, will you leave me to deal justice to—my father's slave?"

"Ay, my Lord, but deal gently with her, too," Maive said, turning away, "because I ask it, and this is your wife's first boon."

"It is a promise—in the sight of Sun and Moon," Eochy said, as he kissed his wife's hand and closed the door upon her. Then he came back, and stood beside the kneeling woman, his face troubled as his darkness had never troubled it.

"Is it true?" he said.

"It is true as death," the Danish woman said hoarsely, "for the Lady Maive has said it. Would love deceive my Lord?"

"What is it has deceived me so long?" Eochy asked, very low. "Was it mere wantonness—or pity—or was it love?"

"It was love that lied to you," Gunhild whispered; "and it was not love that undeceived my Lord."

"Even so I knew," Eochy answered. "Hush! There is no use in weeping now. Where are you, Gunhild? Oh, me! my darkness is heavy on me to-night!"

"Here, at my Lord's feet."

"Here—at my feet? That is no place for her I called Nóra Crióna. Up, Gunhild! Your hands are cold as death," as he lifted her to her feet.

"My heart is colder, Lord."

"Let us not talk of hearts: mine is full of broken dreams, and clogged with them. They were easy to break, Gunhild—easier than these armlets of yours": and as he spoke he wrenched from her arms, one by one, the armlets that were her badge of servitude.

"My father's sword and shield passed to me, and so belike did his slaves," he said as the last armlet fell ringing at their feet. "And at least, Gunhild, you shall not spin among my wife's women, or wed at her bidding. What will you do, Gunhild? You are no man's chattel now."

"I will go to my own people and let them choose for me my fate: whether I shall serve in my father's house as a slave, or take the death they mete out to their light women. And may the gods harden their hearts to me, so that they choose my death!" the Dane said wearily.

"What will be best for you I pray my mother's gods to give you!" the Prince said quietly. "So, whether thou goest quick into thy grave, or after long labour, Gunhild, may'st thou fare well!" Then he turned and left her without more good-bye, and while Maive sat yet among her women, bidding them comb out her wedding flowers from among her loose hair, Eochy and Gunhild went on their separate ways out into the darkness.

Now she turned her face towards Danish Dublin, and so passed out of my tale, but Eochy turned his face westward, lured there by a far-away snipe's cry. Presently he felt his feet on yielding ground, and here he cast his staff away, and his troubled face grew more content. Dark as he was, he could see his way to death, and step by step he went from tussock to tussock of slippery grass till at last he stood on the very edge of the Yellow Bog. Now the snipe's cry drifted nearer, and blew about his ears, piteous and insistent, and it seemed to Eochy that the cry was human and kind. So, following without question, as a child does, he stepped forward into the bog. And there—deep down—he found, maybe, the gates of Tir na n'Og, and his fairy mother, and the lost light of his eyes—and more, perhaps, than these.

PSYCHE.—SCULPTURED BY MULLER.

In the possession of the Queen at Osborne.

THE MODERN ICARUS.

THE NEWEST OF FLYING-MACHINES.

TO Manchester in an hour! To Paris in an hour and a half! To New York in ten hours! What a stimulating vision of travel! Yet not relegated to the Greek Kalends or the equally distant Millennium, but a problem of the near future, when the air-car designed by Mr. George L. O. Davidson becomes an accomplished fact! Nor is it the vision of a dreamer, but the result of much sane thought on the part of a practical man, and of experiments to be numbered by many thousands, carried on under the direction of an eminent firm of engineers.

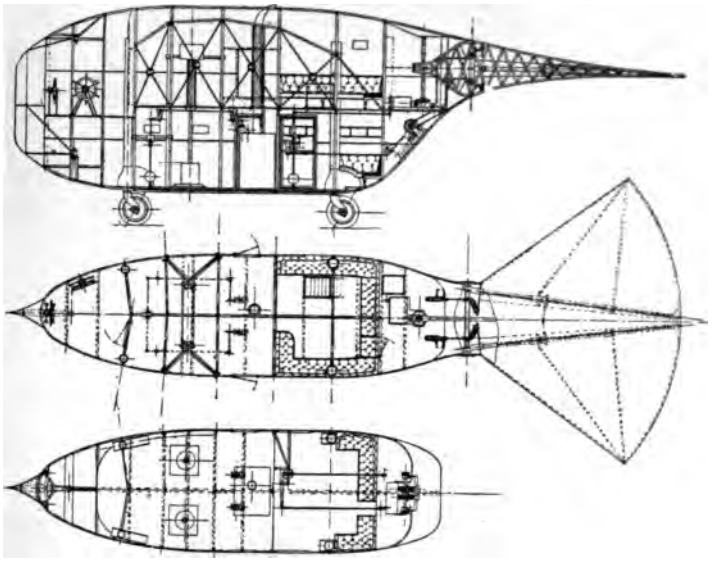
The air-ships of the past have been balloons of more or less Brobdingnagian size or "ships" of more or less—and generally more than less—intricate construction, with the same inordinate tendency towards the development of wings as is exhibited by the centipede in the question of legs. Most of these latter machines have had to get a start either by running along an inclined plane or by being propelled from an altitude, from which they descended, in obedience to the law of gravity, to the earth. They have invariably utilised the same idea as that by which steamers derive their power of propulsion, by a screw-like movement from behind, modelled on that of a fish—an eminently practical idea whose theoretical value is shown by the results obtained in the water, but an eminently unpractical one when applied to what are literally sailing vessels, as the failures sufficiently attest.

To travel in the air we must follow the laws which govern the flight of birds, is the maxim on which Mr. Davidson has set to work. That idea eliminates at once, in dealing with the air, the scientific fact which has long been known regarding water, that ships which sail on the sea do so because their bulk will displace a volume of water having a greater weight than their own. The same rule cannot possibly apply to ships which sail in the air, for birds are very much heavier than the volume of air they displace, and they manage to fly with a success which has hitherto baffled human ingenuity to copy.

DAVIDSON'S FLYING-MACHINE IN FULL FLIGHT.

The new air-ship, whose general form is depicted in the accompanying Illustrations, is modelled broadly on the shape of a bird, without conforming in detail to

any one of the numerous "fowls of the air." Its main difference is that its wings are rigid, and will under no circumstances move, the muscular power which nature supplies to the bird being, however, located, as far as its working parts go, in the huge outspread wings, which serve to give a support to the machine in exactly the same way as the outspread cover of a parachute supports it.



GENERAL ARRANGEMENT OF CAR.

These wings in a machine capable of supporting a gross weight of ten tons measure about a hundred feet from tip to tip, and are formed of two surfaces of metal joined together at the body, in front, behind, and at the farther edge, so that they enclose a space between them varying in height from about six feet at the body to almost a cutting edge at the tip. In order to give greater support they are, however, rather broader than they would be in the case of a bird, each wing being, in this case, about forty feet from front to back at the broadest. The two surfaces forming the upper and lower framework of the wing, which may be said to represent the bones of the bird's wing, are made of steel stays, while the representatives of the skin and feathers which cover these ribs are made of a complete valve surface of metal. These valves act automatically. When the machine is ascending they remain open and prevent the pressure of the atmosphere above from retarding the ascent of the machine, while when it is necessary for the ship to remain at a given altitude, or to descend, they are closed so as to offer a resisting surface to the air beneath, on which the wings lie exactly, again, as in the case of the parachute.

Between the upper and lower surfaces of the wings are rotary lifters worked by means of a steam-engine situated in the body of the bird itself. By their rotation they lift the machine vertically, and they do this as long as they are kept working. The experiments which have been made with lifters having a diameter of two, three, and four feet respectively, have proved that such lifters are capable of lifting a weight far in excess of the weight of the structure necessary to contain the required power. In the case of an air-car weighing ten tons, it has been calculated that these rotary lifters must have a diameter of about twenty-eight feet, and that they will revolve three hundred times a minute.

The engines, machinery, and all the various apparatus for guiding, maintaining the equilibrium automatically, etc., will be situated within the body of the machine, as well as rooms to be used by the officers, the crew, and passengers. The size of this body will naturally vary with the number of passengers the air-ship will carry, but in the small one such as is contemplated to be built, it will be about fourteen feet high, almost as wide, and will be divided into two compartments or storeys.

Its steel frame-work is to be covered

with metal giving a maximum of strength with a minimum of weight, and presenting many other obvious advantages. In the middle is located the heaviest machinery, placed there so that the balance may be easily kept, and on the first or lower storey, in order that the centre of gravity may be as low as possible to conduce to stability.

Immediately in front of the head of the bird is a huge vertical beak, nearly half the height of the body, for the purpose of steering the car, and its action is exactly similar to that which governs the direction of the bicycle by means of the front wheel.

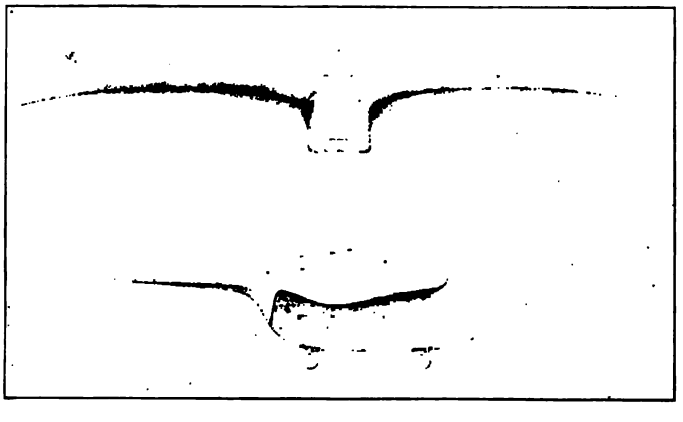
The control of the inclination of the machine, the most important part of a practical flying-ship, in the opinion of Mr. Davidson, is obtained by means of the tail, which corresponds to the rudder of a ship, only it works in a horizontal instead of a vertical direction. It is furnished with a certain automatic mechanism, by means of which the slightest deflection of the ship from the horizontal is instantly counteracted, so that the bird will, all the time, travel on what is practically an even keel.

The steering, by means of the beak, is directed by a wheel placed in what the inventor calls the "Beak-house," in the front part of the upper of the two storeys into which the body is divided. In this room are also the compass, barometer, an indicator showing the angle at which the machine is travelling, the position of the tail, the number of revolutions being made by the engine, and several other necessary instruments, including also the machinery for controlling the settling of the bird on the ground. In order that there may be no jar at all, pneumatic tubes take the place of legs, and wheels of feet, compressed air doing the duty which in nature is performed by means of the many bones and cartilages forming the feet and ankles of the bird.

In descending, however, it will not rely entirely on these, for when it arrives at its destination, ropes are to be thrown out from the four corners, which will be attached to the mooring-place exactly in the same way as is done with ships, and gradually, by tightening them, the machine will be brought down to the ground.

The principle upon which it works is eminently simple. It is lifted vertically upwards by its machinery, and in obedience to the law of gravity, it is continually tending to fall again. By directing its inclination at a small angle from the horizontal, however, it moves forward, cutting through the air in exactly the same way as a kite fastened to the end of a string moves forward when the string is pulled at an angle to the outspread surface.

There is, however, one all-important point which people must get out of their minds—a fact fostered by the air-ships whose descriptions and pictures have hitherto appeared. It is improbable that anyone will be able to have a machine to go off on a little "fly" on his own account, in exactly the same way in which he can mount his bicycle and go for a ride. The reason for this is exceedingly simple. With the machinery devised at present, the necessary mechanical



FRONT AND SIDE VIEW OF THE CAR.

advantage is not to be obtained. An air-ship built to carry a single person would have to lift about three hundred pounds—the weight of the passenger, plus its own weight and that of its machinery, which would have to be limited to about one-half the weight it was capable of lifting. To obtain a supporting power of three hundred pounds, it would have to be about twenty-five feet from tip to tip—not a convenient thing to keep in a room, or in a back garden, like a cycle. A machine twice the size—fifty feet from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other—would support a weight eight times as great, or rather more than a ton; while a machine a hundred feet across will support a weight of ten tons. The possibility of the transformation of individuals into birds is therefore remote; but there is no reason why we should not travel by air in exactly the same way as we travel by railway train or by steamer, several in one compartment.

As to the practical question of cost, there is no doubt but aërial travel will be immeasurably cheaper than any other method of transit. About £20,000 is all that is necessary to build and equip an air-ship capable of carrying one hundred passengers. Were this to make but two return journeys a day between London and Manchester, and to travel only half full on each trip, it would convey two hundred passengers every day, and working only six days a week, it would carry a total of sixty thousand persons a year. If the fare were ten shillings return, and all the passengers took return tickets, the machine would earn £15,000 in the year, which would provide a large margin for interest on the capital after paying the necessary expenses for up-keep.

The optimistic expressions in the opening sentences with regard to flight are based on the well-known fact that machinery vastly outstrips the possibilities of nature, and it has been demonstrated that certain birds can fly as rapidly as two hundred miles an hour. No animal can keep up with an express train for any distance, and if the same possibilities are evolved in aërial travel as have been on the railway, a speed of three hundred miles an hour should be by no means beyond the bounds of practicability. Those who declare that such expressions are far-fetched need only ask themselves what they would have thought if they had been told a hundred, nay, fifty or twenty-five years ago that they could travel at the rate of sixty or seventy miles an hour with safety and without inconvenience. Safety, indeed, will be the dominant feature in the highways of the air, for the ships which sail on that unplumbed deep will not be limited to a single method of passing one another, as vehicles on land or vessels on the ocean have to be, for they will be able to go over or under, as well as on one side.

That the possibilities held out by such an invention are enormous no one can doubt. The social conditions of life will be changed. Our fashionable women will go to Paris in the morning to buy a hat which they want to wear that afternoon at a reception in London. Our business men will leave London after an early breakfast, and by reason of the difference of five hours in the time, arrive in New York in time to lunch with a client and talk over an important arrangement, and will return home in time to breakfast in the bosom of their family next morning. Then the intercourse between nations will be so intimate, and the possibilities of destroying cities so enormous, by dropping high explosives into them, that peace will perforce banish war for ever, and bloodshed will no longer stain the pages of history.

Is it not refreshing? Is it not stimulating? Is it not beautiful? The only drawback is that, in the words of the immortal poet, "It hasn't happened yet."

THE CENTENARIAN OF SAMOS.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

FROM the crest of the rock the little house looked out over the Mediterranean, and those who scanned the sea in bright summer weather could see Miletus rising sharply from the eastern waters and the hills of Nikaria gleaming in the distant west. More than a hundred years had passed away since Demetrios had built the cottage with strong beams brought from inland, and had plastered them over with mud that the sun had turned to mortar; and there had been no breakdown in any part. Indeed, Nature had taken the cottage under her special care and woven flowering creepers round and round. A shock of earthquake had passed over Vathy with the rest of Samos, but had left the home of Demetrios's daughter untouched, and the simple inhabitants thought that the direct interposition of Providence had been vouchsafed, and that Helena was indeed a fortunate woman. They respected her because now, like her father before her, she was a centenarian; because it was believed that she saw visions and could tell whether a month would shine with sun or frown with rain, whether the storms would visit the young vines or the phylloxera ravish the grape harvest. Moreover, she would break out now and again into strange rhapsodies that none understood and all respected. Her four sons were dead, her seven grandsons had died fighting the Turk; she lived almost alone, without blood relatives, receiving an occasional call from a passing priest and from the villagers who sought her advice on questions medical or agricultural. They repaid her wise words with little gifts of fruit and corn and an occasional cask of wine when vintage had been good; the house of her father being hers, life was not too hard. All the day she sat in the sun watching the life in the port below, looking with surprise not unmixed with fear at the huge mail-boat that called every fortnight, bringing its message from over the sea. And for the rest, when the bay was deserted, and the clear waters were stirred by the wintry storms, she sat in the porch of her house listening so intently that the villagers declared she heard the real voices of the storm, and that the great waters were bringing her some mysterious tidings. Somewhere in the purple depths beyond the harbour her husband and two sons slept their last sleep, and perhaps it was on this account that her face was ever turned towards the sea, and that visions came to her alike in the heat of day and the silence of night.

One hundred and five long summers had waxed and waned; the very face of the island had changed since Helena was born. Generations had come, to laugh a little when their lives were glad and harvests realised their hopes, to weep and pray at other and more frequent intervals, and then—return to silence. The saplings had become trees, and had been cut down or withered, part of the old town had disappeared, and a smart quarter, with stone houses and cool green blinds, had taken its place. In her confidential moods, few and far between, Helena would aver that that part of Samos had but two landmarks, the rough track, called by courtesy a road, that ran up to the topmost hill, and her cottage. She would never go to the new town, and on the rare occasions when purchases were possible as well as necessary, Marica, the widow of her eldest

grandchild, who lived next to her, would go down from the little house on the hill, leaving her ancient relative to listen to the music-story of the restless waters below.

The lamp of the old woman's life burnt with feeble light, and troubles came heavily in the latter days. Rheumatism and ague succeeded each other, and then the light in the once bright eyes paled and went out with agonising slowness, until at last, on a fatal spring morning, when all the world seemed at its best and brightest, Helena woke to a world of mingled pain and darkness. By her directions, Marica, on whose brow was the shadow of a great misfortune, supported her to her seat overlooking the sea, and, as the sympathetic neighbours, summoned by the bad tidings, gathered round, the brave heart gave way at last, and Helena wept aloud. The hot tears coursed unheeded down her withered cheeks, her shaking, crippled hands were raised on high. "Woe, woe," she cried; "darkness and pain have come together, and I am quite alone! Who will help me now to live, who will see me to my grave? Come back, come back," she cried, pointing in passionate grief to the sea; "husband and sons, come back! Why have you left me here?" The women standing round with troubled faces, respected the outburst, and were silent; only the bees hummed happily among the flowers, and the birds sang in the branches, and the west wind wooed the cornfields far below, and made the graceful poppies nod their scarlet heads. And, truth to tell, there was but little that could be done in such a case, for the people were pitiably poor, and the hand of the cruel Turk was heavy upon the land. Very many and hard were their burdens, though their hearts were large. Presently some murmurs of consolation were heard, but Helena heeded them not. Her sightless eyes were still turned upon the sea, the tears still glistened on her face. "Woe, woe!" She went on staring at the Mediterranean, whose waters seemed as though winter and wind could not exist. "My husband went to you, and you killed him. Even my sons you would not spare. Their children, too, are dead, but I may only join my loved ones by this cruel road. They will not come to me again from the waters when I sit here—my husband, my sons, who have come through fifty long years to greet me every day from their home beneath the waves. I cannot see! I cannot see! I am very, very old, and I am left behind!" And here the tears broke out afresh and choked her utterance.

Down the path from the upper hills a stray traveller came suddenly upon the group. He had landed from the mail-boat that lay at rest in the bay, and his aimless wanderings in the course of an early morning walk had brought him to the edge of the land-line, where the wooden house stood in its tiny garden. He had heard and understood the complaint of Helena, had grasped most of the situation with rare perception, and on the impulse of the moment drew out a handful of money, put it into the palm of the old woman, whispered a word of hope and encouragement in his best Greek, blushed slightly, looked round, and was intensely relieved to find that none of his party had followed him, and then pursued his way down the hill, whistling happily enough. Perhaps he was rich as well as impulsive; perhaps in some city of Western Europe or in the New World he had some aged relative whose closing years knew no great trouble; perhaps he had won heavily at cards and found nothing to spend his money on in Samos. Whatever the cause, the result was the same.

Had the heavens or the earth opened, had the dead risen, the surprise and astonishment of the little group could not well have been greater. They looked at one another in mute astonishment, while Helena, holding the gift in her shaking hand, waited for some explanation. A moment later it came: the Saints had sent a protector, a messenger, an angel, and this was the general belief, though the gift itself was prosaic enough—a handful of the moneys of several nations, including two French Napoleons, coins seldom seen in those parts and then only as a result of long toilsome service in dangerous ways. In one brief moment the difficulties of the years rolled away, for one and all were

conscious that such a sum of money would last indefinitely, and that Death could not be so far away. "You have been hasty and ungrateful," mumbled a toothless octogenarian, who stood by the porch looking with undisguised envy upon the gold and silver, "and the great Father has been kinder than you deserve." Helena dried her eyes and sat silent, overwhelmed by the experience. Her hands grasped the money; her friends had told her what it was worth, but she could neither collect her thoughts nor fully realise what had befallen.

YUSSUF WAS WATCHING THE SCENE WITH SOME APPROACH TO APPRECIATION.

II.

In the single cell of the miserable prison, Ionides, the twenty-year-old son of Marica, stretched his limbs wearily on the bare floor. For him the outlook was very grim. He had fought and dangerously wounded a servant of the Governor, and the hour of his trial was at hand. Yussuf, the warder and sentinel of the little prison, Yussuf, the evil-eyed, had told him that morning that he would receive his sentence on the following day, and had chuckled as only a cruel Turk can. So Ionides lay on the ground in an agony of terror all through the long hot day, and thought with despairing regret of his mother's house on the hill above his head and of his old relative near at hand. Better to be Helena, with whom the last days were dealing so harshly, than here where certain torture and possible death awaited him on the morrow. He could not eat or drink or even pray, for terror had paralysed his faculties. All day long Yussuf, the guard, sat in his dilapidated sentry-box, furtively rolling and smoking cigarettes, cursing the prisoner who kept him from joining his friends, and reconciling himself with thoughts of something sensational on the morrow; for the Governor was notorious for his severity, and there were but few prisoners in Vathy at the time on whom he could experiment. The heat died out of the day, the sea slowly changed colour, the sun went home, lighting the waters in the direction of Nikaria with every sort of beautiful tint, gorgeous shadows of many colours lived for a brief moment and passed away. Then Yussuf, who was watching the scene with some approach to appreciation in the intervals of his cigarette, heard footsteps on the road leading from the hills. He turned and saw Marica, whom he knew.

"What do you want here, woman?" he asked harshly; "you may not go to your son. Do not come here to trouble me; I will do nothing for you."

Marica drew her shawl closer round her, as though his words had chilled her.

"Listen, Yussuf," she said; "let my son go and I will make you rich."

A flash of emotion passed across Yussuf's sallow face, but only for a brief moment. "No doubt," he said, with a sneer, "you have saved up perhaps the quarter of a medjidié or half-a-dozen piastres; and it is for such a gift that I am to risk my position! Be off, woman! you will see your son to-morrow."

"You are wrong. I swear you are wrong!" replied the woman desperately. "A foreigner came to-day and left me gold and silver. I will bring you everything for my boy. Give him this file; let him destroy the bar and drop into the sea. I will be round the headland with a boat. He can escape to his cousin at Patmos."

"Where is your money?" asked Yussuf. "Are you trifling with me?"

"I go to bring it," she answered solemnly. "In three hours it shall be yours; till then you need do nothing." And a moment later she had gone.

The great mail-steamer gave a warning shriek, and its screw churned the quiet waters of the bay into an opal foam; the beach became deserted; the evening star slowly mounted in the heavens, and Yussuf stood at ease, leaning on his gun and thinking deeply. Presently the sounds of the village died into silence—at Vathy, as elsewhere in Samos, there is but small appearance of life after eventide. The moon rose and lighted a broad path across the bay. "There will be light here long enough," muttered Yussuf to himself. At length his quick ears caught the sound of the returning footsteps, and soon Marica reappeared, her face flushed, her eyes sparkling, breathless, agitated, but triumphant.

"It is here," she said, holding out a packet; "she slept with it under her pillow; I could not take it for a long

"I SWEAR," SHE SAID, SINKING ON HER KNEES, "BY MY SIN I SWEAR THAT I HAVE BROUGHT YOU THE PACKET."

time. She prayed in her sleep and I stayed, the crickets called to her from the hearth, the floor creaked, the trees never rustled so loudly before. But I took it at last, though everything called out against me, and if she curses me when she wakes I shall not care. My boy will be free."

"Listen, woman," cried Yussuf, who had snatched the packet and examined its contents without so much as hearing a word. "How do I know that you have brought me all? What have you hidden away? Give me everything if you want your son."

"I swear," she said, sinking on her knees, "by my sin I swear that I have brought you the packet as I took it; I have not left her anything, Holy Mother forgive and pity me!"

"Wait here, then," he said; "I will take the file to your boy." She heard the doors jar and bang; he came back within three minutes, which seemed to the wretched woman like three hours.

"Now," he said, "go round to the boat and wait for him, not too near the shore, or you may be seen."

"Have you given it to him?" she cried, in a tone of mingled fear, entreaty, and mistrust.

"Fool of a woman!" he answered; "come and listen." He took her to an angle of the wall where the whitewashed side of the little prison turned round the bend on a rock overhanging the sea at a height of about twenty feet. The tinkling rasp of the file could be plainly heard.

Her eye beamed with unspoken gratitude. She turned, recrossed the prison-yard, and then hurried away. Yussuf then swung himself cautiously upon a ledge of rock overlooking the waters. Nothing broke the silence except the file and the occasional cry of a startled bird, until the night wind brought the distant sound of oars, whereat the Turk smiled and chuckled as was his wont.

All at once there was a splash as the window-bar fell into the water, raising a circle of ripples, and a moment after there was a far heavier splash, followed by the cry from Yussuf, "Who goes there?" There was no reply, but a moment later the moonlight illumined the head of Ionides as he rose from the dive. Then Yussuf raised his gun and took a steady aim; there was a flash of light, a muffled cry, a dreadful shriek that found a strange echo among the upper rocks.

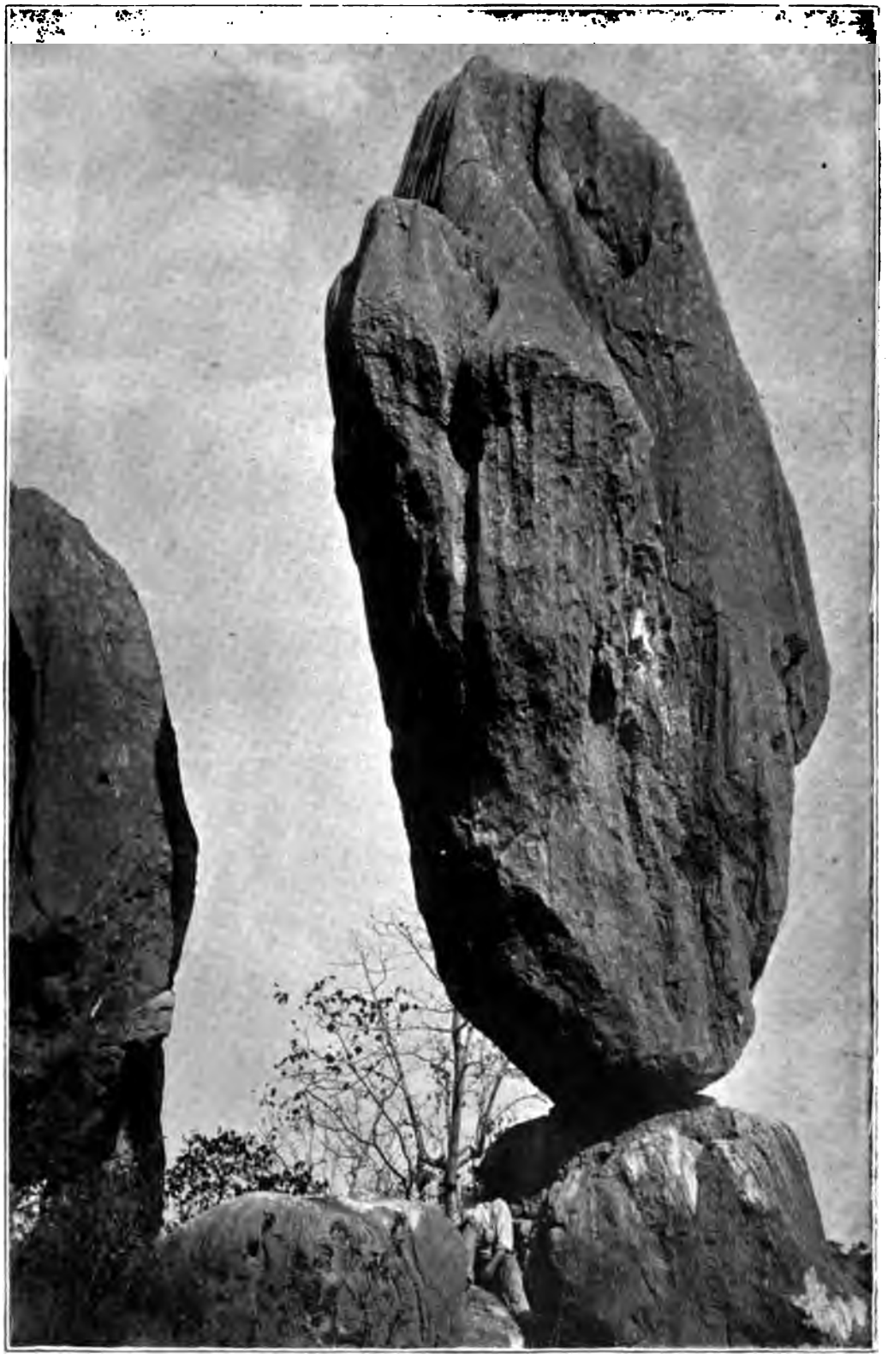
* * * *

High up in the cottage old Helena woke suddenly, roused by some noise of whose origin she was barely conscious. As her senses returned to her, the agonised shriek rose from far beneath, and a chill as the chill of death came upon her.

For a moment an overwhelming sense of terror numbed her; then suddenly she turned, as though for consolation, to the new life that was under her pillow. Trembling and shivering, she thrust her helpless hands one after the other into the recess where her treasure was hidden.

* * * *

Such of the villagers as had been roused from their beds by the unexpected sounds, and passed the little house on the rock, heard another cry yet—the last utterance of the Centenarian of Samos.



HANGING ROCK, CHILLAGOE, QUEENSLAND.

ROCKS WITH FUNNY FACES.

NATURE AS A COMEDIAN.

IN every part of the country you will find rocks of the strangest outline. Yorkshire alone revels in funny-faced rocks. Their presence has been accounted for in many ways, but no theory has yet been advanced which will apply equally to all the districts in which these huge rocks appear.

The part of Yorkshire in which stones or rocks are particularly abundant is that known as Nidderdale—or the Yorkshire Rhineland, as it is frequently called by its many admirers. Here are to be seen not only occasional masses of rock, but vast tracts of moorland literally covered with stones of enormous size, their shape and general appearance resembling in many instances a variety of familiar objects. The most imposing collection is the one on the moors at Brimham, occupying a space of about fifty acres, and situated at an elevation of nearly one thousand feet above sea-level. Not a few explanations have been given of the fantastical appearance of these black-looking rocks, their broken and grotesque aspects having from time to time been attributed to volcanic agency, marine action, glacial erosion, and to many other causes; but the accuracy of all these theories may be very much doubted, for, with the exception of a tumbled rock here and there, there is no evidence whatever of there having been any disruption of the strata. The decomposition of the rocks, however, and, consequently, their peculiar and in many cases amusing forms, may certainly be assigned to their unequal texture or quality, and to the combined forces of wind, rain, and frost, which were at one time much more violent than now. The "Dancing Bear," of which an Illustration is here reproduced, is a very good specimen of these singular naturally shaped rocks, the majority of which are known by name. There is, for instance, the Elephant Rock, the Porpoise Head, the Boat Rock, the Rocking Stones, the Oyster Shell Rock, the Hippopotamus's Head, and the Idol Rock. The latter is a most mysterious-looking object, of tremendous size and form. Although a perfectly detached block, it is fully twenty feet high, the whole mass weighing over two hundred tons. It is poised on a pyramid three and a half feet in diameter, the pivot itself supporting

Photo by Arnold, Knaresborough.

THE "DANCING BEAR," BRIMHAM.

this enormous column having a diameter of scarcely twelve inches. The Rocking Stones consist of a group of four rocks,

Photo by Arnold, Knaresborough.
THE IDOL ROCK, BRIMHAM.

the two on the west side weighing respectively about fifty and twenty-five tons, and requiring very little force to create vibration. Those on the east side are smaller, but not being so well poised, they do not move easily. The basin-like cavity on the top of each of the larger stones, as well as a kind of knee-hole existing on the north side, are said to be the work of the Druids, who considered the moving of these stones to be miraculous, and a power reserved to their own sacred orders. There are many other singular resemblances which the guide points out, such as the Kissing Chair, the Lovers' Leap, the Druid's Reading-Desk and Oven, and a capital representation of a dog's head. From the front entrance to the Rocks House, where light refreshments are obtainable, the twin towers of York Minster are clearly visible to the unassisted eye.

The valley of the Wharfe is not wanting in the grandeur of its scenery, nor in its stern and frowning rocks and precipices. Like Nidderdale, it also possesses its stretch of moorland crowned with apparently interminable rocks; whilst here and there one meets with narrow ravines where at some distant period a convulsive mood of Nature has tossed in wild confusion thousands of tons of stone. Ilkley is enclosed on nearly every side with rock-strewn eminences of more or less importance, prominent among which is that portion of Rombald's Moor containing the "Cow and Calf" Rocks. These two grotesque monsters appear to threaten the valley with destruction, so singularly do they stand out from the hills above them. From the top of "The Cow" a fine view of the valley above and below Ilkley is seen, extending upwards to Barden Fell and downwards to York Wolds; while in order to see York and its Cathedral (thirty-four

Photo by Fred Kitto, Torquay.
"BOWERMAN'S NOSE," DARTMOOR.

miles distant) it is only necessary to dismount "The Cow" and take up a position about fifty yards southward, on the top of another rock. On the face of "The Cow" there is a large mark resembling a human foot, and of this the villagers were formerly in the habit of observing that it was caused by Giant Rombald (after whom the moor is said to be named) in stepping from Almia's Craig (some distance away) to "The Cow," when, instead of gaining the top, his foot slipped and caught the face of the rock. This, however, is left to the credulity of the reader.

There are many other rocks in the district of equal interest to those already described, such as the Panorama Rock, so named on account of the magnificent view to be obtained from its summit; Almscliffe Crag, near Weeton; Birk Crag, near Harrogate; and the famous rocks at Plumpton; but all these bear a striking similarity to each other, and need not therefore be referred to.

Dartmoor also has some strange stones. Near Manaton you will find "Bowerman's Nose." The cognomen "Bowerman" is said to be derived from a man of that name who lived in the neighbourhood, at Hound Tor, in the time of the Conqueror, and the curious projection caused by the uppermost piece of rock is known as his "nose." There are five separate layers of rock, and the structure measures over forty feet in height. "Bowerman's Nose" is supposed to owe its origin to the Druids, this particular item being locally known as a "rock idol." The poet Carrington wrote of the Nose—

Photo by Arnold, Knaresborough

THE LOVERS' LEAP, BRIMHAM.

On the very edge
Of the vast moorland, startling every eye,
A shape enormous rises! High it towers
Above the hill's bold brow, and seen from afar,
Assumes the human form—a granite God!
To whom in days long flown the suppliant knee
In trembling homage bowed—the hamlets near
Have legends rude connected with the spot
(Wild-swept by every wind) on which He stands,
The Giant of the Moor.

RIDE A COCK-HORSE TO BANBURY CROSS.

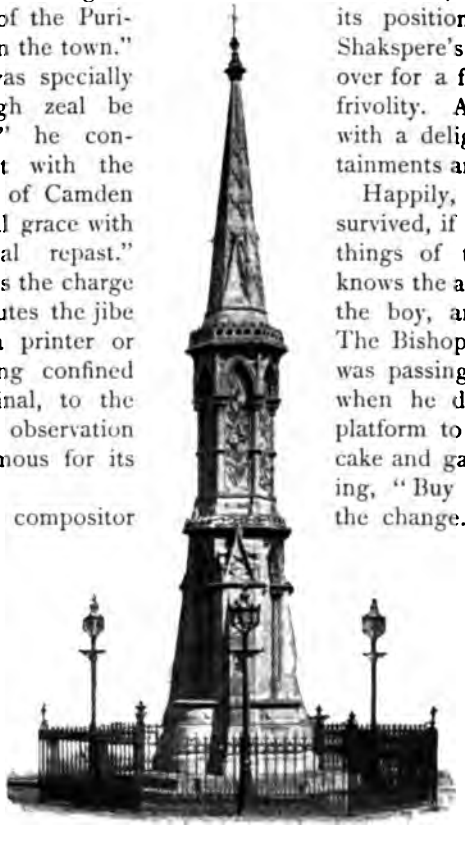
THE ROMANCE IN ITS REALITY.

IN the English translation of Camden's "Britannia," published nearly three centuries ago, the statement appeared that Banbury was famous for zeal, cakes, and cheese, "to the great indignation," says Gibson, "of the Puritans, who abounded in the town." The worthy Fuller was specially shocked, for "though zeal be deservedly put first," he considers it inconsistent with the gravity and goodness of Camden "to couple a spiritual grace with matters of corporeal repast." Camden himself denies the charge altogether, and attributes the jibe to the frivolity of a printer or compositor, he having confined himself, in the original, to the simple and harmless observation that Banbury was famous for its cheese.

But Camden or the compositor was not the only person who jested at the piety of the town. Ben Jonson, in his famous "Bartholomew's Fair," makes much sport at the expense of Banbury Puritanism, and Richard Braithwaite in "Barnabæ Itinerarium" is equally caustic, as the following verses imply—

> In my progress travelling Northward,
> Taking my farewell o' th' Southward,
> To Banbury came I, O profane one!
> Where I saw a Puritane—one
> Hanging of his cat on Monday
> For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

This incident, doubtless entirely evolved out of the imagination of the poet, has been painted by Prentice, as in accompanying picture.



BANBURY CROSS.

However, the Puritanism of Banbury exists no longer, and year by year the little town, which prides itself upon its position on the borders of Shakspere's county, gives itself over for a few days to a burst of frivolity. A fête *al fresco* is held, with a delightful variety of entertainments and competitions.

Happily, Banbury cakes have survived, if its zeal and cheese are things of the past. Everybody knows the anecdote of the Bishop, the boy, and the Banbury cake. The Bishop of Oxford, it is said, was passing through the station, when he directed a boy on the platform to fetch him a Banbury cake and gave him sixpence, adding, "Buy one for yourself with the change." The boy returned munching one of the oblong pieces of pastry, and, handing the Bishop threepence, explained that there was only one cake in stock. There is a weak spot in the story—a Banbury cake costs twopence.

The town boasts of a bewildering number of "original" cake-shops. One in the High Street seems to have the strongest claim to the distinction, since it bears the Royal Arms, and declares itself, "Purveyor to her Majesty the Queen." How many Banbury cakes does the Illustrious Lady consume per annum, one wonders!

The original Banbury Cross was, unfortunately, destroyed by the Puritans at the

Reformation. A steeple type of structure, something on the lines of the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford, now marks the place where it stood. The "fine lady" of the nursery jingle is an allusion to an alleged habit of the "Old Woman of Banbury," known also as the "Witch of the White Horse." Like the Cross, she has long since disappeared, but her memory is kept green by a procession in the town at Royal Jubilees, occasions of rare occurrence, except in recent years, under the present happy reign.

THE JUBILEE PROCESSION AT BANBURY.

It was the building of the present ugly

church which gave rise to the rhyme—Banbury seems specially rich in doggerel verse—

> Dirty Banbury's proud people,
> Built a church without a steeple.

This was in old days, when the town was the centre of the plush-manufacture, and before the local Paving and Lighting Committee had nobly invested in stones from remote Leicestershire to mend the roads, which must have needed it, for at the beginning of the present century we are told that the principal streets possessed cart-ruts nine inches deep under ordinary circumstances, and when the weather was "a wee bit saft," as the Scotch say, floating masses of mud covered the whole surface. Banbury no longer deserves the epithet "dirty." Why it was proud, history does not record. Possibly the term was only used for the alliterative effect dear to the primitive poet—and the modern journalist.

From an Old Engraving.

THE PURITAN AT BANBURY.

> To Banbury came I, O profane one!
> Where I saw a Puritane—one
> Hanging of his cat on Monday
> For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

THE KINDNESS OF MRS. RUTHERFORD.

By CHARLES ANGUS.

"SO, Dick, this is really India, and your bungalow at last," said little Mrs. Rutherford, as she stepped out of the rattling "ticca gharrie," which had brought her from the station, and found herself on the steps of a long low white-washed building, surrounded by a many-pillared verandah, up the posts of which bright-coloured creepers were climbing. Above, as usual, was a thick thatched roof—the only kind of roof capable of offering real resistance to the blazing Indian sun; and in the cool crispness of the hour after sunrise, the house, with its pretty bright-coloured garden and gay-plumaged chattering birds, looked singularly attractive. Drawn up to receive their master and his brand-new English "Memsahib" were a number of bare-footed native servants, all spotlessly clad for the occasion in their whitest robes and turbans, and all salaaming with the peculiar mingling of courtly grace and servile obsequiousness affected by the Hindoo. She felt quite shy as she walked between the rows of bowing black men, but their "salaams" and eagerness to serve gave her a curious sense of elation and proprietorship and pleasure as she realised that she now had a house of her own to look after. This was indeed a change from the crowded country vicarage in which she had been brought up, and the first feeling of strangeness and timidity soon gave way to a delicious sense of importance, and enjoyment of the novelty of being mistress of a real household of her very own.

As the cloudless days went by, her satisfaction increased. It was January; and surely the climate of January in the North-West Provinces of India is difficult to excel. A greater contrast to the dismal weather she had left behind her at home could scarcely be imagined. The days were pleasantly warm. The sun always shone. One could arrange little excursions and picnics without having to fear their being spoilt by rain. The nights were nice and fresh, the moonlight outside in the garden after dinner perfectly enchanting—just the thing for a romantic young couple. The crisp air at sunrise might have been specially created by a benevolent Providence for an early morning gallop, after the refreshing cup of tea at the "chota hazri," in the flower-covered verandah.

The society of the place had opened its arms to her. Her husband was popular and had a good position: nothing could be more refreshing to the somewhat jaded palates of the other ladies than the little wife's delight in everybody and everything. Being last from home, her hats and dresses, which she had not thought much of in England, were here the latest fashion. As a bride, she was treated

everywhere with a certain distinction, and her bright, girlish face and unassuming, gentle manner won all hearts.

Then there were the new birds, the new flowers, the sights of all kinds: everything she found interesting. The servants, with their polite manners and silent, assiduous attentions, delighted her, and were indeed a contrast to the domestics who had short-handedly and often discontentedly struggled through the work of the large Vicarage household. The only thorn in all this rosiness was the native cook: not the results of his cooking—these she found eminently satisfactory—but his gruesome methods of bringing these results about. After her first visit to the cook-house, she had come in much distress to her husband, "Dick," she had said, "I really *can't* eat anything to-night which that man has cooked! I shall just boil an egg for myself, and have some tea and bread-and-butter. You must send him away." Then she poured out her woes. How, full of zeal in the performance of her new housewifely duties, she had asked the way to the kitchen, and had been directed to a mud building in the corner of the compound. She had gone towards it with vague imaginings of a sort of Hindoo chef, dressed probably in a white cap and apron, and conducting his operations in a native modification of the nice clean English kitchen, with its shining utensils, which she remembered so well. Instead of which she had found a disgustingly dirty-looking black man, squatting in front of evil-looking compounds in tin-dishes, and working in an atmosphere of flies, dust, heat, and smells of every kind. How he had explained, with salaams, that the unpleasant-looking mixtures were for "Memsahib dinner to-night"; how horridly everything was being done; how she really couldn't eat in such a country; how Dick must send the man away.

Dick, who, honest man, had in his bachelor days been accustomed to eat what was put before him, and not inquire too closely into the manner of its preparing, listened sympathetically to his young wife's tale; and, after doing his best to comfort her, strode off towards the "bobbachee khāna," where he had a half-hour's interview with the cook; which had the effect of reducing that worthy to a state of collapse, and, outwardly at least, very much improving the condition of his department.

Thus, for the first month or two, she was pleased with everything—admired everything. The romance of the gorgeous East had not yet worn off—the burning heats of July had not arrived to wither soul and body—the deadly monotony of the ever-blazing sun and cloudless sky had not had time to assert its influence. The native was yet a dark, mysterious being, courteous in manner, and effective in appearance, and with all the tantalising fascination of the unknown about himself and his belongings.

Especially did she delight in the little, fat, brown babies which she met in her bungalow compound, who stopped in their play to gaze at the English "Memsahib" with innocent, awestruck eyes, some of the boldest even putting up a tiny hand in an infantile "thalaam Memthahib" as she passed.

At first, filled with a curious sort of shyness before these people of another colour, she had not done more than look and smile at the plump little atoms; but one day, feeling bolder, she paused and tried to make friends with one of them—the kit-maghar's child. This one had from the beginning especially taken her fancy. Its big black eyes, with their long lashes, had a particularly contemplative, confiding look, and, unlike most of the others, it had shown no sign of fear. So, passing through the compound, she stopped, and stooping down, placed her hand on the chubby shoulder and spoke. The infant gave a shy laugh and ran away, looking back, however, coquettishly at intervals with a smile which showed it not to be displeased. Next day, encouraged, she renewed her advances, and they soon became great friends. Each morning she would be welcomed in the compound, where she would usually bring out some English sweets, which, first looked on with suspicion, but soon found to be altogether excellent, were eagerly

accepted. They neither of them knew the other's language, but this did not matter in the least—they were a woman and a child, and they understood each other perfectly.

Matters went on thus for four or five days, but one morning the familiar little figure was missing from its customary place under the big "pipal" tree; and on asking the reason, she was told it was ill—had "bokhar" (fever)—that all-embracing term for sickness in India. In her sympathy she insisted, in spite of protestations, on paying a visit to the mother. Stooping low she passed through the narrow mud door, and found herself in the usual native dwelling—the furniture consisting of a "charpoy," or native bedstead, some padded quilts, a few shining brass "lotahs" and cooking-pots, and a burnt-out hookah standing by the charcoal fire. There was her little friend, looking very piteous, with the tired eyes shut, and the long lashes resting pathetically on the tiny brown face. At the sound of her step and voice they lifted languidly, and a weary little hand moved up to the hot forehead in the customary morning salutation. Her eyes filled: she wanted to take the child and kiss it, but the mother, who had said nothing—had not even looked at her—bent closer with a curious expression of trying to shield it—to interpose herself between her child and some danger. Nellie was both piqued and puzzled by this, but in her compassion, seeking to show by her movements that she meant nothing but kindness, she drew near and placed her cool hand on the hot forehead with a soothing gesture. To her intense surprise, the woman, throwing the long cloth she was wearing completely over the baby, sprang up and faced her, with a hunted, defiant look on her face, mingled curiously with terror, as of some wild beast determined to defend her cubs to the last, but feeling a terrible impotence against some strange power threatening. For a moment Nellie stared at her in amazement, and then turned and left the hut, feeling quite bewildered and not a little angry. "She must be mad," she said; "poor woman, I suppose she's worrying over the child." And then her anger died away as she thought of the time when she, too, might perhaps have little baby arms of her own to caress her, and little baby eyes looking to her alone for help and protection, and how terribly she would feel it if *her* baby got ill.

She met her husband indoors and told him all about it.

"One would really have thought I was trying to bewitch the child," she ended up.

Dick only looked rather grave, and told her she had better not go near the hut again—at any rate for the present. This she cried out at, but on his insisting with more gravity than the occasion seemed to her to demand, she gave way like a good little wife, and went to her room to prepare to dress for her morning calls, putting down his seriousness to fear of infection for her.

She was away the next two days paying a visit to a friend in a neighbouring cantonment. On her return there was Dick at the station waiting with his tum-tum (the Anglo-Indian word for everything in the shape of a dog-cart), all ready to drive her home. After their long separation of two whole days she was full of news, and had not nearly finished her adventures, when, driving along the narrow road through the jungle, they saw a little party of natives coming slowly towards them. Their measured tread and absorbed air suggested some ceremonial, and when they were sufficiently near she saw that their faces were solemn; and then, to her surprise, perceived Mir Khân in the middle, walking gloomily, with a little bundle in his arms wrapped in a white sheet. Her husband pulled the pony to a walk. As the little procession went by Mir Khân suddenly looked up. His eyes rested on hers for one moment and were then quickly withdrawn; but that moment had sufficed for her to catch their expression. She shivered. The look somehow reminded her of what she had seen in his wife's face, but added to it there seemed to be a terrible menace.

"Dick," she cried, "why did he look at me like that?"

Dick had not seen, but quickly comforted her.

"That bundle," he said, "was his baby, the poor little thing you told me about, you know, dear, and, doubtless in his pain at his loss, the man's eyes had had a sullen expression, and the rest must have been fancy."

She acquiesced, and her pity being roused, it helped to weaken the first impression. Very sorry she felt for the soft-eyed baby and for the father and mother. But she could not quite get rid of the quick impression the man's eye had given her. It continued to haunt her, and so vivid did it presently become that she began to feel a strange dread and fear. Never had she seen such an expression in a human eye before, and she could not now believe it to have been fancy. Why should Mir Khān have looked at her like that? She had been very good to his child, and he ought to have been grateful. She felt quite afraid to meet him.

That evening the feeling grew upon her. Dick had gone to the small private office attached to the bungalow to write a couple of memorandums, which he wished to send off early next morning. She was tired after her journey, and, sitting alone in the drawing-room with the doors and windows wide open for the sake of coolness, the oppressive stillness of the Eastern night, broken only by the weird, howling laughter of the jackals, got upon her nerves. She sought out her husband in his office and told him of her fears. He really must send Mir Khān away. He, putting her nervousness down to over-fatigue and to the heat and curiously electrical sultriness of the night, assented and soothed her, as one might soothe a frightened child. Certainly Mir Khān should be sent away. In her husband's company her fears gradually vanished, and presently, comforted, she went to bed. When she awoke next morning with the sun shining brightly in, she felt quite ashamed of herself and her terrors of the night before, and this feeling became stronger when she got down to breakfast, and found Mir Khān, grave-faced and impenetrable as usual, waiting silently and skilfully in his customary way.

She was sorry for the man. It must be a wretched thing to be a servant, and whatever emotions may rend the heart, to have to stand and wait; showing no signs of personal feeling, no want of interest in the ever-recurring round of duty; to wait solicitously upon the wishes of, in many cases, heartless and unsympathetic masters, to respond to their varying moods, to be, in fact, an automaton—not a human being. She thought remorsefully of her demand of the night before that he should be dismissed—why should she add to his troubles by such an abrupt act of tyranny; and one absolutely without reason, too?—simply a vague fancy of her own, an idea that a man carrying the dead body of his only child had looked at her in a way she did not like. No, he must not be sent away. In the reaction she felt almost affectionately towards him.

That evening Mir Khān entered the drawing-room as usual to announce dinner; but instead of the wonted courtly salaam, and the words "Khāna taiyar hai, Sahib" (dinner is ready, Sahib), he remained standing in the doorway, his body swaying slightly from side to side, and a curious fixed look in his eyes. His dress was disordered, and, strangest of all for the stately Mahommedan, his turban awry. Dick glanced at him, then sprang up.

"Sug ka butcha," he exclaimed, "tum matwala ho—jao" (son of a dog, you are drunk—get out).

The man appeared too stupid to understand, and the Englishman strode rapidly up to him to put him out. As he approached Mir Khān raised his arm in a drunkenly, threatening gesture. Now Dick, although a very kindly man, was, like most Europeans in tropical climates, decidedly quick-tempered. He twisted him round, and with a kick and a shove sent him sprawling down the verandah steps. The kit-maghar's turban fell off and rolled a few feet away; the man himself lay for a second or two where he had fallen. Then, as if the shock had partially sobered him, he sprang up, and scowling evilly, looked for one moment as if he was about to

attack his master, but, thinking better of it, turned sullenly away and strode off, turbanless, towards his own house, muttering as he went.

Dick turned back into the drawing-room and proceeded to soothe the fears of his wife, whom the man's unusual appearance and the little fracas in the verandah had frightened.

"You were right, darling," he said. "We shall have to get rid of Mir Khân after all. I 'm sorry, too; he was not a bad servant. It 's all that cursed 'bhang.' It 's extraordinary how these fellows suddenly go wrong with it."

Then offering his arm to her in a playfully ceremonious way, he went on—

"Well, dear, we must manage to eat without him for once. It quite reminds me of our honeymoon *tête-à-têtes* at Mashobra—doesn't it you?" and he gave the little arm within his a playful squeeze as he looked affectionately down at his wife, whose colour had now come back all the brighter for the paleness which Mir Khân's behaviour had previously brought.

"And I'm sure *my* feelings haven't changed since then, anyway," he added gaily, glancing down at her with quite ante-nuptial admiration. She blushed and laughed, and they had the merriest and most enjoyable boy-and-girl dinner together possible. As he said, it was like a second honeymoon, and all owing to Mir Khân.

They sat on thus, laughing and chatting until rather late; and the evil thoughts of Mir Khân, watching from the door of his hut, where he sat cooling his hot head and increasing the evil glow in his heart, did not disturb them in the least. With the folding doors wide open, and nothing but the lattice-work "chick" between, the brightly lighted interior was, of course, plainly visible to him, and he ground his teeth in impotent fury as he saw their merriment.

"The cursed Memsahib," he muttered, as he rocked to and fro, struggling with the rage consuming him, "the pale she-witch, who placed her white fingers on the head of my child—her blighting witch-eyes upon his eyes — drawing out the life — she laughs; and the Sahib who struck me—he laughs also. Presently, I too will laugh," and he laughed, a hideous, suppressed laugh, which a fiend in hell might have envied. Of a truth, with "bhang" and brooding passion, the man was mad.

The laugh, although low, reached the room where Nellie and Dick were talking.

"What was that, Dick?" she said, looking scaredly towards the "chick," which, however, of course, revealed nothing of the blackness outside. Dick had not noticed: his ears were more deaf, perhaps, or his nerves less sensitive.

"Nothing but a jackal, my dear," he said lightly; "surely you know the sound of them by this time."

But, somehow, from that moment a slight chill seemed to come over their gaiety. Nellie soon yawned, and said she really *was* so sleepy, she *must* go to bed; whither Dick, after smoking for a short time, looking at the stars, and wondering whether in any of them there existed such a charming little wife as his, soon followed her.

At breakfast next morning they were told that Mir Khân was "bimar" (ill) and could not appear to wait on them.

"Bimar," said Dick, "I should just think he *was* 'bimar' after last night." And he called the portly bearer, "Oh, Suddhoo," he said, "you must get another kit-maghar for me. Mir Khân has turned budmâsh—taken to drink; and I can't have that sort of thing with the Memsahib here. Let it be known in the Bazaar that I want another man."

Suddhoo salaamed "bahut accha," and went out.

Dick had his usual after-breakfast cigarette, and then mounting his pony, rode off to his office about a mile and a half distant.

A couple of hours later he was sitting there, working at the customary usual morning's routine, wading through the pile of papers placed before him for signature. His babus sat in an adjoining room—fat and greasy—working in their stolid mechanical way, their souls absorbed in rupees and

the figures pertaining to them. The hot weather was approaching, and the punkah swung lazily overhead. Outside all was silent glare. Two or three petitioners sat patiently squatting in the verandah until Dick might be ready to see them, dominated by a brass-buckle-belted "chuprassie" standing arrogantly over them. It was his mission to usher them into the presence, and to these simple village folk he was a great man. This he fully understood, and accordingly treated them with an arrogance befitting a Rajah at least. The Sahib was busy, he said; presently, when leisure came, he might perhaps deign to listen to such "jangalwallahs" (barbarians) as they. So they sat on patiently, staring vacuously in front of them at the white dusty road. Occasionally a wayfarer passed; over the way some brown children and dogs, after romping together, were all slumbering in a mass. It was the drowsy hour of noon, when all in India sleeps.

Suddenly, from the native village about a quarter of a mile distant, a hubbub arose. There were cries and shouts, and suddenly the shriek of a man in mortal pain rang out—that sound which once heard can never be forgotten. The village folk in the verandah awoke from their waking sleep. The chuprassie went hastily and looked out from the "chick" along the straight main road of the village bazaar, then ran quickly into Dick.

"Sahib!" he cried, with a voice and manner strangely different from the ceremonious aspect he usually employed in his presence, "there is a man running amuck: 'pagal hai' (he is mad)."

Dick opened the drawer in the office-table beneath him, took out a revolver, hastily glanced at it to see that it was loaded, and went into the verandah.

The shrieks and cries from the village were getting nearer and louder, and a confused running crowd could be seen, all apparently fleeing from some terror behind. Men were shouting, women shrieking, dogs barking.

Suddenly the road cleared as the fugitives bolted like frightened rabbits into open doors and windows, which closed behind them immediately. Then in the centre a strange figure appeared, dashing madly along. It was almost naked; and its bare chest, arms, and legs were bleeding from various cuts and wounds, the blood zigzagging down and falling in red splotches on the road, eagerly drunk up by the burning dust. A small mob of pariah dogs were running with it, surrounding it in mad excitement: leaping up, barking, snapping, and worrying, but causing no diminution in its pace; and apparently hardly noticed, except that ever and anon the heavy knife would swing, and a dog would fall in the dust and remain howling and struggling. As the figure approached, its face became visible. It was Mir Khān. There was foam about his lips, and the swollen eyeballs appeared as if bursting from the head. As he ran he shouted and sang in triumphant frenzy, brandishing in his right hand a long native knife, the blade and handle of which, as also his hand, were dripping with blood. He seemed to run without object, like a mad dog, looking neither to the right or left, but as he neared the verandah and saw Dick, his face lighted up with a gleam of fierce intelligence.

"Hamare butche ke wasti [for the sake of my child], Sahib!" he cried in an exultant tone, full of the triumphant lust of satisfied revenge, as he hurled himself towards the Englishman. The latter had no time to think. Sighting the brawny chest, he fired, the man stumbled for a pace, but still came on. Dick fired again, this time with the muzzle almost against the frenzied body dashing towards him, and Mir Khān pitched forward at his feet, the red knife shooting out of his hand across the verandah, leaving an ugly track, and the foam from his lips bespattering Dick's brown riding-boots. The white man leant over him, the smoking pistol in his hand. Mir Khān slowly and painfully turned his head until his eyes met those of his master. There was more sanity in his face now, but it was the sanity of a devil, not of a man.

"Go home, Sahib, go home!" he muttered thickly. "I, too, laugh now,"

and with a horrible chuckle, ending abruptly in a gasp, he fell back, his whole body quivering in the death throes, his face upturned.

The hideous mask of hatred glared up at Dick, the ghastly body lay on the dusty road, the small crowd of natives who had gathered stood in silence; for a few seconds it appeared to Dick like a horrible nightmare. Then a terrible fear began to grip his heart. Turning his white face to his chuprassie, he told him in a parched, husky voice to bring the pony at once. It had been waiting saddled, and immediately appeared brought at a trot by the trembling syce. Never had he seen his master look so before. Dick sprang into the saddle, and scattering the knot of native folk right and left, he dashed at full gallop down the road leading to his house. Dread was spurring him on—a fearful thought sat behind him, whispering words of terror into his brain. As he rode he saw nothing, felt nothing, thought of nothing. His one conscious idea was to get to the bungalow. When, however, he turned the corner of the road and saw its gate-posts, his brain cleared and a strange calm took possession of him. His eyes regained their power, even seemed to have an unnatural grasp of detail at their command.

The Indian sun was shining as brightly as ever; the flowers were in full bloom. Their sweet heavy scent filled the air, the birds were singing—all seemed as usual; only in one corner of the verandah a small group of natives were gathered.

One look at their faces told Dick the worst. The terrified servants made way trembling, as he strode forwards. Only his old bearer, Suddhoo, who had been with him so many years, threw himself down before him at the door of the room, grovelling at his feet, weeping and wailing.

"No, Sahib, no, do not go in; wait, Sahib, wait!" He threw his old shaking hands round Dick's feet, striving to detain him. Dick raised him up quite gently and steadily, and opened his lips to speak, but no sound would come. Buddhoo looked up at his master's face, and his voice ceased its groaning; he remained prostrate, but no longer tried to restrain him.

Dick entered. A familiar figure was sitting at the little writing-table by the glass folding doors; the head, bowed forward as if drowsiness had come on and sleep surprised the writer, sinking the curly head on to the soft arms. A ray of sun entered, and with the curious taste for effect which Nature sometimes seems to possess, shone on the hair, turning it into a golden halo, and detaching the whole figure from the rest of the dark room by its blaze of warm light. A squirrel which, emboldened by the repose of the slumbering figure, had crept up to examine it more closely, leapt down in fright and disappeared as the "chick" over the doorway was lifted. From there only the little yellow head, resting comfortably on the bent arms, could be seen above the back of the chair in which the figure sat: all looked like perfectly natural repose. But Dick *knew*—though, by the usual merciful dispensation of an all-pitying Providence, he could not fully realise: his senses were blunted. As in a dream he drew near, and looking down, perceived between the delicate shoulders the dark wound through which the life so dear to him had fled; then, without sound or cry, he fell—fell like a log at the feet of the beautiful body from which the soul he loved had so recently escaped.

Thus the two figures remained, resting peacefully for some time—none of the native servants being bold enough to enter.

"The Sahib," they told the English doctor, who very soon arrived on the spot, "had ridden up. His face had been as the face of one already dead. He had entered the room, and they, waiting, had heard no sound. It might have been his spirit from Jehannum seeking the spirit of his wife. Perchance he also had been met in the cantonment by Mir Khân and killed."

"Terrible things, these native knives," the doctor said to the police officer as they looked at the wound; "but death must have been instantaneous. The man must have stolen in from behind, and one

thrust downwards had sufficed. Poor, *poor* little girl! However, she can have felt no pain."

* * * *

When Dick awoke, he was lying in a pleasant bed in fresh mountain air, with a bright-faced nurse looking after him. They had expected that when consciousness returned memory would have been in abeyance, and careful warning had been given that no word was to be uttered that might in any way recall the truth until strength had returned. However, it was unnecessary. He knew all, they soon discovered, and remembered all. But he had had a beautiful dream, he said (only he evidently did not consider it a dream at all). Nellie had appeared to him, said she was perfectly happy, was waiting for him: that he must not be impatient, that he must work on, and that she would visit and help him continually, until the Great Day should come when they would be again united. And so he was quite contented and willing to live on in expectation of the glorious day of reunion.

* * * *

The above happened some six years ago. Dick still continues his old life and work; he is, however, prematurely aged, and his once robust figure has a frail appearance. The doctors say he cannot last much longer, but in the meanwhile, though he will see no society, he appears perfectly happy in a quiet way; he does his work conscientiously and well, and is, in fact, officially, one of the best servants possessed by the Indian Government. In the evenings the natives often hear him talking, and even declare that a woman has been heard answering; at least, the only one bold enough to approach and look in (and he has in consequence been a hero and much respected by his fellows ever since) swears that he saw the figure of the Memsahib in a shining white dress there also.

So perhaps Dick's dream was, as he believed, not merely a dream after all. In any case should I, or any reader of mine, ever be in a like case, God grant that such a dream may in mercy be vouchsafed to us.

* * * *

But the point to which I wish to draw attention is this—that the spark which ignited the whole train of circumstances, culminating in the above tragedy, was originated by the incautious kindness of an English girl, ignorant of the strange prejudices and superstitions of the East. For, as Kipling says—

East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment-seat.

THE PITMAN.

THE ROMANCE OF HIS TOIL.

ON a winter's night, when the wind is howling around the house, or the snow drifting against the window-pane, it is the custom of the fortunate man to draw his easy-chair nearer the cosy hearth, and to thank God for a good fire. In a condition of bliss he toasts his toes, smokes his pipe, and indulges in retrospect. He sees faces in the fire, and memories of joyous youth and successful manhood absorb him in pleasant reverie. Or perhaps he indulges in conjecture, with his children, as to the object of the visit of the sooty stranger on the bar, or wonders whether the bit of coke flung out of the red glow and leaping flame is a coffin or a jewel-casket. It is possible he may turn aside from these homely pleasures to contrast his expenditure with his income, and grumble, especially if he resides in town, at the enormous amount of his coal bill; but he never gives a thought to the daring toil and peril that have made the house fire possible.

Photo by Seaman, Chesterfield.

THE AUTHOR AS A PITMAN.

Yet the coal, be it hand-picked, nuts, or cobbles, that groups within the grate and sends out blue or golden flame, heat and life, has not been brought from its deep hiding-place in the earth's crust without much enterprise and adventure. The log fire in the old English home has become a tradition, worked up now and again in Christmas story; still, for years before the wood fire was discarded by the humble householder, coal was known and used by the rich as fuel. If the historian is to be believed, there were coal-miners in China two hundred years before the birth of Christ; and centuries back the monks of Beauchief dug for coal in East Derbyshire pits. The shrewd freeman of Newcastle entered upon the same industry in the reign of Henry III.; and not long since the workings of an ancient coal-mine were discovered at Howburn, near Morpeth. Here, one hundred yards beneath the surface, with crude implements, and without any scientific system of ventilation, the colliers of the time delved fearlessly, and the coal was hauled from

the workings in tubs and on sledges to the pit bank.

The early scratching for coal on the surface of the land, and the primitive working of coal in crude pits by old-fashioned iron pick, wooden shovel, and the hauling of fuel by the patient barrow-man, have been superseded by a skilful and systematic industry that employs in this kingdom alone no fewer than 650,000 miners, and yields 190,000,000 tons of coal per year; but the industry has not developed without many a fight against prejudice and greed.

In 1661, the citizens of London were very angry at the more general use of the hideous fuel, forwarding a memorial to the Crown, in which they gravely stated: "This coal flies abroad, fouling the clothes that are a-drying on the hedges. Being thus incorporated with the very air that ministers to the necessary respiration of our lungs, we find it in all our expectorations, being for the most part of a blackish and fuliginous colour. It comes in time to exulcerate the lungs, when a mischief is produced so incurable that it carries away multitudes by languishing and deep consumption." Notwithstanding these dire effects and the sardonic eagerness with which live coal lends itself as a helper to London fog, mining has increased. In the beginning of this century coal was not only used for the house fire, but in the factory, and later in locomotive and steam-ship. The capitalist found that he had discovered a gold-mine in the recesses of the pit, and he worked chiefly with only one object—the acquisition of wealth.

Women as well as men crowded into the workings with oath and ribald jest, and toiled, nearly naked, and not ashamed. The hurriers, mostly girls, who pushed or dragged the loaded corves from the coal-face to the horse-track, were literally beasts of burden. The mode of working was ingenuously described by one of the Yorkshire pit-girls, examined before the Mining Commission in 1841. She said: "When the corve is loaded, one of us is harnessed with a belt round the waist, and a chain comes from the front of the belt and passes betwixt our legs, and is hooked on to the corve, and we go along on our hands and feet on all fours." Youths and young women, so far as they were attired at all, were naked to the waist and wore loose trousers; but in some of the pits adult miners, whom the female hurriers assisted, worked perfectly naked. Purity and modesty were mere phrases, and education had scarcely touched the mining population, for this remarkable statement was made by Ann Eggley, aged eighteen, a hurrier: "I never heard of Christ at all. Nobody ever told me about Him"; and another girl said: "Jesus was Adam's son, and they nailed Him to a tree."

The revelations of colliery life were so revolting that in 1842 the Legislature passed an Act making it unlawful for females to work in pits; but Parliament did not prohibit them altogether from colliery working. They were driven from bank and underground way to the surface, and one of the most picturesque sights in English industrial life to-day is afforded at Wigan, where the muscular pit-brow lasses, dressed in tightly fitting pitman's cap, jacket, or short skirt, well-patched moleskin trousers, and Lancashire clogs, twirl the laden corves on the pit bank and unload them with dexterous strength. These women make a pleasant contrast to the degraded creatures who worked in the mines half a century ago. They are healthy, cleanly, and thrifty; and they have considerable determination of character. Nine years ago an attempt was made in the House of Commons to deprive the pit-brow women of Lancashire, Wales, and Scotland of their toil, on the plea that it was unwomanly and inimical to home life; but the stalwart females laughed the suggested amendment to scorn. They put many a touch of bright colour to their pit-brow dress, and came to town, with ruddy faces and quaint dialect, to cajole the Parliament men; and they interviewed the then Home Secretary with such rough grace, earnestness, and sincerity, pointing out the hardship they would suffer if prevented from pursuing their employment, that he

became their champion, frankly admitting that they were industrious, well-conducted, and even a noble class of women.

The male collier has also improved. There is a common notion that even when in holiday attire, which generally consists of dark blue pea-jacket, checked trousers, muffler, and cap, he is a being apart from ordinary society; but the notion is a mistaken one. The miner may be seldom seen, or identified, south of the Black Country; but he is a power in the Midlands, Wales, and the North, and is a very different person from the coal-getter of half a century ago. He is not so thirsty as his progenitor, and not by any means so frequently drunk. He is not so passionately fond of coursing, pigeon-flying, pitch-and-toss, knur and spell, wrestling, and pugilistic encounter. He is less brutal in many ways. There are occasionally scenes of week-end dissipation in the mining villages; but the home and social life of the collier shows distinct and gratifying reform.

He is in the main more self-respecting, more sober, and more thrifty. Education, easier access to literature, and the expansion of political thought, have all tended to raise him from a mere pick-wielder and drink-consumer to a thoughtful, responsible being, with higher aim than the satisfaction of gross appetite. The better conditions under which he works in the mine have also benefited him physically and morally. The interior of a pit is at the best a gruesome subterranean workshop, with possibilities of three perils—the fall of bind, the fierce explosion, and the sudden inrush of water. It can never be an attractive place of employment, like the snug and luxuriously furnished office of the Government clerk; but the risk of death in it is not quite so great as of yore. Science has improved the ventilation of the mine, and given the collier a more efficient safety-lamp. In some mines he has the advantage of quick conveyance to his toil, and swift method of transit of coal to the surface. The telephone and the electric light have been introduced for his additional security and convenience;

HOW SOME WOMEN WORK IN LANCASHIRE.

Photograph by permission of the Wigan Coal and Iron Company, Limited.

but he detests the innovation grimly called "The Iron Man." The hatred of the compositor to the type-setting machine is mild in comparison to the collier's rage at the coal-getting machine, and he growls ominously when it is suggested that the electric transmission of power into the farthest recesses of the mine will ultimately bring coal-getting machinery into general use and rob him of his occupation. Not even the prospect of worked-out coal-fields in some parts of the North perturbs him so much as this threat from scientific invention.

A BURY PIT BANK.

Photograph by permission of the Wigan Coal and Iron Company, Limited.

The miner still believes that force is the best remedy for hardship and wrong, but only in extremity does he resort to physical demonstration of his belief. The trade union is the weapon with which he fights his way through the opposing force of capital, and he is led by remarkable men. Macdonald, with his striking garb and peculiarities of pronunciation, was one of his first captains. Then, as crises arose, a host of mining leaders worked their way stolidly to the front, perhaps the most notable being Thomas Burt, Sam Woods, and Ben Pickard, men of great resource, and the last conspicuous for his strength of will and dogged pertinacity.

Normansell has a vivid place in memory for the part he took in the strike of the Thorncliffe miners in 1870, with its fierce accompaniment of riot and siege; but Ben Pickard was the mining Bismarck during the gigantic struggle several years ago. Like Thomas Burt, he has done good work in Parliament; but it is in conference with the masters that he shows the most indomitable spirit. He never swerves from his position. He has a stubborn answer to every argument, and he smiles at the capitalist's plea that he cannot work his pits at a profit, for Ben Pickard's political economy is altogether averse from the proposition. His creed is that

miners' wages should govern prices. Strong in this faith, he became a remarkable figure in the struggle. All through the privation, riot, bloodshed, and paralysis of trade, he never lost sight of his purpose. The life and death of the Conciliation Board did something towards its achievement, and he is determined to secure for the miners a living wage.

The collier is seldom a humorist. At the beginning of his career, when he is an irresponsible pit lad, he is full of frolic, a mischievous young scamp; but his experience in the mine soon sobers him. The early hour at which he rises, the lonely trail along the main road of the pit, the work in the imperfect light, and the daily association with the taciturn coal-hewers, tend to make him prematurely old. He has practically no youth. One day he romps like a kitten in the flickering light of the safety-lamp in the hurrying corve. The next, as it were, he strides with deeply lined face, and with his lamp and tea-can slung on his belt, silent or monosyllabic, to work. He has a good opinion of himself. He knows that he contributes to the country's prosperity and happiness, that without the fuel he picks trade would stagnate and the fireside become a travesty; but he derives little enjoyment from his mile trot, with bent back, by prop and brattice to his working-place. Whether he hews the coal by the pillar system, cutting the coal into blocks or pillars, and gradually working them out; or whether by the long-wall system, removing the whole of the coal as he advances, picking his way through the seam, his work is sombre and solitary. He indulges, perhaps, in a laconic remark to the muscular toiler who, with wedge and sledge-hammer, breaks the great lumps as they fall; he may soliloquise in strong language on the stifling heat in the heading as he wipes the dust and sweat off his naked breast. But he does not waste much time in idle gossip. He works on with dogged persistence till the hour comes for his snap, or forenoon drinking. Even then he says

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT.

Photograph by permission of the Wigan Coal and Iron Company, Limited.

little as he sits on coal slab or corve-rim. He is too busy with his luncheon—bread and bacon, or bread and cheese, washed down with copious swigs of cold tea, facetiously styled "Wigan ale" or "Silkstone stingo"—to talk much. He never becomes garrulous even in the afternoon, when his day's work is done, and he has had his bath and his dinner, and sits with his mates on his haunches, miner fashion, on the curbstone in the village market-place, contentedly pulling at his pipe. He may make a stray comment on pigeon-flying, or dog-racing, or football, or his wages, or the latest policy of his mining leader; but, as a writer who knows the English collier well has remarked, "The mere rest from physical toil is a pleasure, and his satisfaction is written on his face." As a rule it is when he is away from pit environment that his rare humour reveals itself. For instance, the story is told that during the prosperous era in the coal trade in 1874 a miner, strolling on the railway, was knocked down an embankment by a locomotive, and on recovering consciousness, quietly observed, "Weh; if Ar 've damaged t' engine Ar 'm ready to pay for it!" Another collier, riding in a third-class compartment, with his face black as a negro minstrel's with coal-dust, persisted in keeping the windows up, remarking to an irate passenger: "If thah wants to tak' a chill, thah 'd better tak' it in another carriage. Ar raythei fancy thah wants to spile us complex-shuns." But perhaps the most humorous incident comes from Lancashire. A Radcliffe miner, watching the late Bishop Fraser swing down the street, said to a mate: "Eh, mon, yon 's a gradely Bishop. What a chap he 'd be for a hup-and-deawn foight!"

WHEN THE SAFETY LAMPS GLEAM.

Photograph by permission of the Wigan Coal and Iron Company, Limited.

The miner's humour, like the light from his safety-lamp, merely flickers in the hard and dull monotony of his daily toil; but, notwithstanding education, superstition pulsates and creeps strongly within him. The sailor will not go to sea with a mate who possesses a white-handled knife. The pitman, if he meets a woman on his way to work, growls at his ill-luck,

and probably turns on his way homeward, for he dare not descend the shaft. Though brave as a crusader in actual disaster, he is often nervous in the pit. In mining class and at popular lecture he has obtained some knowledge of the formation of coal and the action of various gases in the mine; nevertheless, the seething movement in the seam, the sweep of wind across the wet breast of the stony "fault," the crack of timber bearing, like Atlas, the weight of the earth above him, are sufficient to make him start, and lean on his pick intently listening. There is in Wales a haunted pit. A strange figure, it is said, has been seen stalking through the underground ways; and sometimes the miners are so terrified by the mysterious knockings in unworkable places in the mine that they fling down their picks, and hastily retreat, not daring for that day at least to resume their toil. It is the deeply rooted conviction of the miner when an explosion does occur that misfortunes never come singly. The colliers at other pits in the vicinity immediately cease their toil, and make their way to the scene of the catastrophe, some pitman perhaps remarking, "None on us likes to work after such ado as this. It 's much if we don't lake [idle] to-morrow as well."

Whatever the miner's faults and follies—his swagger, obstinacy, and lingering brutality—he is a hero in the presence of colliery disaster. In the dark ways of the mine, when struggling for his own life against the insidious power of the after-damp, or the wild rush of subterranean torrent, or the hot blast of air and smoke from seam on fire, he will forget his own peril, and show marvellous courage and endurance in the rescue of his mate. Men as brave as Plimmer, of Normanton Common, abound in the mining districts. He was caught in the explosion in the Silkstone pit, and when crawling, injured and dazed, along the main road, buckled a comrade to his belt, and dragged him through the darkness, over the bodies of the dead, to the bottom of the shaft. Cool and daring, the miner is always eager at rescue. There is no nobler story in mining history than that of the explorers in the Oaks Colliery, when Parkin Jeffcock and his brave band, pushing onward through the wrecked road thick with sulphurous gas, perished by the second outburst which filled the mine with fire! Often clumsy in gait, uncouth in form, repellant in manner, there is in the truest heroism which he reveals a fascinating side to the miner's character; and considering the innumerable risks of his calling, his readiness to carry his life in his hands for the succour of those in peril, and the home and trade benefit of his toil, he is entitled not only to reasonable hours of labour and equitable payment, but to the sympathy, if not always to the admiration, of mankind. Anyhow, his ambition keeps pace with his evolution. Formerly, his highest aspiration was to become the village publican. Now he strives for the responsible position of colliery manager, or becomes the leader of the men, and enters Parliament. There is, in fact, in this democratic age no limit to the possibilities of his career; and those who are inclined to hold him in contempt and to scoff at his erratic ways and failings should remember that there is a good deal of truth in the famous saying: "A live collier is better than a dead Cardinal." JOHN PENDLETON.

Photo by Miss Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

THE NEW VICE-QUEEN OF INDIA—THE HON. MRS. G. N. CURZON.

See "In the Public Eye."

DURING the vacation, when Parliament has had nothing to say, when the theatres have been shut, and when

Photo by Bell, Washington.

THE HON. JOHN HAY,
New Secretary of State at Washington.

everything and everybody has his holiday, the Public Eye has been rivetted on the diplomatic world, which at other times is so difficult of access. The changes involve all the great English-speaking countries save Australasia; and in each America has a special interest in the appointments, not merely on behalf of itself, but by reason of side issues.

To begin with, Colonel John Hay has gone home again to be Secretary of State. He has been with us only seventeen months, but he has done much to maintain the example set him by his distinguished predecessors, Lowell and Mr. Bayard. At his fine residence in Carlton House Terrace he has entertained splendidly, and his public appearances, notably his speech at the unveiling of the Scott bust in Westminster Abbey, have been instinct with a dignity befitting his high office as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

Colonel Hay is just sixty years old this month. He was born in Ohio, but his ancestors came from Scotland, although he is unable to trace his pedigree any distance. He has, however, made the acquaintance of the chief of the clan Hay, the Earl of Erroll, a soldier like Colonel Hay, who, you remember, was A.D.C. to

Photo by Pach Brothers, New York.

MR. CHAUNCEY DEPEW.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

LORD MINTO,

The new Governor-General of Canada.

Lincoln during the war. As a diplomat he has served at Paris, Vienna, and Madrid; but it is as a writer of robust verse that his name has become a household word, for the popularity of his stirring description of Jim Bludso and the *Prairie Belle* is surpassed by nothing in modern American verse, except the "Heathen Chinee." As a probable successor to Mr. Hay, Mr. Chauncey Depew has been more than ever in the Public Eye, for which he rarely becomes eclipsed.

America also enters into the appointment of the Hon. G. N. Curzon, the new Viceroy of India, for, as everybody knows, his wife, *née* Mary Leiter, is the daughter of the Chicago millionaire, and the sister of Mr. Joseph Leiter, who came to grief over the great wheat deal. As if in anticipation of her proud position to-day, she was christened Mary Victoria. The American newspapers are immensely proud of her, and the *New York Journal* sums up her future thus—"She will rule over 300,000,000 subjects. She will have palaces and a Court more splendid than Queen Victoria herself. Her husband will have a salary six times that of the President of the United States. Unlike Queen Victoria, he will actually govern his subjects. His wife will share his power. She will uphold the prestige of American womanhood. It is pretty safe to say that Mr. Curzon owes his good fortune largely to his charming American wife."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Curzon was famous before he met Miss Leiter, for when he was yet an undergraduate his prominence made a University jingler write—

> There once was a fellow called Curzon,
> A very superior purzon.

There be some who think that the rhymester did not strain truth for the sake of a jingle, for Mr. George Nathaniel has made his mark mainly in point of his extreme "cockiness." The Curzons have been very successful. It is only a hundred and thirty-seven years since one of them got the Barony of Scarsdale, but since then another branch of the family has got the Earldom of Howe, while another holds the Barony of Zouche. Mr. Curzon

Photo by Russell, Baker Street.

THE HON. G. N. CURZON,

New Viceroy of India.

has recently been the object of much unpleasing notoriety on account of his brother-in-law.

America, of course, must be immensely interested in the Queen's representative in the Dominion of Canada, and is not likely to be disappointed in the new Governor, the Earl of Minto, who leaves for Ottawa next month. The Elliots had a long and honourable history as chiefs on the Scottish Border before they distinguished themselves in the larger sphere of Empire. The present peer's great-grandfather, the first Earl, was Governor-General of Bengal, and will long be remembered in connection with the trials of Warren Hastings and Sir Elijah Impey. This Earl's brother was Governor-General of Madras. Lord Minto, who was born in 1845, is fourteen years older than Mr. Curzon. His wife is the daughter of the late Hon. Charles Grey, who was private secretary to the Queen, and she is therefore a kinswoman of Sir Edward Grey. Lord Minto has been in Canada before as military attaché, so that he knows the country well. He is very popular with the French population.

America is also interested in the Hon. Michael Herbert, the new Secretary to our Ambassador at Paris. The brother of the Earl of Pembroke, he celebrates his majority as a diplomat this year. He has served at Washington, the Hague, and Constantinople. His wife is a daughter of the New York banker Wilson, whose family have made such successful matches. The banker's son married Miss Caroline Astor, a sister of the Colonel John Jacob Astor who raised the battery of artillery, as noted in these columns last month. Miss May Wilson married the millionaire, Mr. Ogden Goelet, who died last year, and her daughter is reported to be engaged to the young Duke of Roxburghe. Another of the banker's daughters, Miss Grace Wilson, married Cornelius Vanderbilt junior, so that the Wilsons have had a pretty good share of the New World's millions. Mr. Herbert's sister, Lady de Grey, is one of the great supporters of the opera, and has much to do with the policy of the Covent Garden syndicate.

Sir Herbert Naylor-Leyland, Mr. Curzon's successor in Parliament for the Southport Division of Lancashire, represents the opposite side of politics (he defeated Lord Skelmersdale, the Conservative candidate, by 272 votes), but he too has an American wife, the daughter of Mr. W. S. Chamberlain, of Cleveland, Ohio. Indeed, the New York yellow journalism has recently been running this lady hard as a hostess against the Duchess of Marlborough, for she has a magnificent town house, which her Grace of Marlborough has not. Sir Herbert is the son of a Colonel, and began his life in the Life Guards, where he remained for thirteen years until 1895. He was originally a Conservative, representing Colchester in that interest until 1895, when he became a Home Ruler and resigned his seat. He received a baronetcy from Lord Rosebery for his pains.

What would the Public Eye be without the Princess of Wales? It would be difficult to account for her enormous popularity on the ground of any positive policy, but there is not a doubt that she holds the heart of England and the Colonies. That is why Newfoundland, which has ever been ready to experiment in philately, has placed the Princess's head in the new orange three-cent stamp of the colony. Many years ago the Prince's portrait was similarly used. He appeared in a Scotch plaid and a natty Glengarry bonnet.

PRINCESS OF WALES POSTAGE STAMP.

Miss Marie Tempest's excellent voice, always taken the utmost care of, has kept her in the Public Eye longer than falls to the lot of most prima donnas. It is twelve years ago since she made a name for herself and a fortune for Mr. H. J. Leslie,

Photo by A. Elis, Upper Baker Street.

MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS THE SORCERESS IN "A GREEK SLAVE," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

THE NEW VICE-QUEEN OF CANADA—THE COUNTESS OF MINTO.

in "Dorothy," which really built the Lyric Theatre. She was the "Queen of My Heart To-night" whom Mr. Hayden Coffin, then a blushing young baritone, serenaded for untold nights, and after the lapse of twelve years—which means so much in stageland—she and Mr. Coffin are once again hero and heroine in the same piece, "The Greek Slave," at Daly's.

Miss Tempest became Mrs. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox the other day. Her husband, who is a son of the late Lord Alexander Gordon-Lennox, and consequently a nephew of the Duke of Richmond, is one of the keenest aristocratic actors we have got, playing under the name of Cosmo Stuart. He is excellent in a certain form of flippant farce, and he is understood to be connected financially with one fashionable theatre. His mother was one of the ancient and wealthy family of Towneley, and he is thus connected with many of the great Roman Catholic families of this country. His uncle (by marriage) Lord Norreys has actually assumed the surname of Towneley, in addition to that of Bertie (the family name of the Earls of Abingdon). His cousin is young Lord O'Hagan, who will be twenty in December. Miss Tempest's sister is married to Mr. Michael Levenston, the London theatrical manager, who has been recently running the Royalty Theatre.

Photo by Forbeck, Christiania.

MR. C. E. BORCHGREVINK,

Leader of the Antarctic Expedition.

It was a broiling hot day in August that Mr. C. Egeberg Borchgrevink set sail aboard the steam-barque *Southern Cross* from London Town to the South Pole, which he will try to reach in the name of Sir George Newnes, who is content to leave the North Pole for the behoof of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth. Mr. Borchgrevink is an old hand in exploration. He is a Norwegian, educated partly in Christiania and partly in Saxony, but he started life in Queensland, where he was engaged in surveying, and for two years he taught natural science and languages in a college at Sydney. Three years ago he made a voyage of discovery to the Antarctic, which attracted intrepid Sir James Ross nearly sixty years ago.

Mr. Borchgrevink will proceed to Hobart Town, and thence to Cape Adair, where he and a party of eight men will remain until September next year. Sir George Newnes has equipped an expedition on the most lavish scale. The ninety sledge-dogs alone have cost nearly £2000. They have come all the way from Siberia.

The man who wrote the ballad "Who Fears to Speak of '98?" has been a good deal more in the Public Eye than he possibly cares for. He is Dr. J. K. Ingram, Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. When he wrote the ballad which appeared in the *Nation* he was an ardent Nationalist. He is now as enthusiastic a Unionist. He has been Professor of English and of Greek at Trinity College, and his "History of Political Economy" is a standard book.

AT DIAMOND PRICE.

By MARGARETTA BYRDE.

"MAY I come in?"

A moment before Mrs. Menzies had been sitting in a listless attitude, her pen wandering idly over a sheet of paper, making circles, letters, flourishes—anything but the beginning of the "Chapter Five" that announced itself as the object of her morning's work. But at the sound of the pleasant, rather boyish voice, she sat up in her usual alert fashion, drew towards her some manuscript sheets that lay scattered about the large table behind which she was ensconced, and answered brightly—

"Oh yes, Don, if that's you."

There was a slight jingling of spurs as he entered, handsome and erect in his uniform. She started and paled a little.

"I've come straight from parade," he said, walking round the table and bending slightly over her extended hand. "Why, how *cold* you are!"

"My hands always get cold when I'm writing," she explained briefly. Then she said, less brightly, with a sort of nervous tremor, only partially controlled—

"You are late—and it is our last morning."

"I know," he said, and there was something in his voice that made the simple admission of fault its excuse, its apology, and its condonation all at once. At least it was so to this woman. "The Colonel kept me," he added. "I'm awfully sorry; but you never mind like other women—that's one comfort to me always. You know the sort of thing: 'Well, well, Sir, so you've come at last; I thought you'd come no more; I've waited with my bonnet on from one till half-past four.' I had an old aunt used to sing that, and it's jolly true to life. Only you are always so busy and interested in your writing that men may come and men may go and you don't mind. At least, you are never jumping up and down when I come in, like some women I know."

Mrs. Menzies laughed.

"My dear boy, I have had a long experience in waiting. And as it was the Colonel——"

The young fellow's fair face flushed slightly, and a line deepened around Mrs. Menzies' mouth. Their eyes met, then glanced apart quickly from different apprehensions.

"I met Lady Hilton, too, as I was crossing the park," he said.

"With Flo?" asked Mrs. Menzies, still looking at him.

"Yes," he answered. "They kept me a few minutes—not long. Lady Hilton asked me to come in to-night after dinner."

"Shall you?" She took up her fountain-pen, and began making circles again.

"I don't know." His voice was hesitating, with a soft caressing note in the hesitation; then he said abruptly, and in a stronger tone, "I think I won't."

Mrs. Menzies looked up quickly, and there was relief in her glance. The young fellow's face was set—he had a determined mouth and chin—but his eyes belied their sternness as he looked out of the window, near which his chair was drawn. Then the woman's face changed again. He turned, and met the pity in it. "I've made up my mind," he said, with affected carelessness, "to say no more good-byes twice over. A fellow gets—well, you know how it is. And one has to face the music. I've had a good time lately—rather too good for a detrimental, as I

suppose I am, and shall be for some years."

"Unless Sir Basil——"

"Oh, I won't build my hopes on dead men's shoes."

"Rather a mixed metaphor, Donald."

"I know it is; I never can talk properly, but there; who could, on the eve of banishment from everything worth living for? I wouldn't mind if it were a decent campaign, either; in fact I'd be most awfully glad to see some real service; but this beastly expedition——"

"Don't get low-spirited, dear old boy."

"It's beastly of me to make moan to you," he said, springing up from his chair and taking one at the same table. "You are such a little brick—you make me ashamed of myself. How I shall miss my talks with you!" he said, with a boyish tenderness.

The woman's hand trembled slightly, but she smiled brightly enough.

"You have been so good to me," he said, meeting the smile. "No one is ever so good."

"No one?" she asked, with eyes bent upon the paper.

"No one," he replied half sadly, and he could not see the light in her eyes. His own were moody.

"You make nothing of what you have done for me," she said.

"I?—I've done nothing," he replied in surprise.

"Of course not," answered Mrs. Menzies. "It has been nothing at all to have looked after me like a brother for two years—to have sympathised and helped and strengthened me against failure."

"You are so clever, I knew you must succeed," he broke in.

"Oh, but no one else has believed in me," she said. "And besides that, I was so unhappy, and I had got to believe in no one, to be cynical and selfish and hard."

"Never!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I was; and then you turned up—and we have been such friends, such *real* friends." Her voice faltered. "And now it is all over. *Everything* comes to an end for me."

"It's beastly," observed Lieutenant Rathbone succinctly.

Mrs. Menzies burst into a merry laugh. "Oh, Don," she said, "there's no use drawing out the soft stops; your big diapason comes in out of tune."

"You mean I can't express myself?" He laughed too.

"Yes, you can," she said softly, looking him over, "but not in words. It gave me a start," she continued, "to see you come in booted and spurred—it was 'good-bye' in a revelation."

"Miss Hilton said almost the same thing," said Donald. He coloured again as he said the name, and nervously began pulling the manuscripts over to him and looking at their titles. "What have you been writing lately, Mrs. Menzies?" he asked; "and when are you going to put me in a story?"

"Not until you are ripe," she answered.

"Ah! That's cruel. You are not so *very* many years older than I—why, I remember when you were married I was old enough to be jolly well jealous of Menzies. I fancied myself in love with you, you know. I don't mind telling you now, I was awfully gone on you. Wasn't it funny?"

"And you think you are telling me news," replied the lady. But she looked as if she didn't like it, too.

"Oh, well, you read people like books," said he, a little discomfited. "I wish *I* could."

"What human document do you wish to decipher?" asked Mrs. Menzies "Is she so very incomprehensible?"

"She?" He looked up, and met a glance half mocking, half sad, altogether tender. The tenderness was not for the subject-matter, but it won him to confidence.

"I say, Mrs. Menzies," he said, pushing aside the manuscripts and leaning over the table with outspread arms, "I think you women are the most—the most——"

She would not help him, not even by a look of sympathy.

"I must tell you," he burst out. "She's been so tormenting, so unsettling—and now, just when I'm going——"

He looked at her, and thought that fixed gaze was one of pity for himself.

"She 's so nice to me," he said, dropping his voice. "By Jove, I could almost believe—almost—that she—she likes me a little."

"And if she does?" asked Mrs. Menzies, breaking the silence after a moment.

"Ah! that 's it," said he, sitting up straight. "Of course I don't fear a refusal — you know what I mean. 'He either fears his fate too much,' and that sort of thing. But the question is, *ought* I to speak? And if I go there to-night——" He stopped abruptly.

Mrs. Menzies waited.

"Tell me," he said imploringly, "what ought I to do? *You* know. I have certain prospects, though more of being potted out in Rhodesia. But Lady Hilton *asked* me to come; and *she* looked——" He dropped his eyes under the steady gaze. "I always come to you," he finished half apologetically, "for advice about life. You have had so much experience, you know. And, as you say, I 'm not ripe."

"What good does experience do one?" asked Mrs. Menzies bitterly. She got up and walked to the window, breathing quickly. "The same old mistakes, the same blindness and rashness and rushing upon one's fate—thinking, for once, it has something good in store, and finding it is the same old disappointment! So we go round and round in a circle, never any wiser, never any happier!"

THERE WAS A SLIGHT JINGLING OF SPURS AS HE ENTERED, HANDSOME AND ERECT.

Donald was silent. He had been used to her emotional outbursts when first he came in touch with her again, after those wretched years of her marriage had done their worst with her brave spirit. Latterly she had been so bright and happy, and now he thought his words had brought back the past too abruptly, and he was sorry he had spoken them. He drew her papers towards himself and opened one.

He was privileged—given the freedom of her city, she had told him, long ago.

She turned presently and laid her hand on his shoulder. "Dear Don," she said, "I can't—I can't advise you. You must do what you think right."

"That means," he said, "that you think I ought to go without speaking. When a woman like you says 'Do what you think is right,' it means 'Do what you know is unpleasant.'"

"You are epigrammatic," said Mrs. Menzies, with a twinge at her heart, as she looked at the handsome bent head.

He leaned back and looked up at her, "I am very unhappy," he said; and then he sprang up, knocking her story off the table. "I know you are right—I've *felt* it so," he said, and he did not see that she was stooping to pick it up. The room swam before her as she did so. He did not see very distinctly himself. She put the manuscript down, and her hand lay on it.

"I was cowardly to ask your advice," he said. "I did it because you are such a womanly woman, you know, and a story-writer and all that, and I hoped you would take the romantic view. But all the while I knew it would be mean to ask a girl to marry me at such a time as this—and I won't do it. I won't go to the Hiltons' to-night. Lend me your pen, and I will write a note of apology."

Mechanically she pushed the pen across to him, and helping himself to note-paper he began scribbling furiously, now and again frowning and biting the end of his light moustache, and tearing the sheet across to begin another. He looked up once and said, "I am using up all your stationery, I am so stupid this morning." But she did not rally him, as was her wont; she sat still, with her face resting on one hand, looking at the title of the story she had picked up. It was called "A Life's Mistake," and she had written it so recently that every word was fresh in her memory, as the scenes she had recalled for its inception were fresh again.

Soft and mellow had been the colours she had mixed for her picture, she told herself, when she had sat down a few days before to make it. It was a leaf out of her own life she had chosen to illustrate, but time—and something else, which she knew now was stronger than time—had altered the leaf, had dried the tear-stains, and smoothed out the wrinkles they had made. And so she had even felt a pathetic pleasure in writing it out, and though unconscious yet of why she had wished to rid herself of the memory, of putting it thus outside herself. For memories put into words have lost half their power to haunt us. But now, looking on at the young fellow struggling to devise the note that was to put his love aside for honour's sake, it all came back—red, "The colour of life broken open," as Mrs. Meynell says.

She saw herself again, bewildered, shamed by the departure of the one who loved and rode away—and pitied herself. And then she thought of Flo Hilton. So he loved her, after all! Her secret consciousness, which she had fought against, was a true warning; and all her experience had not saved her from the wilful disregarding of that inward monitor.

Yet if he went and made no sign. *She* had the advantage even yet. He leaned upon her, looked to her as his friend and counsellor, loved her in a way that might even yet grow into the enough she coveted—enough to let her love him, and to be grateful and glad for the service. He had said that no one was so good to him; and, after all, that is what men like—rest and peace and devotion, not distraction and teasing and coquetry. He would forget that child and turn to her—if she had but time and patience.

And she could not give him up. Her life had been so hard—so hard, all but these two years. People called her brave, seeing her struggles to support herself, but they did not know that the source of her courage lay in that boy's comradeship, his unaffected admiration for and belief in her, his practical sympathy. She could have lived like that for ever, asking no more—but then he was going away, and she must hold fast what she had. It was so little, and other women had so much! Why need Flo Hilton want him, she who had so many lovers? He wasn't clever,

not flourishing nor even extraordinarily handsome — he was just Donald, her Donald, whom no one knew at his dear best as she did. Flo was quite incapable of appreciating him—he was far, far above her or the like of her. Yes, it was inconsistent, but true, to hold both views.

How bravely he was struggling to get that note written—dear fellow, how often he had come to her for help in his epistolary difficulties! "You are such a perfect correspondent," he would say apologetically, "and I 'm such a duffer." And then in some practical matter, where she was utterly helpless, he would be so strong and reliable, and she would humbly submit to his dictation. Oh, she could not—could not give him up!

There was a thick lock of hair hanging over his forehead that she had an almost irresistible desire to brush back sometimes. If she did it now, what would he say? If she were to cry, what would he do?

"Donald, Donald, think of me just a little. I love you, and with a love that is to a girl's like wine to water. *My* heart is breaking because you are going, and you are spending our last hour in writing to her!"

Her sorrow broke out in a sigh. He looked up as if she had spoken, and only saw that she was paler than usual. Women don't say these things, after all.

"This will have to do," he said miserably. "It's beastly rude, the way I've put it, after all my attempts, but I can't help it. There 's nothing, is there," turning his blue eyes in frank confidence upon his mentor, "between the whole and — well, just nothing. And the minute I begin writing anything at all that 's *nice*, you know, it all comes out, and I might as well go and say it."

"YOU MUST DO WHAT YOU THINK RIGHT."

She couldn't help herself, though the words cut through the pale lips.

"You'd like to say it?"

"Rather," he answered simply.

He looked away, but she saw his eyes.

"Never mind," he said. "You're awfully good to be sorry, but one has to face the music. If I could be quite sure she didn't care, it wouldn't matter."

Mrs. Menzies knew, when she fought back that despairing speech, what she had got to do. And she did it. "Don," she said, "I think that note mustn't go."

He stared at her, and then smiled with the old tenderness. "Now I've worked you up," he said. "It 's too bad of me."

"You haven't," she said quietly; "at least, not as you think. But I shall make you see that you're not right in doing this."

She stood nearer to him, and went on rapidly. "You appealed to my experience.

Do you know what Balzac says—'Would they could sell us experience, though at diamond prices! But then no one would use the article secondhand.' I'll give you mine, and you will use it. It's many years ago, and I don't feel it now." She caught her breath, and he looked at her sympathetically.

"I'm afraid you do," he said, but she hurried on.

"You don't remember Jack Norreys. He was killed at Isandula. Well, we had been something to each other—not acknowledged, but felt. And yet I wasn't sure, and he went away and never spoke. When he was killed I thought my heart was going to break. I was so young, only seventeen, and I thought hearts did break, but they don't, you know. Adam, my husband, guessed it all. He made capital out of his having been Jack's friend, and so I drifted into an engagement just because my heart was sore, and I wouldn't have anyone suspect the cause, and I let him marry me. Wait—that isn't all. Only a few days before the wedding I met a woman who had been Jack's friend—as I am to you, you know—and we got confidential in the twilight; it was at old Lady Soames', and the men hadn't come in from shooting, and we two were alone, and somehow, over the fire—well, she told me all the things Jack had said about me, and how he had felt it wrong to bind me, so young, and both of us with no prospects to speak of. And she cried, but I didn't. And so I was married—and—and that's all."

Donald tried to take her hand, but she prevented him by moving away a little.

"So you see," she said, "why I believe it is wrong to go away without speaking. It isn't fair to a girl. It may drive her to do something that will spoil her life."

THE NEXT MOMENT HE WENT, LOOKING BACK FROM THE DOOR.

There was a momentary silence, and she waited for the blow.

"I believe you are right," he said.

The gladness in his voice made her shiver. He took his note, and, tearing it across, threw it into the waste-paper basket.

Then he turned cheerfully.

"I know you are right," he said again earnestly, "and I thank you more than I can say. Perhaps she won't have me, you know. But at least——"

He broke off suddenly.

"How selfish I am! Now, that's quite enough of my own affairs. We were going to have a last long talk about yours. Look here, shall I go now and come in early to-morrow morning? You look so tired and upset—and, by Jove, it's much later than I thought."

"I've no affairs to talk about," said Mrs. Menzies. "And I don't think you'd better come to-morrow—I mean that protracted good-byes are painful."

"So they are," answered Donald sadly.

A cloud had fallen. He was conscious himself of its weight, and, after a few minutes' desultory conversation, he rose.

"I must go," he said. "It's beastly hard to say it—but, good-bye. You've been awfully good and kind, and I hate to leave you after having been such friends."

"Good-bye," said Mrs. Menzies. He thought afterwards that she had not been so cordial as he had a right to expect her to be. At the time it checked the desire to say that he must call and tell her the result of that evening's mission. But he had to thank her again.

"You are a little brick!" he said, keeping her cold hand a moment in his strong, warm clasp. "It has cost you something to tell me this."

"I told you," she answered with a smile that hurt her near the corners of her mouth, "that we sell experience at diamond price."

He looked at her wistfully, not comprehending. The next moment he went, looking back from the door, and surprised that she did not give him a parting glance from her chair where she sat, with eyes bent upon her papers.

"These clever women don't feel things half as much as the ordinary sort do," was his fleeting reflection as he pushed aside the *portière*. "And it's a jolly good thing, for they generally get knocked out of the running." He was thinking of the "experience," and caught his spur in the *portière*. As he freed it, he looked back again, but still she did not stir.

"Some idea has struck her for a new tale," he thought, not without admiration.

So he closed the door softly behind him.

THE OTHER DAY.

WE played together, you and I,
The other day.
Love's sun was blazing in our sky,
Our garden gay.
The other day seems years ago,
A whisper from the far-away:
And yet it really was, I know,
The other day.

We were so careless in our joy
The other day,
And prodigal of love—your boy
So longed to stay.
Yet parting holds amidst the pain
A hope to lighten all our way—
That we may live and love again
Another day.

G. C. P.

HOW BRITISH SUBJECTS HAVE MADE RUSSIA.

AND TO-DAY RUSSIA WOULD LIKE TO UNMAKE BRITAIN.

TO those who know something of the expansion of Russia, how she has become a great Power, and how the Romanoffs have risen, the "Situation in the Far East," which has been the leading line in the newspaper posters for so many months, affords a strange object-lesson in the art of irony. Juggling with mysterious treaties, manipulating solemn-looking Orientals who inevitably recall Bret Harte, the Czar stands on Chinese soil, obdurate, even defiant. He has outwitted our statesmen at every turn. He pooh-poohs the Cecil whose ancestors were expert diplomats when his own were barbaric. He bamboozles the Scot, Sir Claude MacDonald, when he has really been lifted to his pinnacle of power by Scotsmen most of all. His shadow dogs us at every step in the East, just as Napoleon's did eighty years and more ago, when the mere mention of Bonaparte was used to terrify the baby Britisher in his cradle. But there is this difference! France owed us nothing in those days—rather were we the debtors; for had she not given us a new mode of life when she sent William from Normandy, to say nothing of many a Princess—and principle? But Russia is the Russia we know, because we have shown her the way. Till we took her in hand—not officially perhaps, but none the less practically—Russia was but a vast conglomerate of hordes of undisciplined tribes. Britain helped to unify them all under the master touch of Peter; and having drilled his armies and created his navy, Britain helped him to expand in every direction, crushing the Turk in the south-west, solidifying the frontier on the west, and pushing far east. In short, Britain forged a sword and put it into the Czar's ambitious hand, and now he threatens to wield it for our chastisement, annexing our methods of expansion; menacing here and defying there; putting us to infinite expense in keeping a great army on the frontier of our Indian Empire; and now to-day parting China on a Slav scheme, so that we shriek impotently lest our prestige in the East be crippled. That is the ironic significance of the present crisis which a knowledge of Russia's evolution suggests; and it is all the more ironical because this year happens to be the two hundredth anniversary of Peter the Great's visit to England, and his carrying off of five hundred Englishmen to help him to build his Empire.

The Scot was among the first to invade Russia. Equipped with a magnificent system of cheap education, but offering few opportunities for the ultimate manipulation of these advantages, Scotland had to send her youths over the length and breadth of Europe. England was too antagonistic in its aims as yet to utilise this raw material, so the Scot went elsewhere. France swarmed with him; the German States gladly availed themselves of his services; and the great religious struggles of the day naturally absorbed the military energies of a people ever prone to dwell on dialectics. Russia, inchoate as it was, did not escape his notice. "The influx of Scotch," says Mr. Morfill, "had begun in the reign of Ivan the Terrible (1531-1584), and Russian history teems with the names of Bruces, Gordons, Leslies, Hamiltons, Carmichaels, and Dalziels." Some of these settled permanently in Russia and founded families whose names survive in

strangely perverted forms. Thus Hamilton became Khomutov, while the great poet Lermontov; who died in 1841, pointed to a Scottish ancestor bearing the ancient name of Learmont.

One of the most notable Britishers in the making of Russia was undoubtedly Patrick Gordon, of whom his great clansman Byron wrote—

> Then you've General Gordon
> Who girded his sword on
> To serve with a Muscovite master,
> And help him to polish
> A nature so owlish—
> They thought shaving heads a disaster.

The house of Gordon is divided into two great sections: legitimate and the "natural." This Patrick belonged to the latter (which has given birth to Lord Aberdeen's family), his father owning a small estate in the North called Auchleuchries. His side of the house have ever been notable fighters, his own main branch having produced in our own century Thomas Gordon, who helped the Greeks to win their freedom in 1830, and also Charles Gordon, the hero of the very China now in dispute. Young Patrick Gordon once wrote, "*Aliens* are scarcely employed in England, so that foreign service becomes a necessity." Russia was only too glad to take the men that England despised. So Gordon found himself at the age of twenty in the Swedish army fighting the Protestant cause of Gustavus, though he himself was a staunch Catholic. After an adventurous career, now under the banner of Sweden, now under the colours of Poland, he entered the Russian army in 1661, to serve the Czar Alexis, finding many of his countrymen—bearing such characteristic names as Douglas, Airth, Keith, Burnet, Calderwood, Guild, Stuart, and Menzies—installed as officers. From that year to the day of his death, thirty-eight years later, he was helping Russia to become the power she is. The task was not a pleasant one, for, though he found the Russians half barbaric, he and the other "foreign devils" who had come to civilise her were "looked upon by the best sort as scarcely Christians, and by the plebeians as mere Pagans."

Gordon spent the first year of his life in Russia warring against the Turks and the Tartars, and rising to be Lieutenant-General, but it was not until the advent of Peter the Great that the tenacious Scot's ability was fully recognised. The Greek Church opposed Gordon as a heretic, but Peter defied the Church and set aside all prejudice against foreigners; for none knew better than he that Russia must be civilised from without. Thus, when Peter came to London, precisely two hundred years ago, he not only saw our methods, but he annexed a little army of the men who practised them. He managed to get some excellent soldiers, for the Stuart sympathies of the military classes of England had driven many of our best soldiers into exile. It was Gordon who publicly congratulated Peter (in the name of the army) on the birth of poor Alexis. It was Gordon who really took Azov. It was Gordon who saved Peter from the mutinous Strelitzes of 1698, and, indeed, our chief knowledge of this conspiracy is due to Gordon's autobiography, which is one of the great national documents of Russia, and has been translated into German, but only partly into English. When Gordon died in 1699, Peter felt his loss intensely, and gave him a gorgeous funeral in Moscow, while he also took both his sons and his son-in-law (the Jacobite plotter, Alexander Gordon) into the army.

Then Peter went to Ireland for another remarkable general; for, having found such help in a Scotchman, he took a Limerick man, Peter Lacy, who came of a family of ubiquitous fighters. Lacy's father and two of his brothers had fallen for France. He himself at the age of thirteen helped King James to defend Limerick, and after having served Poland he was selected by Peter out of a hundred officers to train Russian troops. Lacy began as a Major in Colonel Bruce's regiment, but he soon got a regiment of his own, the Grand Musketeers, composed of a hundred Russian nobles, armed and horsed at their own expense. He helped Peter to reduce the Cossack chief, Mazeppa, at the battle of Pultowa, 1709; during the next twelve

years he fought the Swedes, the Danes, and the Turks in turn, extending Russia's sphere of influence in each campaign. In 1723 he took his seat on the Council of War at St. Petersburg; he helped to prop up Poland by putting the Saxon princelet Augustus on the throne, and then he helped to knock him over by attacking Dantzig. He fought the Swedes in 1741, with James Keith, Frederick the Great's famous Field-Marshal, as his second in command. His promptness in suppressing a mutiny of the Russian Guards in 1742 "saved St. Petersburg and perhaps the Empire." He was created a Count, while he ended his life in 1751 as the Governor of Livonia, where his vast estates lay; and his kinsman, Maurice Lacy, was afterwards Governor of Grodno.

But Peter had even greater dreams than the reform of his army. He was equally keen on a navy, and to this end he employed many a Britisher. One of these was Thomas Gordon, a Scot, who had left our Navy owing to his close friendship with the Pretender, who was perpetually urging him to induce Peter to invade England. Gordon was fifty-seven when he quitted England in 1719, but Peter made him at once a rear-admiral, and ultimately Governor of Cronstadt, bestowing on him the Order of St. Alexander. Indeed, to this Gordon as much as to Lacy Russia owed Dantzig, for had not *his fleet come* up in time the town would undoubtedly have held out. Far greater than Gordon, however, was another Scot, Samuel Greig, who left his native kingdom of Fife to fight our battles in France. In 1763 he entered the Russian navy, and within seven years he was a rear-admiral. Greig surrounded himself with Scottish officers, and they not only won Russia's immediate battles, but also perfected her as the fighter of the future. He remodelled the Russian navy from top to bottom, disciplining the crews and educating the officers, and he also gave Russia his son, Alexis Samuilovitch Greig, who was made a middy at birth and rose to be a rear-admiral. It is to him that Russia owes its Black Sea fleet, and, strange to say, his son (the third generation)

PETER THE GREAT.
From the Painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

opposed us from the Russian side during the Crimean War, distinguishing himself at the siege of Sebastopol.

Another of Peter's great discoveries was John Perry, the engineer, who was a Gloucestershire man. He began in our Navy and lost his arm in 1690, while engaging a French privateer. Peter met him in this country and engaged him on the spot as his Comptroller of Maritime Works at a salary of £300 a year—which during fourteen years he drew only once. For that is one of the strange things about this absorption of British brains by Russia. The Czar, on the impulse of a generous moment, gave his helpers and servers estates and honours; but they did not dream of paying salaries regularly, if at all. Even Gordon, Peter's favourite, complained bitterly of the "poor subsistence." Perry rendered notable service to Russian commerce by making a canal between the Volga and the Don, and rendering the Voronej River navigable from the city of Voronej to the Don. But as beggary stared him in the face, he ultimately came back to England, where he carried out some important engineering works.

Nor did this method of using Britain end with Peter. His successors carried it on—notably Catherine, who actually took across the English doctor, Thomas Dimsdale, to inoculate her for smallpox. The Czar Alexis had an English physician at his Court—to wit, Samuel Collins, who wrote a remarkable book on the state of Russia at the end of the seventeenth century. To another doctor, Surgeon John Cook, who was attached to Count Peter Lacy's army, we owe another classic work on Russian manners. A part of Finland was grasped by Russia in 1742 by reason of the martyrdom of a Scot, Major Malcolm Sinclair. In 1739 he was sent by Sweden to make a treaty with Turkey, so that the perpetual encroachments of Russia might be checked. On his way home he was trapped in Silesia by two of the creatures of Biren, the German favourite of the Empress Anne, and foully murdered. Sweden was so angry on his behalf that it declared war on Russia two years later, only to be beaten and robbed of another slice of Finland.

Even a British peer entered the service of Russia, for John Lindsay, the twentieth Earl of Crawford, fought with the Russians against the Turks in 1738. At the battle of Krotzka, near Belgrade, in 1739, his horse was shot under him, and he was so badly wounded in the thigh that he succumbed to the injury ten years later, when the wound broke out for the twenty-ninth time.

The most notable foreigner in Catherine's service was John Elphinstone, who refitted the Russian navy in 1770, and who gave one of his sons to the same service. Again, it was a British tar, Joseph Billings (a native of Turnham Green), who explored the seas lying east of Siberia between the years 1785 and 1794; while a Scotsman named Mackenzie was the first to show the capacities of Sebastopol as a harbour.

Most of the men I have mentioned, in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, remained Englishmen, returning home to end their arduous careers in peace and safety. There were many exceptions, however, one of them being the family of Barclay de Tolly, one of the oldest houses in Scotland. They settled down at Riga, and in the end of last century three of them entered the Russian army and became ennobled. The most famous of them was Michael Bogdanovitch Barclay de Tolly, who commanded one of the three divisions of the Russian army that broke the back of Napoleon in 1812; he rose to be a Field-Marshal, and was ultimately created a Prince. A regiment of carabineers is named after him.

During the present century English gold has been freely spent in Russia, and a great many engineering operations have been done by Englishmen; but Russia had already learned the art of war too well to need our further aid. And to-day you may see the result of her power, for the newspaper posters boom that line, "GRAVE SITUATION IN THE FAR EAST." The dominance of that situation is one of life's greater ironies.—J. M. BULLOCH.

Pheasant.

Photo by Lodge, Enfield.

COUNT HATZFELDT AND THE GERMAN EMBASSY

IN CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE.

IF the Duke of York's Column, overlooking St. James's Park, ever makes up its mind to topple over, as it has been threatening these last few years, it is more than possible that No. 9, Carlton House Terrace will be discovered among the ruins. No. 9 is at the corner of the Terrace, and under the very shadow of the column, a house undistinguished from the rest in the row—big, yellow-painted, and rather sombre-looking—were it not that in the centre of the door there hangs a plaque, about the size of a dessert-plate, bearing a representation of the excited double eagle, the emblem of the German Empire. This is the sole outward evidence that No. 9, Carlton House Terrace is the residence of Count Hatzfeldt, the representative of the German Emperor at the Court of St. James's. It is a commodious enough house, most of the windows looking over the Park, and with the Clock Tower rising above the trees a little to the left. But there is nothing imposing about it; indeed, it is quite dwarfish compared with Count Hatzfeldt's residence near Constantinople, when he was Ambassador to the Porte. The German Embassy at Pera is a great barrack-looking structure, with as much architecture about it as a barn, but it is commandingly situated on the summit of a hill, and the outlook over the much-sung Bosporus is one of the most delightful in the world. As Countess Hatzfeldt prefers Berlin to London, and, indeed, very rarely comes to this country, the Embassy apartments have no little fripperies denoting the taste and arrangement of a woman, but rather that serious, strictly utilitarian aspect noticed generally in rooms the occupants of which are men-folk.

There is a large misconception in the public mind as to what an Ambassador really does. Some folk think that his chief duty is to worm out secrets about the country in which he is residing, to bow and cringe to the sovereign, to checkmate other Ambassadors—to be, in fact, a spy and a double-dealer under the titles of Ambassador and Diplomat. Perhaps this was so in the old days, but it cannot be said to be so in these times. As someone has humorously written, the first ambassadorial duty nowadays is to keep a good cook: which simply means that one of his functions is to be hospitable, to be on friendly and intimate terms with Ministers, to be agreeable and kindly, and so smooth the way for little diplomatic tasks he may have on hand.

The German Ambassador has to keep his master, the Emperor William, fully informed of all that is taking place politically in England. It is his work to study the policy of statesmen, to understand public opinion, to catch the drift of apparently unimportant events, so that the Emperor may be acquainted at first hand with what is happening. Diplomatic despatches to-day are possibly not quite so interesting as during the time when there were few newspapers and no telegraphs. But still twice a week does the Ambassador send a courier over to Berlin, and not infrequently oftener than that. It is the duty of an Ambassador to protect and, if need be, defend the persons of his fellow-countrymen in the land where he is sojourning. He is not permitted—nor would it be wise were he permitted—to interfere in any way with the Government at whose Court he is an Ambassador. He must not side with one political party or

another. He must maintain a position of absolute neutrality, and yet keep on good terms with the leaders of both parties.

But high and responsible as is the position of an Ambassador, it brings with it many privileges. He is the direct personal representative of his sovereign, and in his name he can negotiate with foreign Governments. When an Ambassador comes to London—from Berlin, for instance—he brings with him a sealed letter from his sovereign in person to the sovereign to whom he is sent, saying he will approve of everything his representative does in his name. Therefore one can appreciate how important is the post of Ambassador. He practically plays the rôle of a King. In former times, nothing could exceed the pageantry of State surrounding him. When he arrived it was the King's horses and coaches that went to meet him. The most elaborate feasts and gorgeous entertainments were provided for him. He possessed the right of standing covered in the presence of royalty. Pomp was carried to its highest pitch. Now, however, an Ambassador travels by railway in an ordinary train, just like any other mortal, and his introduction to the sovereign is about the same as the formal presentation at Court. Abroad it is customary for the senior Ambassador, known as the *doyen*, to act as spokesman on behalf of the diplomatic corps when they are doing anything in concert. There is no such person in London. Every Ambassador speaks for himself and his Government. An Ambassador cannot be pressed upon a country against its wish. In order to avoid any possibility of unpleasantness, the custom is to learn beforehand whether the person designated would be favourably received. That settled, the Ambassador is always sure of a proper and courteous welcome.

In rank, an Ambassador comes immediately after the Princes of the royal blood. He has the right of a personal audience with the sovereign, but I may say that the Queen never officially receives an Ambassador unless there is present one or more of her Ministers. To be quite accurate, however, it is very rare that Ambassadors have an audience with her Majesty. I remember Sir Philip Currie telling me at Constantinople that he was frequently called up at all hours of the night to be asked if it were convenient to hurry off to the Yildiz Kiosk to see the Sultan, who has a passion for transacting business at night-time. We have nothing of that sort in England. An Ambassador practically never officially waits upon the Queen unless it is to make a presentation from his master.

Ambassadors, like Kings, are above the law. Not the whole Queen's Bench could raise a finger against the German Ambassador, let him do whatever he will. There is not an authority in the British Isles that can touch him. And just as he is free from English law personally, so is his house. At the peril of war our Government dare not lay a finger on No. 9, Carlton House Terrace. For, according to agreement between the nations, No. 9 and the ground on which it stands is not English but as much German as though it were situated in the very centre of Berlin. So everybody in that house is under German and not under English law.

All the members of the Embassy, and even the servants, are as free from the jurisdiction of an English court as the Ambassador himself. They cannot be arrested without his consent. Should a British subject have any grievance against him or against anyone in the Embassy, the only way to get redress is to appeal to the German Emperor. But, of course, should anyone be guilty of wrong-doing the Ambassador would at once exercise his authority and hand the delinquent over to the English law. Were he to hesitate or refuse, the relationship between Government and Government would at once be strained.

There is one privilege an Ambassador possesses which makes him the envy of all mankind. He has no taxes to pay, and he is not obliged to contribute one halfpenny to the chests of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Should he smoke, he pays no duty on his imported tobacco. Should his wife be fond of lace or scent, the Customs never raise the slightest

Photo by Walery, Regent Street, W.

HIS EXCELLENCY COUNT HATZFELDT.

objection. It is very wrong of folk to get their friends who are attached to an Embassy to send cigars and what-not in a despatch-bag, and so have no duty to pay, but I have known it done. While the German Ambassador can defy the Houses of Parliament, he is not supposed to defy the London County Council. He is not exempt from local rates, but—and here is a nice little anomaly—if he refuses to pay, nobody can force him.

I have been in British Embassies abroad, but in none have I seen so many busts, paintings, engravings, and photographs of the Queen as I saw of the Emperor William at the German Embassy in London. They are everywhere, and in every room. The only notable exception is in the entrance-hall, where, on a granite plinth, there is a gigantic representation of Frederick the Great, who was never so delighted as when he had the whole world by the ears. It is a fine bust; the features are vigorous and acute, though not imperious, and yet hardly the face of the monarch whose "Life" Carlyle wrote in ten volumes, and was heartily sick, before he got half through the task, at finding his hero was no hero at all. This bust is practically the only thing to be seen in the hall. The floor is laid with thick red carpet, and there are a few big dull-toned leather chairs about for the convenience of visitors.

To all men, a dining-room has more than an ephemeral interest, and the dining-room at the Embassy, on the ground floor, is one of the most interesting apartments in the house. At the upper end of the apartment is a massive painting of the Emperor on horseback, covering nearly the whole of the wall. Rudolf Wimmer, who is the artist, has done full justice to his noble sitter. The Emperor, in military attire, is mounted on a high-spirited charger, and looks out upon the world with a stern, martial-like countenance. It only requires the horse to be pawing the air instead of pawing the ground for the picture to form an admirable companion to the famous painting of "Napoleon Crossing the Alps." At the other end of the room are two other oil paintings, one of the founder of the united German Empire, William I., and his Empress, Augusta, the grandfather and grandmother of the present occupant of the throne. The old Emperor presents a fine commanding figure, in his tight-fitting Prussian uniform. The painting of the Empress Augusta, showing a face of sweet kindliness, suffers from the fact that it was painted at a time when hoop skirts were the fashion. Nobody, however loyal and courteous, can look on a photograph, and much less an oil painting, depicting a lady in a balloon-gown of a generation ago, without a smile edging its way from the corners of his lips.

A small oblong mahogany table stands in the centre of the room, the general characteristics of which are its dull plum-coloured walls and carpet to match, heavy walnut tables and a dark but finely worked Japanese screen, with quaint Eastern figures crawling over it, the only relief in colour, besides the bright tinted painting of the Emperor, being four white classic busts placed in each corner.

Adjoining the dining-room is the library where the Ambassador receives Lord Salisbury when he visits him as Foreign Secretary, and also the representatives of other European Courts when diplomatic affairs are to be discussed. Many an important meeting has taken place in this room, resulting in understandings between Governments about which the mere man in the street never hears anything. It is a bright and cheerful room, with blue decorations. Heavy tapestry curtains hang by the two great windows. The mantelpiece is of white marble, and its purity and whiteness is set off by the ebony clock and the ebony ornaments placed upon it. An exquisitely carved oak cabinet, the workmanship delicate and yet retaining much majesty, occupies one end of the apartment. In the centre stands an inlaid Turkish coffee-table. The two things that interested me most on the occasion of my visit to the Embassy was a sketch by the Emperor William and an oil painting by the Sultan Abdul Hamid. Count Hatzfeldt, when at Constantinople, was a close personal friend of the Sultan, and received as a mark of

personal esteem on the part of the Commander of the Faithful a painting representing some Turkish soldiers bivouacking. What artists call "the candle trick" is obtained by the fire shining on the men's faces, and especially on the side of a white horse. Indeed, it is rather a good picture, although it was executed by a King And here comes in the strange juxtaposition of things in this world! By the side of the Sultan's painting is the famous cartoon drawing by the Emperor William in which he shadowed forth in allegory one of the strongest convictions of his strenuous life. The Emperor displays not merely imagination, but as tested by this cartoon he has a sense of draughtsmanship. It is rarely indeed that you have the opportunity of seeing the pictorial efforts of two monarchs in one room.

Photo by Bolas.

THE GERMAN EMBASSY IN CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE.

Several paintings of ancestors of the present German Ambassador hang on the walls,

as well as some rural subjects and one or two engravings, notably, one depicting the Battle of the Hague. On an easel stands a signed mezzotint of the late Frederick II., by the side of a writing-table is a photograph of the Queen, one of the Emperor and his son taken some years ago, one of the Prince of Wales, and several groups of royalty and Ambassadors taken during the visit of the Shah of Persia to this country. Near the door hangs a photographic reproduction of a sketch depicting the old Emperor William as he lay dead.

The staircase leading to the upper rooms is severely plain. Along the side there is a great stretch of wall representing polished granite, while at the turn at the top is a small stand bearing a couple of marble Cupids. Close to the roof and rather too high for anybody to obtain a really good view, are several frescoes allegorical of early Prussian history. A couple of settees and one or two gilt chairs are on the rather fine landing at the head of the stairs. In the centre is a plush-covered stand bearing a bust of the Emperor, the head half turned, the eyes somewhat indignant, and a fierce upward twist given to the moustache.

The drawing-room, which is just large enough to be comfortable, is upholstered in red and gold. The principal ornament is, of course, a large bromide photograph of the Emperor William, who presented it to his Excellency when at Osborne in 1890. The Emperor's signature is bold and prominent. The fireplace in this room is one of the most beautiful I have seen. It is of white marble with a series of classical figures—finely chiselled, the folds of the drapery having lightness and buoyancy—done in bas relief; altogether a work of art. On the top of the mantelshelf is a curiously wrought antique timepiece with two Dresden jars, that would be the delight of any collector, standing on each side. There are two cabinets, of ebony I think, ornate with inlaid flowering brass work, that one could not look upon without being filled with admiration. On one of the walls hang paintings of King Frederick William and his Queen. On a table are fifty and one curiosities from many corners of the world, such as most men pick up in the course of their travels. On a little writing-desk in front of one of the windows looking on the terrace and the park, is a signed photograph of the Emperor in 1883, and a large panel photograph of the Empress Frederick in her widow's weeds, given by her to Count Hatzfeldt. The only book I saw in the room was an old quarto volume of Ovid, with marvellous woodcuts, still in the best of preservation.

Opening out of the drawing-room is the saloon. It has an inlaid polished floor, and on occasion has been used as a ballroom, but, as no ladies live at the Embassy, that is a purpose to which it is not now put. Many heavy Turkish rugs are laid over the shining floor. The furniture in this apartment is also of red and gold. The walls are of a soft creamy tint, edged with gilt ornaments, so that it is the most cheerful place in the house. Photographs of friends of the Ambassador and the Countess Hatzfeldt are in profusion. In a corner stands a grand piano, with a volume of Schumann resting upon it; close by is a dainty alcove, forming a retreat where letters can be written or books read. If a woman's hand had ever anything to do with the arrangement of the rooms at the Embassy, it was with this alcove, where there are many nick-nacks, curiosities and what-not, and photographs of ladies in costumes of the last century stepping through a stately gavotte.

The Ambassador's private sitting-room is perched at the top of the house, which has one advantage at least, that it secures the best view of St. James's Park. It is a plain, unpretentious apartment, with a writing-table and a couch as the chief articles of furniture. One or two old engravings are on the walls, and one or two that are not old, such as "A Gambler's Wife," by Marcus Stone, "'Twixt Love and Duty," by S. E. Waller, and "Too Late," by Heywood Hardy, while on a small side-table are some photographs of the historic meeting of the Emperor and Prince Bismarck a year or so ago.

The Ambassador's son, Count Hermann Hatzfeldt, who is one of the Embassy

secretaries, lives with his father. The son's sitting-room is much more elaborate and profuse in decoration than that of the father. Not only are the floors laid, but the walls are hung with heavy Oriental rugs. That Count Hermann delights in swordsmanship is evidenced by the number of swords and rapiers and daggers and other bloodthirsty weapons — German, Chinese, Turkish, and English—suspended on the walls and filling the corners. A curiously designed cabinet is laden with all sorts of antique china ware, and by the side of this is a wire screen, which is crammed with more photographs than the average bachelor usually adorns his rooms with. Given a place of honour, and hanging by itself in an electric blue frame, is a panel-sized photograph of Countess Hatzfeldt. Near to this are the photographs of Count Hermann's sisters. A big lounging chair, and a little table with the illustrated papers by its side, go towards completing the Count's comfortable quarters. A young German, like a young Briton, likes to take things easy.

The German Embassy has not always been at No. 9, Carlton House Terrace. At the time of the coronation of Queen Victoria, Prussia was only represented by a Legation, and Baron Bülow, who was the Plenipotentiary at the Court of St. James's, lived in a house in Lower Berkeley Street. It was in 1840 that Baron Bunsen, one of the most distinguished diplomats of the century, was sent by Frederick William IV. on a special mission to this country. Bunsen had a long diplomatic career at Rome—where he married an English lady, Miss Waddington—and at Berne. The post of Minister to this country was then vacant, and three names were submitted to the Queen. She selected that of Baron Bunsen. Bunsen had always looked forward to the time when there would be a united German Empire, and feeling that the house in Lower Berkeley Street was too small he, in 1841, hired from Lady Stuart de Rothesay No. 4, Carlton House Terrace. It was while Bunsen represented Prussia in this country that his office was raised from that of Minister to Ambassador. The Embassy, chiefly through Baroness Bunsen, a lady of noble and amiable qualities, became an intellectual centre. The cosmopolitan gatherings, when those who were connected with all that was best in history, painting, music, poetry, and theology met under one roof, were among the most interesting in London.

The Prince of Prussia, afterwards William, the founder of the empire, visited Carlton House Terrace twice — once in 1841 and again seven years later. Every morning he took a walk on the terrace, generally in the company of Mr. Ernest Bunsen, one of the sons of the Ambassador, and it is interesting to know it was on his advice and suggestion the present house was selected as the Embassy. He pointed out its advantages to Mr. Ernest Bunsen because it was at the corner, and therefore much lighter than No. 4. Soon after this the house happened to be for sale, and the Ambassador purchased the remaining lease on behalf of the Prince of Prussia, who subsequently handed it over to the German Government, so that now it is the official residence.

In those days many were the distinguished folk who called at the Embassy: the Duke of Wellington, Lord Palmerston, Mendelssohn, the poet Rogers, Harriet Martineau, Richard Cobden, Carlyle, Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and many others. In 1854 Bunsen suddenly resigned his position of Ambassador in London. He was one of the closest advisers of Frederick William IV., and at that time strongly urged the King that Prussia should declare against Russia, and thus force Austria to join Prussia, an event which, it was hoped, would have put a stop to any war in the Crimea. The King, however, refused, and so Bunsen sent in his resignation. In a month or so he received his recall, and the rest of his life was devoted to literary and philosophical pursuits at Heidelberg and Bonn.

Among the other Ambassadors who have lived at No. 9, Carlton House Terrace, Count Münster, the present German Ambassador to the French Government, is the most distinguished. The tall, well-built Hanoverian, who loved driving a

coach and four through Hyde Park, and was an authority on cooking, is remembered kindly by all who had anything to do with diplomacy. He was never tired of railing at German cooking and praising that of England, and he had an absolute horror of the way fish was served at the table of his imperial master. His second wife, Lady Harriet St. Clair Erskine, who was the daughter of the third Earl of Rosslyn, was as enthusiastic as he on the art of cooking, and actually wrote a book on the way to prepare dainty dishes. "Who like me," wrote the Ambassador in the preface, "has had the luck of possessing a wife who idealised material things?" Perhaps it was his good fellowship, the fact that his wife was a Scotch lady, that he liked England and English ways, which made Count Münster so popular in London. But long before that, Münster had played an important rôle during the exciting times of the 'sixties, when he struggled hard against the North German Confederation to save the King of Hanover. But when the Hanoverians became Prussians, then he threw himself into the cause of the German Empire, and worked as few men work, next to the Emperor William and Bismarck. Bismarck, I believe, had a profound contempt for the despatches of Count Bernstorff, his immediate predecessor, but what he thought of those of Münster, who is still a graceful and learned writer, we know not.

Count Hatzfeldt, the present Ambassador, is a man who has seen long diplomatic service. In 1862 he went with Prince Bismarck to Paris as one of his secretaries. When the German Foreign Office was mobilised at the outbreak of the Franco-German War, he was a close personal attendant on the Chancellor. Bismarck had a high opinion of the Count, and continued his steadfast friend. A year or two after the peace, Hatzfeldt was appointed Imperial Minister at Madrid. But he was intended for higher work. Germany had been gaining an ascendency at the Porte, and after the Treaty of Berlin he was despatched to the banks of the Bosporus to maintain, if possible, the ascendency which Germany had acquired in the councils at Constantinople. The Sultan, Abdul Hamid, has a quite understandable dislike of Ambassadors, and would, no doubt, prefer to follow the plan of his ancestors and shut them up in the Seven Towers, while he went to war with their masters. Count Hatzfeldt, however, was an exception. During the three years he lived in the big house just outside Pera he was a personal friend of the Sultan. Then he went back to Berlin and succeeded Herr von Bülow as Foreign Secretary. No man was better fitted for the post. But in 1885 there was a transference, and he then became Ambassador in London.

Few people have any idea of the mass of work that has to be gone through at an Embassy. I leave out the constant interviews between Count Hatzfeldt and Lord Salisbury on matters of foreign policy between the two countries. The amount of correspondence that passes between Carlton House Terrace and Berlin every week is bewildering. The staff consists of Count Arco Valley, First Secretary; Count Hermann Hatzfeldt, Second Secretary; Baron Ritter, Third Secretary; Baron Eckhardtstein and Baron Oppel, Attachés; Captain E. Guelich, Military and Naval Attaché; and Mr. A. W. Schmettau, Director of the Chancery. Twice a week at least are despatches sent by means of the Prussian couriers who spend their life travelling between the German capital and London. So secret and important are they oftentimes, that the documents cannot be entrusted to the post. The fear, of course, is that some interested eyes might have a peep at them on the way. And yet it is an admittedly groundless fear, for frequently, when both the Prussian couriers were away, German despatches have been sent in the bag of the Queen's Messenger carrying despatches to the British Ambassador at Berlin. Count Hatzfeldt, who is not strong in health, only occasionally goes into society. Most of his life is spent in the little room that looks over the trees in St. James's Park, and above which, at night, he can see the glare of the light on the top of the Clock Tower, telling that the British Parliament is sitting.

J. F. F.

OLD AGE PENSIONS.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

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There I saw Coll Tregetour
Upon a table of sycamour
Play an uncouthe thynge to tell;
I saw him cary a wyndemell
Under a walnot shale.
CHAUCER, "House of Fame."

THE nearly unanimous chorus of disapproval from the Press which has met the recent report of the Committee on Old Age Pensions—a report that is unfavourable to the pension schemes considered by the members of the Committee—suggests that there must exist much popular ignorance upon this matter of old age pensions, side by side with much benevolence of intention.

One of the papers reported that Mr. Chamberlain replied to a correspondent, who had invited an expression of his opinion upon the "failure" of the Committee, that "the resources of civilisation are not yet exhausted," thus implying, one supposes, that Mr. Chamberlain, at any rate, is not ready to relinquish as impracticable his favoured project of free old age pensions, despite the adverse report of the nine financial and assurance experts who formed the Committee.

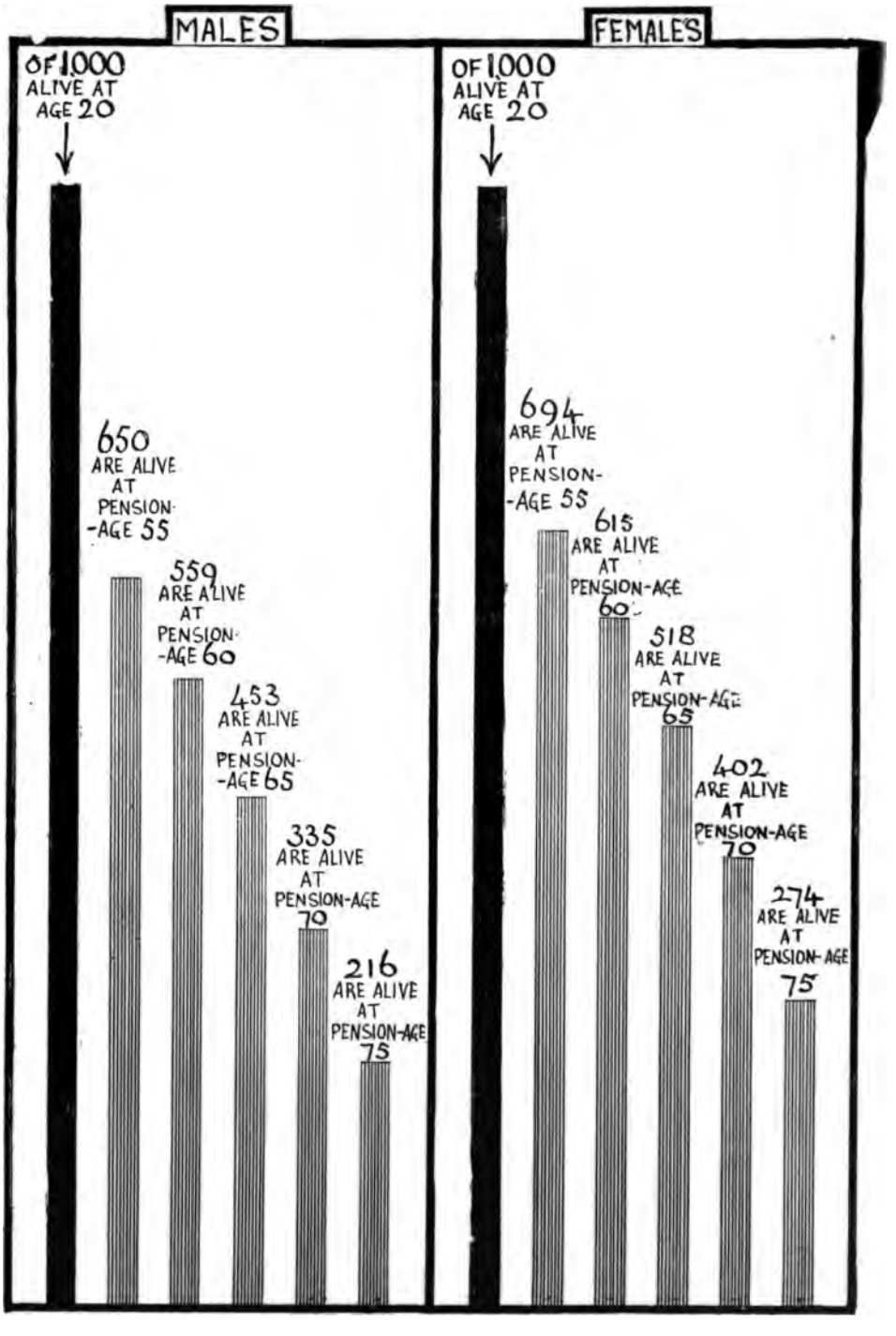
But Mr. Chamberlain, or anyone else who can devise a scheme for free old age pensions that shall be both efficient and practicable, will need the magic of Chaucer's Coll Tregetour, for such a scheme would be a piece of financial juggling worthy to rank, as regards difficulty, with the feat told by Chaucer—"*I saw him cary a wyndemell under a walnot shale.*"

Omitting, for the moment, a consideration of the ethics of State-given pensions, let us look at some of the practical points that touch this matter very closely, but which are almost wholly unknown to the public, even to that intelligent section of it who may sincerely believe that Old Age Pensions ought to be provided by the State.

Diagram No. 1 illustrates one of the chief difficulties in the way of all pension schemes, for it shows how largely people survive to the pension-age, which is here shown for the sake of completeness at five different ages—viz., 55, 60, 65, 70, 75. These five pension-ages cover all the ages upon which any pension scheme could be based; and inspection of Diagram No. 1 shows, for 1000 persons alive at age 20, that a very large number of them attain the pension-age, wherever that may be fixed.

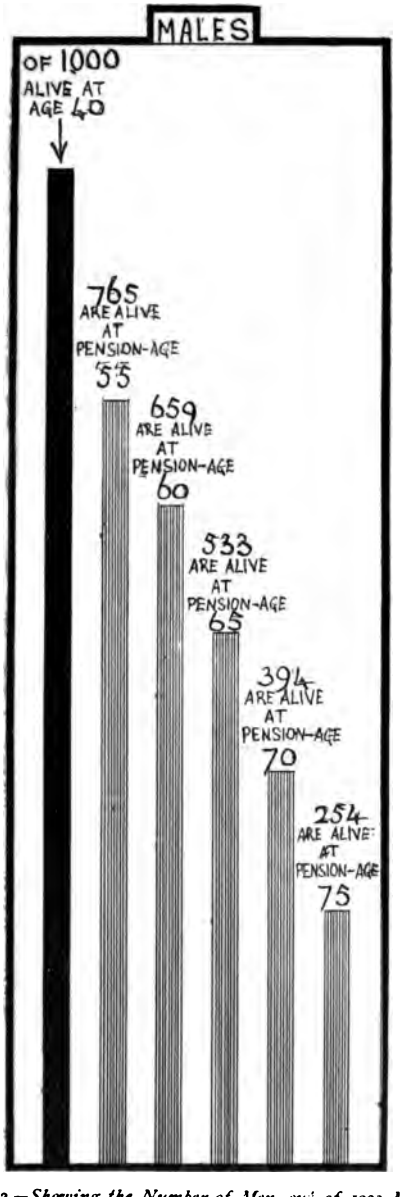
For example, and taking pension-age sixty-five, 453 of the 1000 males alive at age 20 are alive at age 65; and, as regards females, 518 of the 1000 alive at age 20 are alive at pension-age 65. I have had a good deal of experience in devising pension-funds for big industrial bodies; and one nearly always finds that the non-actuarial mind greatly under-estimates the number of persons who will reach the pension-age. Even if the pension-age be deferred to the advanced age of 75, we see from No. 1 that more than one-quarter of all women alive at age 20 attain the pension-age 75, and that 216 of 1000 men alive at age 20 are also alive at age 75.

So far, I have illustrated this very important matter of persistence in living to the pension-age only as regards young persons 20 years of age, and I have shown, upon the basis of the current Life-Table for England and Wales, how great is the proportion of these young people aged 20



No. 1.—*Showing the Number of Persons, out of 1000 alive at age 20, who will survive to receive Pensions at ages 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, respectively.*

who do attain our various pension-ages. We will skip over twenty years and see how persons of middle age fare as regards the attainment of the pension-age. This



No. 2.—*Showing the Number of Men, out of 1000 Men alive at age 40, who will survive to receive Pensions at ages 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, respectively.*

is illustrated by Diagrams Nos. 2 and 3 for males and females respectively.

A mere glance at these two diagrams shows how very great is the proportion of middle-aged persons who attain the pension-ages. For example, nearly two-thirds of the men who are alive at age 40 will be alive at pension-age 60, more than one-half of the 1000 alive at age 40 will be alive at pension-age 65, and more than one-quarter of this 1000 middle-aged men will be living at the advanced pension-age 75.

Inspection of Diagram No. 3 shows that women of middle age attain the pension-ages therein stated in even larger numbers than the men of middle age just dealt with. We see from No. 3 that 604 of every 1000 women alive at age 40 are alive at pension-age 65, and that nearly one-third of the original 1000 at age 40 are alive at pension-age 75.

The Committee who have just reported on Old Age Pensions did a lot of work, did it well, and by way of thanks have been reviled by nearly everyone. There seems to be no conception of the great intrinsic difficulties of the scheme in the minds of those public writers and others who urge on this project. For this reason I have set out some of my results, based on our current Life-Table, which show this generally unknown persistence in living to the pension-age, and I now give a short summary which contains the results for ages other than those two ages (age 20 and age 40), illustrated in Diagrams 1, 2, and 3.

Here are the summaries, for men and women respectively—

Of 1000 MEN alive at age	There will be Alive at Pension Age—				
	55	60	65	70	75
20	650	559	453	335	216
30	692	595	482	357	230
40	765	659	533	394	254
50	894	770	623	461	297
60	..	..	809	599	386
70	..	..	..	..	645

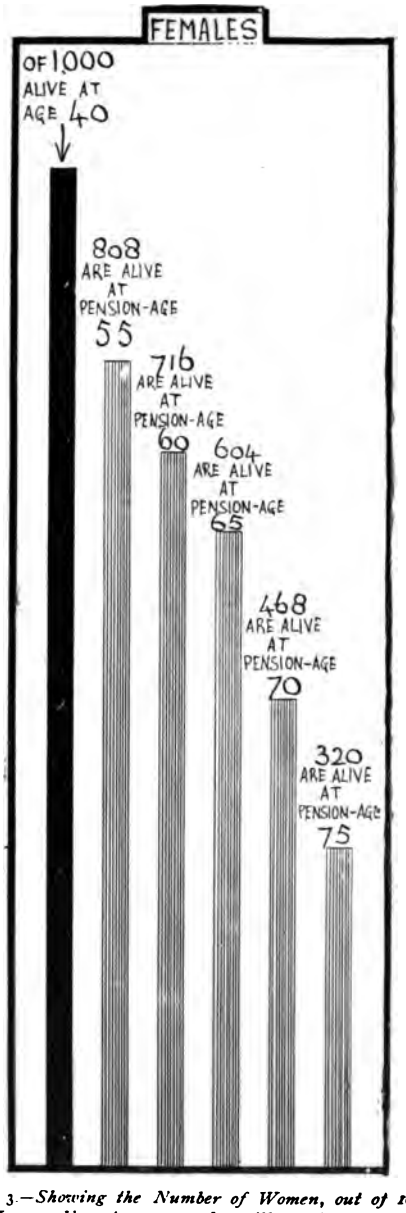
Of 1000 WOMEN alive at age	There will be Alive at Pension Age—				
	55	60	65	70	75
20	694	615	518	402	274
30	738	654	551	428	292
40	808	716	604	468	320
50	915	811	683	530	362
60	..	..	842	654	446
70	..	..	..	..	682

Having shown how great is the tendency for people to attain the pension-age, wherever we fix it, I now show, in No. 4, that the average future lifetime, or expectation of life, when the pension-age is reached, is of a considerable duration. At pension-age 65, for example, a man will draw his pension for 10½ years, and a woman hers for 11⅓ years. Not only do many more people reach the pension-ages than is commonly supposed, but also there remains at the pension-age a piece of lifetime whose length entails no small tax upon any fund that undertakes to pay a pension until death comes.

The net practical result is contained in No. 5, which shows that in the population of the United Kingdom there are constantly five persons, aged 65 or older, in every 100 of our population. (I now take the pension-age at 65, as this age is the most usual, and it is that with which the schemes are mainly concerned.)

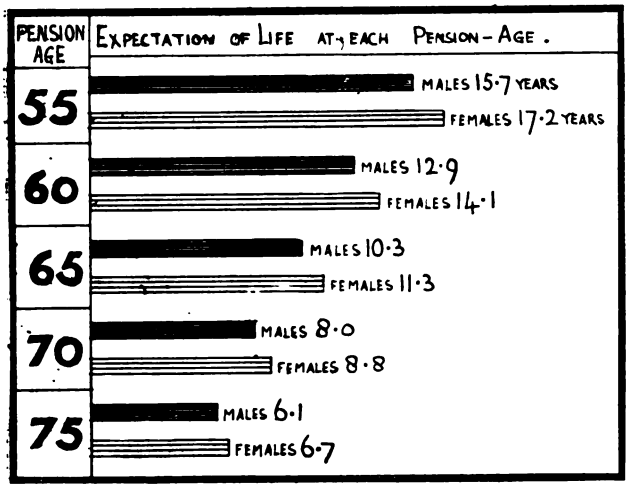
As our population is about forty millions, and as five per hundred of these are persons aged 65 or older, we may say that there are two millions of men and women in the United Kingdom whose age would entitle them to a pension, if the pension-age be fixed at 65 years. Say that only two-thirds of these persons claim the pension (the other third being, we will suppose, provided for by themselves or by others), and give to each a paltry five shillings per week, £13 per year. If we go on this basis, we see that, on our population of forty millions, there is a yearly charge of not less than 17⅓ millions sterling for these five-shillings-a-week pensions, without providing for any cost of administration, which would certainly be considerable.

The advocates of the various State Pension schemes which have been drawn up have all got some patent dodge for trying to evade the necessary costliness of State Pensions, which, even on the modest basis just set out, would, with administration, cost us yearly about as much as we spend on our Navy, and this for a result that would be scarcely worth having (five shillings a-week isn't much, is it?), although the establishment of State Pensions would be another and a trenchant blow towards destroying what may now remain of thrift and foresight among the "working classes" of this country.



No. 3.—*Showing the Number of Women, out of 1000 Women alive at age 40, who will survive to receive Pensions at ages 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, respectively.*

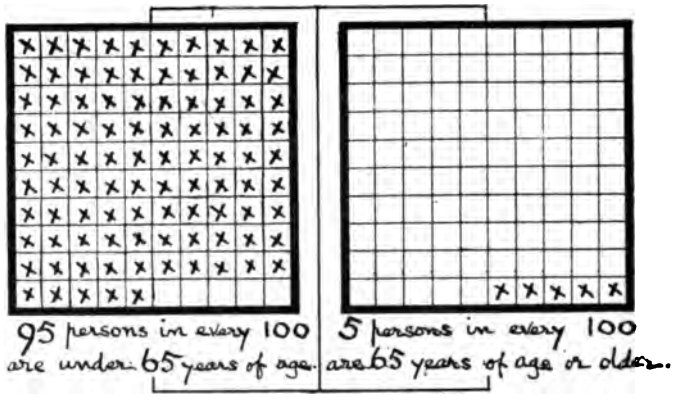
Again, why free pensions rather than free other things, which, moreover, might touch our present instead of our future lifetime? Bar the name—and truly the cry "Old Age Pensions" is an excellent electioneering



No. 4.—*Showing how long People live when they do reach the Pension-age 55, 60, 65, 70, or 75.*

fetish—one would be inclined to go for other material things that people want, or think they want, at the expense of the State, such, for example, as "Free Drinks." I am writing these words on one of the record hot days of August, and, if I believed to be right the principle of the State supplying its citizens with free anything, I should certainly, as a voter, be more inclined to plump for the politician who promises me "free young-age (or middle-age) drinks," to be had *now*, than for the politician who promises to give me a free old age pension in the dim future—a beggarly five shillings a-week, if I live to age 65, and if I can then show that my own thrift has saved for me the equivalent of not less than (say) 2s. 6d. per week for the rest of my life after age 65.

Seriously, though, does not this old age pension business owe much of its popularity to the effectiveness of the thing as a political war-cry? And is not everybody who is in any way connected with politics, and in any way anxious to preserve the favour of the people, reluctant to label the whole scheme impracticable, non-effective (if it were practicable), and inequitable in principle? The perpetual pandering to the democracy and the subsidising of them in various ways has already done infinite harm by the direct and artificial encouragement of the propagation of the unfit at the expense of the fit, with ugly ramifications injurious to society in many directions. Let us hear no more of this "uncouthe thynge"—free Old Age Pensions.



No. 5.—*Showing the Number of Persons, per 100 of our Population, who are constantly eligible for a Pension, if the commencing Pension-age be fixed at 65 years.*

COME, SWEET LASS.

Come sweet lass,
This bonny weather,
Let's together,
Come sweet lass,
Let's trip upon the grass.
Every-where,
Poor Jocky seeks his dear,
And unless you appear,
He sees no beauty here.
On our green
The loons are sporting,
Piping, Courting,
On our green
The blithest lads are seen.
There, all day,
Our lassies dance and play,
And ev'ry one is gay
But I, when you're away.

T. D'Urfey

ROSES: YELLOW AND BLUE.

By B. MILNE.

YELLOW roses grew over the front of the little cottage where George Soutar and his sister Elizabeth lived. They were only ordinary Scotch roses, but the masses of yellow gave a distinct point to the little cottage. There were several distinctive touches about the cottage and its inmates. Sometimes Elizabeth recognised this with pride; sometimes it annoyed her. It all depended. Her views were apt to sway according to other people's convictions. This was one of the points on which she and her brother differed materially. George knew there was a gap caused by the fact that they regarded things from different points of view. He tried to bridge it over by open little contrivances. They were manlike and not convincing. Elizabeth attempted the more futile task of trying to make George see things in her light. She had a feeling that if she succeeded a great many of his "notions" would be done away with. She was probably right, but unfortunately for her success George's notions were part of himself. Besides, Elizabeth was not the sort of woman likely to influence a man. Moral worth and undeniable arguments are not enough to do it. Elizabeth was hard and spare, and very practical. George had the reputation of being a local genius. He was a self-taught wood-carver. Both these facts hedged him round with an aloofness from the rest of the village. Elizabeth made up for it by her interest in her neighbours. She always fell back on the thought that they had independent means, when she was annoyed over George. It filled her with self-respect.

The real interest of Elizabeth's life was centred in an elder brother, Robert. He had been abroad for fourteen years. His letters were the great factor of her existence. "He 's a guid brither yon. There 's nae mony wad tak' the trouble to wreet sae aften." This was Elizabeth's invariable remark after each letter. George felt it conveyed a tacit rebuke. He often felt uneasy over some of Elizabeth's sayings. He never quite understood why. Women of that type are fond of implying comparisons. She invested Robert with all the merits she felt George lacked. She invested his letters with a charm that would have amused Robert if he had known. As it was, they were often sent off with a smile caused not by what he had said, but by what was left unsaid.

Elizabeth's visitors dreaded these letters. Such unexpected turns led to their production. Isabel Mortimer was the only friend of the Soutars who positively enjoyed listening to them. They had a sort of breezy charm for her. She invested him with a personality. In her way she was rather like George Soutar. She was not quite satisfied with things as she found them. Unlike him she was satisfied to accept the fact without attempting impossible tasks of bettering them. She did plain sewing. Life is monotonous and limited seen through vistas of plain sewing. Isabel Mortimer doggedly accepted the monotony as part of life. The only outlet to it were her visits to the Soutars. She liked watching George carve in his workshop. She enjoyed the garden in the still summer evenings. Elizabeth liked her. She did not know of the side in the girl's nature that let her appreciate George in his crude artisticness. She never troubled to criticise her at all.

It dawned on George suddenly that Isabel had become part of his life. One evening she came as usual. She found

Elizabeth in great commotion. "Here's a piece of news," she cried shrilly. "Robert's on his wye hame."

"Robert?" said Isabel stupidly.

"Ay, ye may well be amazed. But there's nae time to talk. I hae to stir mysel'. There's George in his workshop, 'gin ye like. It's nae sae little as a brither whom he hasna seen these fourteen year wad move him." Elizabeth nodded her head fiercely in the direction of the apathetic George. "I'm off to the mairchant's," she called. Isabel smiled. She knew it was a simple way of saying she had gone to tell her great news.

"George," she said, looking round the door; "so your brither is coming hame."

George turned to her. "Ay," he said, with no great show of joy; "Elizabeth is real glad."

"Weel, nae wunner; fourteen year is a lang time." Isabel spoke reproachfully.

George looked up quickly. "I am glad he's coming," he said quietly.

Isabel flushed. "I didna mean——" she began.

"Ay, but ye did," retorted George, smiling.

"Ye aye seem to ken a' I mean," she replied.

George had gone back to his work. He was carving the leaf of a poppy. The real leaf lay withering before him; the wooden copy seemed stiff and unnatural. "It's always the same," he said with a sigh.

Isabel looked at it critically. "Ye'll never get what ye want, George; ye'll aye be trying."

It was rather cruel, but her class has not the finer instinct of polite untruth. George looked curiously at her. She had moved back to the doorway. The evening sun was slanting down on her head. She was framed in by the creamy mass of roses.

"It's strange ye sud say that," George said at last. "I've often said it mysel'."

"I winna get it neither," she said irrelevantly; "but then I winna try!" She put out her hand to the roses. "There are ower many thorns," she said, laughing.

George did not smile. "I'll pu' them for you," he said gravely.

"When I was a bairn at hame we had a bush like yon in our garden," Isabel continued, after a pause. "I mind greeting when we left to come here."

She had never talked of herself to George before. He handed her the bunch silently. "Thank you!" she said. She looked up at him and smiled. "I've often stolen them frae ye; ye've never given me ane afore."

"I never thocht," said George vaguely. "But I'll mind noo when ye come."

"I winna be coming," said Isabel. "Your brither will be here; Elizabeth winna seek me."

"That needna mak' ony difference," said George. In his inmost heart he felt it would. An instinctive feeling came to him that all would be changed. He stood looking after her as she turned to go. The indefinable sense of restlessness seized him. "It's Robert's coming, I suppose," he said, after a long silence. He turned to go into the workshop again. He picked up a yellow rose which had fallen. He played with it irresolutely. Robert's home-coming seemed to grow into a grievance.

* * * *

"Is there onything between George and Isabel?" Robert asked Elizabeth the question in an unconcerned voice. Several weeks had gone by.

"Na," said Elizabeth; "no that I ken of."

"You are sure?" said Robert eagerly.

His voice startled her. The quick intuition came to her that in Isabel lay the secret of Robert's content. "I dinna see muckle in Isabel mysel'," she said. She tossed her head indignantly.

"Possibly not," said Robert carelessly. He smiled as he glanced at his sister for a moment. "Sometimes I think George——" He stopped interrogatively.

"Well," said Elizabeth briefly. She had had a shock.

"Well, if he's thocht of her, I'd gang awa' and lat things be."

"Gang awa', Robert?" Elizabeth rose up before him. "Ye dinna mean it?"

"Ay," said Robert firmly. He was a big, determined-looking man. He faced Elizabeth.

"If she—" Elizabeth spoke haltingly—"If she says bide, wull ye bide?"

There was no answer. Elizabeth realised in the silence that her concentrated love of years was nothing to the new-born power of the woman he had known for a few weeks.

"It's George keeps me," he said at last.

Elizabeth sniffed. "He's a fule," she said contemptuously.

"I have a real respec' for him," said Robert solemnly. Elizabeth stared at him. "I have an idea he likes her," he continued. "Wimmen hae a better wye in these things than men; wad ye ask him and find oot?"

"She might prefer George," said Elizabeth sarcastically.

"That's nae thing to doe wi' it," said Robert in a superior tone. "I'll find that oot for myself."

It was not till Robert left her that Elizabeth realised the extent of the shock she had received. She began to see the difference the decision would make in her life. She felt faced by a tremendous problem. Whichever way the brothers and Isabel settled it, it meant a sacrifice of Robert to her. All her dreams had been of a future with Robert. That hope was dashed. She felt hard and cold to him. Then she hated George as an obstacle. It took her some time to regard Isabel as the cause of it all. Finally, the problem resolved itself into a question of Robert's happiness—that turned the scale. "God forgive me," she said at last, "I 'm a sinfu' woman whichever way it turns out. . . ."

ELIZABETH'S VISITORS DREADED THESE LETTERS.

"George niver thocht on such a thing," she said to Robert the next evening. Her cheeks burned. The lie seemed to her terrible in its intenseness. "I wouldna mention it to him," she continued bravely; "He's queer in his notions."

"That's true," said Robert briskly.

HE HANDED HER THE BUNCH SILENTLY. "THANK YOU!" SHE SAID.

"Noo I'm off to see if Isabel will have me."

"Ay," muttered Elizabeth, "wi' never a doot but he will get her; that's the wye, and he kens it."

Robert led Isabel to the riverside in their evening walk. "I hae brought you here, Isabel, to tell you something." There was an unmistakable tone of triumph in his voice.

Isabel looked at him; unconsciously she compared him to his brother. George was tall, and he stooped; he walked with a slight limp. Robert was broad and good-looking. He was a man to feel proud of. At the same time, it was George's face that seemed to come before her.

"Can ye guess, Isabel?" said Robert joyously.

The girl looked at him with clear eyes. She said nothing.

"I am going to settle down in this dull little place, and it's all because of you." He stopped talking. The little note of triumph seemed to linger on in the air. The river rippled at their feet. Tall iris leaves fringed the banks.

"But George?" said Isabel softly. The words seemed to fall from her against her will. She looked up and flushed quickly.

"That's just what I thocht," said Robert. He was not in the least surprised at her suggestive words. He drew near her. "Elizabeth asked him; he disna love you."

There was a silence. The flush left Isabel's cheek. She tried to smile. It was rather an unsteady effort.

Robert began again. "I've saved money; we could tak' a little farm. Will ye be my wife, Isabel?"

It was some time before they turned homeward. They met George in the narrow pathway. Robert was walking in front of Isabel. He was swinging his stick from side to side. "Here's a sister for you, George," he called out loudly.

George passed him. He faced Isabel in the pathway. "It's come aboot, has it?" he said calmly. "I'm glad, Isabel." He went on blindly to the spot where they had stood. He looked at the river; the sound of the ripple seemed far away. The iris leaves were blurred before his eyes. He stood there stupidly for ages. He was not considering the probability that Isabel might have loved him if it had not been for Robert. He was merely trying to face the emptiness of his life.

* * * *

"George," said Elizabeth one day. It was nearly a year later. They had gone back to their usual groove. Outwardly things were just the same as in the old existence. "George!" she repeated sharply. "There's ae thing I want ye to ken afore I dee. It's nae on accoont o' ony guid it can dae now, but I wouldna like to gang awa' wi' a lee on my soul."

George looked up from his work. He wished, irritably, that Elizabeth would not stand in the doorway framed by the yellow roses. She related briefly the tale of Robert's love-making. She showed no confusion. Her confession was prompted merely by an act of justice to herself.

"She never kenned I loved her," George said dreamily; he lingered on the words. Elizabeth stared at him.

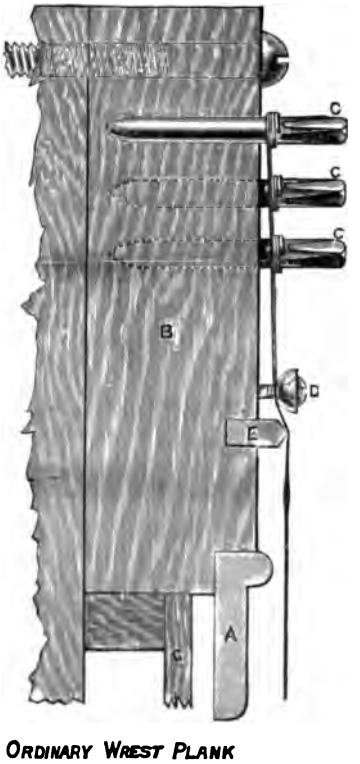
"Robert's a man," she said as she went out. It was one of her usual comparative statements. She stood outside the workshop. She could just see the chimneys of Robert's and Isabel's home. "There's nae one happier than Robert," she said; "I'd dae it again!" She sighed as she spoke. She would not acknowledge even to herself that life had become very dreary.

George had shut the door. He wanted to shut out the sounds of the summer, the hum of the bees, the rustle of the breeze in the flowers. Above all, he wished to escape from the sight and the sound of the yellow roses. He was dimly conscious that, hard as it is to face the fact that what we most desire is not for us, living without it is even harder.

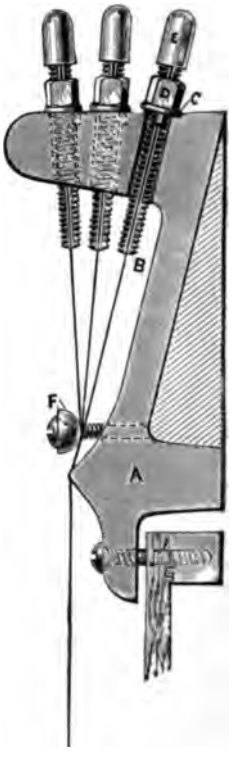
THE EVOLUTION OF A PIANO.

IF you have been to Covent Garden Opera House when "The Marriage of Figaro" was being produced, you must have heard in the course of a few hours the whole gamut of music on strings, and seen the evolution of the piano from first to last. A crowd stopped your hansom at the street corner where a man with deft tapering little hammers strummed the Intermezzo on the wires stretched across a sounding-box, supported on a movable stand, thus demonstrating one of the early stages of the piano. In the orchestra of the opera itself you would see the harp swept by the musician's fingers; but here the player had got the length of a hammer or plectrum, a distinct advance on the picturesque harp. Yet that same orchestra leads you further afield, for you will hear the gentle jingle of the harpsichord, for which Mozart originally scored his masterpieces, and which the purists of today sometimes introduce into the varied orchestra we know.

Having reached home, you will possibly be haunted so completely by some theme in the opera that you will reproduce it on your piano. And what a marvel you have *at your hand—a complete* orchestra (if the *piano be a good one), an instrument* that has advanced so enormously on the harpsichord you heard that, beyond the common possession of a keyboard, the two seem ages apart, in a way that Mozart, in his most optimistic moments, could never have dreamt of. In short, in the course of this one evening you have traversed the whole range of the evolution of the piano.



ORDINARY WREST PLANK



BRINSMEAD WREST PLANK
PAT. №5609

Few people have done more to obliterate the similarity between that harpsichord and your own piano than the Brinsmeads, as I shall attempt to show. Even between the pianos which they turned out when they

started and the instruments that are ranged row on row in their gleaming cases at Wigmore Street there is an enormous difference, as great, indeed, as the transformation of the world as we know it from the England of pre-Victorian times when William the Fourth still reigned, and while Victoria was the pretty Princess of Kensington Palace. Sixty years of enormous advance in science could not have left the primitive piano of 1836 unaffected. Those sixty years have brought forth master mechanicians of every type: among them the house of Brinsmead to the third generation—father, sons, and grandsons—each handing on to the other the gift of accumulating experience, until to-day they turn out the best pianos you may meet.

It was in 1836 that John Brinsmead started business, and, strange to say, he lives to see the marvellous fruit that his original ingenuity nurtured. Mr. Brinsmead put brains and conscience into his business, and in the end he had also to put in his sons, Thomas and Edgar, to bear the burden of the expansion which followed his notable endeavours. For the business was bound to increase. People found that a Brinsmead was an excellent article, and naturally recommended it; while each generation was presented by its predecessor with a newer type of the firm's work. Besides this expansion by means of recommendation, there has been the gradual increase of prosperity which has enabled all classes to avail themselves of the artistic side of life; so that the piano has penetrated to the stratum of the Board School child, whose very fees have been thrown on the rates. That is why there is no end to the making and selling of pianos; for while the old ones last for an indefinite period, new ones of better make are constantly needed to satisfy the demands of the widening audience which the spread of

STRENGTHENING A SOUNDING-BOARD: USING GOBARS.

IN THE SAW-MILL.

money and the raising of ideals following on compulsory primary education have created.

To a firm like the Brinsmeads, with the energy of youth (based ever on experience), with ingenuity and enterprise, this constant expansion has been an incentive to keep in the very front, so that at the present time they occupy the most honourable position, their pianos sounding everywhere—in the palaces of the Queen and the Pope, in the spacious *saloons of a* P. and O. boat, and in numberless private houses of every degree scattered throughout the length and breadth of the empire.

The actual work of making the pianos is carried out at Kentish Town under the direction of Mr. Thomas James Brinsmead, the elder son of the founder of the firm; the more purely business side of the enterprise is superintended in the spacious repository in Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, by Mr. Edgar Brinsmead, one of the most remarkable figures in the modern commercial world. Some idea of the extent of the operations of the Brinsmeads will be gained from a glance at the Kentish Town Works, which adjoin the London and North-Western Railway Company's station. There you will find a perfect forest of wood, over a million feet of it, from every part of the world—oak, cedar, mahogany, rosewood, spruce, walnut, teak, beech, ash, poplar, and the like, waiting to be sawn and planed

PREPARING IRON FRAME FOR ENAMELLING.

and polished, and converted into pianos.

The mere manipulation of this great forest of wood involves a carefulness which is difficult for the layman to grasp. Just consider that the wood has to be thoroughly seasoned, not by artificial drying, but by long exposure to the air for three or four, or even eight years, and the interest on such stock alone is a very heavy item, to say nothing of the original cost of the material. Fine American walnut and mahogany, for instance, are worth over tenpence per foot.

A TUNEFUL CORNER.

But when you have said all this, you have only begun making your piano. Just consider that the action, keys, and pedal work alone are composed of 6637 separate pieces in each piano, and you can see that the modern piano is more marvellous than Pandora's box. Where the Brinsmeads make an additional gain on other manufacturers is in their possession of some very valuable patents affecting the sounding-board,

CLAMPING GRAND PIANO.

action, frame, and stringing and tuning apparatus. The first is really the lungs of the instrument, and is of the utmost importance. Here it is that the exceptional quality of the wood employed comes in. Then take the action. The ordinary piano produces a staccato sound. Not so the Brinsmeads', for they have invented the "perfect check repeater." Another notable innovation is the way they have dealt with the string-frame. Remember that the string-frame has to stand a strain of no less than nineteen and a half tons in a Brinsmead upright iron grand, and you will understand that the back must be made with extraordinary care to prevent something giving way. Here their "perfect wrest plank" comes in. Its excellence is shown by the fact that out of thirty thousand in use not one has ever split. Again, they adjust the tuning-pegs in an overhanging flange of iron—not in wood—so that the string remains secure and has no tendency to shift.

MESSRS. BRINSMEAD'S PREMISES IN WIGMORE STREET.

Such are some of the essentials of the good piano, and the Brinsmeads have thrown so much individuality into their work that their instruments might bear the motto of the old regiment, "Second to None." It is this excellence that has brought them the supreme recompense—the Legion of Honour—that is to say, the highest distinction that has ever been conferred on a pianoforte maker—and also more than fifty gold medals and other similar distinctions, the latest being granted at the Australian Exhibition at Brisbane last year.

The details of the whole delicate art are carried out with the same care and the same ingenuity. To wander through the spacious shops at Kentish Town and watch the whole process is extremely interesting. The plank-maker having prepared, veneered, and backed his planks, stores them for re-seasoning. Then the back-maker in due season unstores them, and manipulates them with bracings, bolts, screws; and the iron front is pinned in position. Then you are ready to deal with the sounding-board, with its complicated strings, all fitted to a nicety, involving a practical knowledge of acoustics; and there are the keys and hammers, the blocks and cloths, and the thousand and one little odds and ends to fit up.

But no written description can convey an adequate idea of the laborious but beautiful process of evolving the piano from the raw material. Suffice it to say that we have now reached a point where the mechanism is equal to the musician, be he ever so exigent. What the future may bring forth no man may say. For the present, you may take it that a modern Brinsmead is fit for the work demanded of it by composers and executants as well.

Photo by Adele, Vienna.

THE LATE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

THE ROYAL HOUSE OF AUSTRIA AND ITS MURDERED EMPRESS.

ONCE again tragic calamity has overtaken the house of Hapsburg. The measure of its grief seemed full to overflowing, for violent death had visited the family many times. The Emperor's brother Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, was condemned and shot at Queretaro in 1867, Archduke Ladislaus was shot in the hunting-field, Prince Louis of Trani and Archduke Johann were both drowned, in 1889 the Crown Prince Rudolph died by his own act, and only last year the sister of the Empress, the Duchess d'Alençon, perished in the Paris Charity Bazaar fire. But a heavier blow was to fall on the aged Emperor. On Saturday, Sept. 10, while the Empress was proceeding from the Hôtel Beau Rivage at Geneva to the steamer, she was assassinated by a ruffian named Luccheni, who professed himself an Anarchist. He had no motive save his own criminal enthusiasm for a cause of which his conceptions were ill defined. The irony of the occurrence is all the stronger that the victim was so entirely blameless, so undeserving of such a fate. On the Emperor, in this the year of his jubilee, the blow falls with terrible severity. Like his consort, he, too, lived only to benefit his people. The story of their lives, briefly told in the present article, is singularly romantic.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and Hungary, was born at Stockholm on Aug. 18, 1830. His father having renounced the succession, Francis Joseph succeeded his uncle—who abdicated—in December 1848. In 1854 he married his cousin Elizabeth Amelia, a daughter of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria. Their Majesties have had three children, one son and two daughters. One daughter is married to Leopold, Prince of Bavaria, the other to Francis Salvator, Archduke of Austria. The son—the ill-fated Prince Rudolph, was married to Stéphanie, Princess of Belgium, in 1881; their only child, the Archduchess Elizabeth, was born two years afterwards. As by the Salic law she cannot succeed to the throne, it passes to a nephew of his Majesty, Francis Ferdinand of Austria-Este. Next December the Emperor will have reigned in Austria fifty years — years that have brought many changes, and more than the usual amount of trouble. Still, there have been many bright spots, even amidst the heaviest cares and sorrows. He was only about twenty-four years of age when he made a marriage which was much more romantic than imperial alliances usually are, and was most certainly a love-match. The nation was anxious that he should take a wife, and he had a mother who was a true match-maker; so a Princess was found for him, and like a knight of old the Emperor set out for the castle where the lady dwelt. The eldest daughter of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria was the Princess designated; but the best laid plans go awry, and half-hearted suitors

have a knack of suddenly asserting themselves if another face takes their fancy, even at the eleventh hour. Francis Joseph was proceeding through the park which surrounded the Bavarian ducal castle when his attention was suddenly attracted by a young girl in a short dress, whose extraordinary beauty fixed his attention, and straightway won his heart. From that moment his resolve to wed no other was taken. It was not brought about without opposition, though; not from the Bavarian family, for the Princess selected by the nation was not the least in love with the Emperor, and the Duke did not at all mind which daughter became Empress; but his Majesty's own family and the Austrian aristocracy opposed the match in the most emphatic manner: Princess Elizabeth was only a younger daughter, and all but penniless. To all the protests made the Emperor turned a deaf ear; and thus it came to pass that instead of marrying the elder Princess he married her younger sister.

THE LATE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

The Austrian Court is stiff now, but it was doubly so at the period of the Emperor's accession and marriage, and it was, moreover, much under the influence of the Jesuits; they were, in fact, all-powerful at the Hofburg. With the advent of the young Empress, however, an entire change set in; the circle became gay and bright, and much of the old Spanish etiquette was relegated to the background. Both here and at Schönbrunn brilliant assemblies were the order of the day, and Vienna became one of the most fashionable capitals of the period. Since then, events dire and disastrous have overtaken the Hapsburgs; the imperial lives have been hopelessly shadowed, and it is only on rare and not to be avoided occasions that the Court resumes its former gaiety. But although it knows how to be gay, there is discipline in the Hapsburgs' Court. The late Crown Prince Rudolph seems to have had an extremely rigid training, being over-crammed and over-disciplined; his brain was, indeed, subject to such intense strain that there is very little doubt the whole of his after life was affected by it. With parents absorbed by State and other duties the boy was entirely in the hands of martinets and pedagogues. The military men had the precedence, and as they were rigid disciplinarians of the old Austrian school, they were more than exacting in their methods. Themselves insensible to fatigue, they compelled the young Prince to rise at an abnormally early hour, to bathe and swim in cold water, regardless of weather, to go through all sorts of stiff drill and field exercises, and generally comport himself as a hardy man instead of a child of tender years. He survived the ordeal, however, and grew up a well informed—nay, really a brilliant man, with a perfect knowledge of a dozen languages, a genuine love of poetry and art, and a literary reputation.

The actual daily life of both Emperor and Empress was as free from ceremony as they could make it. Each of them early risers, they managed to get through a great deal of work during the day in their own respective directions. For a long time the troubled state of the country has caused his Majesty much anxious thought, and afforded him but few spare moments. He is still one of the most noticeable figures amongst European

FRANCIS JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AND KING OF HUNGARY

Born August 18, 1830; Ascended the Throne December 2, 1848.

Photo by Pietzner, Vienna.

ARCHDUKE FRANCIS FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA-ESTE, HEIR TO THE AUSTRIAN THRONE.

Royalty; the head of a family which is one of the oldest and wealthiest. His Majesty is tall, with snowy-white hair and deeply furrowed features, on which is generally seen an expression of great sadness. His manner is wonderfully attractive and sympathetic, and is distinguished by an utter absence of affectation. If he is ambitious for anything, it is for the political eminence of his country and for the welfare of his poorer subjects. Every year he contributes largely to institutions and societies for the benefit of the poor, and to celebrate his Jubilee, which takes place at the end of this present year, he intends giving a large sum of money to be used for the erection of artisans' dwellings. The favourite pastime of the Emperor is hunting, and at Ischl, in the Tyrol, he has a small and plainly furnished lodge, where perhaps some of his happiest moments are spent.

The Empress was far better known in England than is the Emperor on account of the frequency with which she was formerly accustomed to hunt with English packs. Almost from a child she enjoyed the reputation of being one of the fastest and most daring riders on record. A few years since a bad accident incapacitated her for the time being, and although she was able to resume her riding it was only to a limited extent. Another exercise the Empress was much addicted to was walking. She would rise at an extremely early hour, and cover miles of ground before ordinary people were up. Any one of her Majesty's maids-of-honour trembled at the thought of having to accompany her, although they were often indulged by mounts being provided for them to cover a part of the distance. On one of these occasions, a peasant, who was well acquainted with the neighbourhood the Empress wished to traverse, was engaged as a guide. After walking a number of miles without showing the least sign of fatigue, the man was so astonished that he turned to the Empress and said: "Your Majesty walks very well for a woman of your age," much to the amusement of the latter. With all this, her Majesty's daily diet would scarcely content many a peasant woman, for she seldom touched meat, her staple support being really milk. Yachting, too, the Empress delighted in; she had a most beautiful yacht named the *Miramer*, well

THE LATE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH.

known at all the Mediterranean ports. The cargo brought off when the yacht finally put in was worth seeing, for curios were brought from all parts, and lately her

Majesty had been in the habit of adding live-stock in the shape of cows to the collection. Not long ago her Majesty was staying at Naples, and as she generally travelled under the name of Countess Hohenembs, very few of the inhabitants knew of the presence of the royal visitor. One day she had a desire to visit one of the pretty Italian fairs being held, and taking with her only one lady companion, she made the round of the booths and shows. One toy-booth had proved itself particularly attractive to a crowd of children, who had gathered round and were regarding the various playthings with longing eyes. Seeing this, the Empress, in her kindly impulsive way, bought up the entire stock, and then and there herself distributed it amongst the children. Often she would enter a church for mass or vespers, and worship quietly amongst the poor there assembled, utterly unknown, and then on leaving bestow various sums of money on these same poor, who, Continental fashion, await the visitor's charity on the church steps. Her Majesty had an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and was continually

Photo by Turk, Vienna

PRINCESS STÉPHANIE, WIDOW OF THE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH.

studying some new language, Greek being the last to be added to the list. Some years ago she built a beautiful residence on the island of Corfu; both the palace and the hills surrounding it were veritable dreams of beauty. It cost an immense sum, but for some reason is now in the market.

Thirteen miles out of Vienna is a charming little château known as Laxenberg. It is built in the fashion of a fortress of the Middle Ages, and contains a beautiful collection of rich carvings and Gothic furniture, much of which came from convents which were suppressed, or from old ruined castles. It has a beautiful private Gothic chapel, which was built by Duke Leopold in 1220 at Klosterneuburg; and was afterwards taken down piece by piece and removed hither. This toy castle—for as such it appears—was a favourite retreat of Maria Theresa and other monarchs, and was also much used by the Emperor and Empress. Their eldest child was born there.

LAXENBERG PALACE.

The most beautiful residence of all belonging to the Austrian royal family is at Schönbrunn: this is an immense palace, containing some eleven hundred apartments. It is beautifully situated outside the city of Vienna, and is surrounded by magnificent and far-reaching gardens and park. Within the park enclosure, and but a stone's-throw from the palace, there are both botanical and zoological gardens. The grounds of the former are lavishly stocked with every known variety of plant suitable for open-air production, and the contents of the many glass-houses are lovely beyond description. Amongst the zoological collection there is every known species of bird and beast. The terraces and gardens immediately surrounding the palace are very fine. Here I saw lemon-trees in all their beauty, amidst the groves of which fountains were playing and flowers blooming. Shady walks and winding avenues stretch away in every direction, the latter flanked by what

appear at first sight to be high walls, but which on a nearer acquaintance I discovered to be foliage, cultivated with an effect that is at once striking and unique. The number of sculptured marble groups is prodigious; the fountain-piece in the central avenue is particularly fine: it is a colossal representation of Neptune with sea-horses and Tritons. This, and the majority of the other groups, was the work of Beyer. The "Gloriette," which is a special feature, is on an eminence at the far end of a long sloping walk; the graceful erection rises to a height of eight hundred feet, and the view from it is simply magnificent. Everything is laid out altogether in French style, and it says much for the kindly generosity of their Imperial Majesties that the entire grounds and gardens are open to the public each day at stated hours; here both the aristocracy and the democracy of Vienna may enjoy themselves as they will, ample seating accommodation being provided in every direction.

Photo by Türk, Vienna.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF PRINCESS STÉPHANIE.

It is curious to watch the King's employés at work in the gardens: men and women are hoeing, raking, digging,

and sweeping side by side, and no particular attention is directed to the women sharing this work, unless it is on the part of English and American visitors. But even *this* was outvied by what I had seen outside the park, where a new road was being constructed, and quite as many women as men were engaged in the arduous work entailed. All over Vienna one sees this sort of thing; there seems to be just about as many of the fair sex engaged in building, road-making, and gardening as there are men, and they seem to get through it with just the same ease.

The fine old Palace was originally commenced for the Emperor Matthias, and was finished by Maria Theresa. Its interior is remarkable for the grandeur and wealth of its decoration. Suite after suite of rooms, all of wonderful brilliance, may be traversed; and nearly all of them show something fresh and wonderful. It is all in accordance with one's taste as to what may be specially admired or preferred: the artist without doubt would spend the most time in the saloons remarkable for their paintings—Gran, Rottmayr, and Salvator Rosa all being seen here at their best. Collectors of curios would be enchanted with antique timepieces, rare old inlaid cabinets, and priceless porcelain. The Emperor's saloon and the reception-room of the Empress are, of course, very interesting, as they are more personal; and each of them contains memoirs of the shooting and hunting for which their Majesties are respectively famed.

SALSBURG.

I must, however, devote a small space to mention of the Hofburg, the town palace. This is an immense building or collection of buildings; for while some of it dates from the thirteenth century, the newest part of all was in course of erection when I saw it somewhat recently. There are numerous entrances, leading to an endless number of apartments, all of which are exquisitely decorated and richly

THE SCHÖNBRUNN.

furnished with artistic productions of all periods. The private apartments are in the Amalienhof. In what is known as the Emperor's Writing-room of this suite, his Majesty passes much of his time. Here he receives visitors and holds consultations with the chief of his Ministers: numerous and trying these conferences have been of late. There is a fine collection of family portraits here, and also some battle-scenes in which the Austrian Imperials have taken part; and although the furniture is richly carved and the entire fittings of the costliest description, yet at the same time the room presents a thoroughly business aspect by reason of the various writing-tables, desks, and numbers of books of reference. There

THE EMPEROR'S WRITING-ROOM, SCHONBRUNN.

is also a carved cherry-wood coffer, which plays a very important part. The Emperor uses it not only for stowing away books containing his private accounts, but he has also a knack of putting into it any petition which has been presented to him that he does not particularly want to sign: when such a document disappears, Ministers understand what it means. It is well known that Francis Joseph is very averse to capital punishment. When a death-warrant is placed before him for his signature he will find every imaginable excuse for refraining from signing it. More than once, after reading the paper through and finding nothing to excuse the offender, he has quietly observed, "I cannot sign," and torn it up. Occasionally the Cabinet meetings are held in the Conference Hall; this by reason of its dimensions being more suitable for the presence of a larger number on business intent. This hall contains fine paintings of the former Emperors of the country, a bronze equestrian statue, a sword of State surmounted by the Imperial Eagle, and a fine alabaster bust of the Empress.

MARIA THERESA MONUMENT, HOFBURG, VIENNA.

The throne-room, ball-room, dining-hall, State drawing-rooms, etc., are highly effective in appointments, and are all of immense size; the dining-hall, when prepared for a banquet, is regally grand—the Austrian gold plate is so superb and the quantity so large. It is all kept in the Treasury, a wing which contains all the State jewels and regalia, one of the most ancient and most costly collections in Europe. The royal library contains between four and five hundred thousand volumes and upwards of twenty thousand valuable manuscripts. One has to go back centuries for the period of their production.

Outside the Palace there are some very beautiful groups of marble statuary. That erected to Maria Theresa is generally considered to be the finest group of modern days.

The City of Vienna is a stately aristocratic capital, made beautiful by its magnificent thoroughfares, flanked by handsome buildings of immense size and height, together with much architectural beauty. The Imperial Museum, the Opera House, the Burg-Theater and the Municipal Buildings may be quoted as leading examples; and the city is also enriched with numerous sculptural masterpieces in monuments and statuary. Only the wealthiest of the Austrian aristocracy can reside in the capital, however, for rents are so fabulous, and every article of clothing and food also excessively dear. Nevertheless, in rather less than thirty years the population has nearly trebled itself, much of the city's prosperity being due to the untiring efforts and personal expenditure of the Emperor himself.

MARY SPENCER WARREN.

A SORRY AFFAIR.

By STEPHEN HAYNES.

TED TREVOR was a pretty, fair-haired boy, with grey eyes that had never failed to win the hearts of women. Left an orphan at the age of thirteen, he was brought up by an indulgent grandmother, who, instead of putting him to a public school, foolishly kept him at home (on the plea that his health was delicate) and engaged the services of a private tutor. At sixteen he was sent to a "coach" in Norfolk to be prepared for Cambridge. He was a clever, quick-witted boy; but his Cambridge career was a failure, and on coming of age he left college abruptly. Possessed of a sum of eight thousand pounds, he thought he could afford to do without a degree.

He meant to see life: and for that purpose struck up an acquaintance with a certain Bernard Lascelles, a decayed actor who had started life as John Huggins, knew any number of professionals it seemed, and was willing, even eager, to introduce Ted to them. Not the ladies and gentlemen whose names are best known on London playbills; because, as he explained, "anyone can know them; they go in for Society and respectability, and all that sort of thing, and wherever you go you are bound to meet them." Oh, no; it was to quite a different world that Lascelles was going to lead Ted. "Bohemia, and no mistake, my boy"; and the boy addressed felt a flutter at the thought that he, too, would soon be a denizen of that marvellous country.

At first, it is true, he was rather astonished that all these ladies and gentlemen should be content to go round the provinces in small parts. But this was easily explained. There is so much jealousy in the Profession, and the better you are, the less chance you have of getting on. London audiences have not the discriminating faculty that is to be found in the provinces. So, in time, the boy grew to believe it all.

He was proud of walking along the Strand with seedy-looking men who spoke the argot of the slums, prouder still of being allowed to stand suppers to ladies whose English was as doubtful as their virtue, and who were old enough to be his mother. Night after night he reeled off to bed, to wake next morning with a splitting headache that could only be cured by fresh supplies of whiskies and sodas. Down-hill he continued to go, and fancied that he was enjoying himself.

It was Lascelles' bright idea that Ted should "run a show"; in other words, tour round the provinces with his own company. "You're fit for nothing but being boss, you know," he said one evening, when he was in the boy's rooms off the Strand, smoking his cigars and drinking his wine. "You look a Lord Duke, and nothing will suit you but being top of the tree." And so low had the boy fallen that the vulgar compliment pleased him.

"And how am I to set about it?"

"Oh, I'll put you in the way. I know a fellow—Malvoni—who wants to bring out an opera. There's good money in it if it is properly worked; and if anyone can do it, you can. I tell you what I'll do. I'll bring him round here to-morrow, and then you can talk matters over with him. It's the best thing in light opera that has been in the market for years."

It was a grand chance. Malvoni, whose accent suggested Ireland as his birthplace, was one degree more seedy-looking than Lascelles; but when he talked of "Florisette" it seemed to the boy that he

was in the presence of a great musician, and he thought that a special providence must have blinded the eyes of the great London managers to their own interests to have left such a treasure for him. As far as the music went, Ted was a fairly competent judge. He loved music as only a man can; not studying it, like nine women out of ten, for effect, or to soothe jaded nerves, but just because there was a chord in his heart that answered to the chords and harmonies of the dearest of all the arts; and he knew that in getting hold of "Florisette" he had got something that was very good indeed.

But what he did not know was that to ensure success something more is wanted than capital, a love of music, and the choice of pretty faces that will look well behind the footlights. Experience of things theatrical, knowing what will please your public, a sound head for business, and capacities for organisation—all these were needed. But this Lascelles did not tell him, for he was not running the show that Ted might make a good thing out of it, but that *he* might make a good thing out of Ted.

So the bargain was completed, and Ted found himself the fortunate owner of "Florisette," with all rights reserved. He could not get a theatre in which to rehearse, so a room was engaged off the Strand, and there every day, from eleven to five, Ted might have been seen, surrounded by his company and going through "Florisette," until the constant repetition drove him nearly to the verge of distraction.

"Ladies of the chorus, your turn, please. Go back to the Flirtation Chorus—the sopranos are not steady on the high notes." And with giggles and nudges, the ladies of the chorus stood up, and once more implored the musical director to "gaze upon our pretty features." Ted had heard it all before, and knew where the break would come, when they would all be sent back once again. Heavens! what a lot they were! Dressed in every degree of shabbiness, with dyed hair and faces most inartistically painted; he wondered how he had ever admired them, even when seen in all the glory of satin and tinsel through the glitter of the footlights. And while the singing went on, and the elderly soprano flirted outrageously with a very young tenor, Ted found himself vaguely wondering what Sylvie would think of it all.

The room seemed to fade away; and he saw, instead, a sunlit field, and he was lying at full length under an elm, at a girl's feet. Instead of the Flirtation Chorus, he heard a soft voice saying, "I shall miss you, Ted, when you are gone"; and then a hand was slipped into his—a dear little hand, with ridiculous baby dimples on the knuckles—and they sat in silence. How Sylvie's presence had brightened those rather dreary months when he had been reading with his tutor; until it had grown to be looked on as a settled thing that he should go over the fields to the Warrenders' Rectory, and spend all his afternoons with her; photographing everything of interest round the place, including that most interesting object of all, Miss Sylvia Warrender. Those had been happy days, though he had fretted at the dull country life, and had been impatient to leave the Norfolk village for Cambridge.

"I want to see life," he had explained to Sylvie. "A fellow can't spend all his days knocking about this wretched little hole!" And if she felt hurt, she did not show it. She knew that, like the heroes of old, Ted must go forth to conquer, while she would watch his triumphs from afar.

Ted went; but the triumphs she dreamed of did not come to him. When the news reached the Rectory that he had left Cambridge Mr. Warrender shook his head, and thought Sylvie had better not write so often to that young Trevor: he would come to no good. Sylvie obeyed, and Ted felt much injured. Hardly any letters now passed between them, and every act of his life seemed to put those golden days further and further into the limbo of never-to-be-repeated pleasures.

Crash came the final chords of the chorus, and Ted's vision of the sunlit field faded; the rehearsal was over, and all were getting into their wraps and preparing to go out into the London fog. As the girls

hurried by, one face among the twenty struck him. He did not recollect having seen her before; she must have taken the place of the girl who broke down yesterday at rehearsal, or else he could not have helped noticing her. There was something in the graceful figure, fair hair, and wistful droop of the mouth that recalled Sylvie to him; a coarser edition of her, it is true, and lacking her dainty finish, but upon everything that reminded him of Sylvie he was inclined to look with favour.

"Who is that new girl?" he asked Lascelles, who, with Malvoni, came strolling up to him, to hear how he thought the show had gone.

"Girl—which girl?"

"A tall, fair girl in black."

"Oh, that's Danvers—Beatrice Danvers. She's had very little stage experience: toured round with 'The Black Prince,' and did a song in the second act; but she has a lovely voice, and isn't a bad-looking girl."

Ted hurried up the Strand; the fog had lifted a little, the lights shone yellow in the mist, and the shop windows still looked tempting to the country-bred boy. Suddenly it struck him that it was very near Christmas, and what better could he do than buy a Christmas present for Sylvie? It should be a peace-offering, and he would send no letter with it, for it should bear its own message. He entered a jeweller's and began turning over brooches to find something that should please her. The shopman suggested a ring—"A diamond ring, Sir!"—but Ted pushed away the rings impatiently; he had no right to give her one; he wondered drearily whether he ever would have that right. At last he found what he wanted—a brooch made as a note of interrogation in diamonds. She would understand the question that yet was no question, and guess what it meant. He was pleased with his purchase, and stepped out of the shop feeling light-hearted and hopeful, and, as he did so, pushed against a girl who was looking into the window. He raised his hat with quick apology, and saw that it was Beatrice Danvers.

"I beg your pardon," and then—for she was pretty and he was lonely—"I saw you at rehearsal to-day; how do you think we got on?" But the girl looked at him coldly, murmured something he could not hear, and passed quickly on, leaving him alone. He was not a little astonished.

"Very few girls would have treated a fellow like that, especially their manager. I must find out all about her from Lascelles, for she's a specimen of the lady chorister that is new to me; and yet I like her all the better for that snub."

II.

The curtain had gone down on the last act of "Florisette," and the Prince's Theatre, Liverpool, was already half empty; the dress-circle, shrouded in brown holland coverings, presenting the usual air of melancholy that characterises provincial theatres, where the employés are anxious to get off home, and do not possess the fine artistic sensibilities that would tell them that the last impressions of an audience should not be holland coverings. Ted, lounging at the bar, watched the process as he had done for the last three months—from the triumphant first night in Portsmouth, when "Florisette" was literally floated on a sea of champagne, through the various stages of smaller audiences and dwindling receipts. Now he felt that something must be done unless the company was to come to grief, and he with the company.

"Poor house to-night," said Lascelles, strolling up to him.

"'Florisette' usually is played to poor houses," was Ted's answer.

"But I don't know how the show is to pay its way, if this sort of thing goes on much longer. Meredith says she won't come on to-morrow unless she is paid up; and where the money is to come from——" Lascelles finished with an expressive shrug.

"Not from the Box Office. But I tell you what: put Danvers on; she has a better voice than Meredith, even if she is a bit of a stick."

"But Danvers has had no experience; she can't play Florisette."

"Do as I tell you," growled Ted; and Lascelles dared say no more.

There was a change in Ted. He looked thin and ill, and even worse; for there are experiences that tell on a man's face more than years of honest living can do, and he had been down in very dark places. "I am like a professional beauty," he had said to Beatrice Danvers; "only fit to be seen by candle-light"; and though at the time she had laughed, she sighed afterwards to think that it was true.

For she loved him. Not with a very lofty kind of love, perhaps, but with the best of which she was capable; he was to her the embodiment of the hero of the penny novelette, and as she was fond of saying in the dressing-room, "He always treats me like a lady." Poor Ted! However low he might sink, he would never forget to treat a woman with courtesy; and, to a girl of Beatrice Danvers' stamp, this subtle homage paid to her sex was wonderfully attractive, because, in the storm-tossed life she had led, she had had so little experience of it. All the company saw that Danvers was "gone" on Ted, all but Ted himself; to him "Florisette" was spelling ruin in more ways than one, and he troubled himself very little about Miss Danvers.

To-night his thoughts were busy with the vexed question how to raise enough money to keep "Florisette" afloat a little longer. It must pay in the end, and the public must recognise what a good thing was being given to them; so he determined to run up to town and see his solicitor, that accommodating gentleman who had, so far, been able to meet all his wishes, but who had warned him at their last interview that "this sort of thing couldn't go on much longer." He stayed in Liverpool to see "Florisette" rehearsed, with Beatrice Danvers in the title-rôle, which, to Lascelles' astonishment, she did uncommonly well.

Satisfied with the changes he had made, Ted set off for town; and after an interview with the man of law, which ended in a further advance, strolled towards Knightsbridge to call on an old college chum. Passing Woolland's, he was struck by a girl waiting outside in a carriage. There was something familiar to him in the turn of the head, and he looked again—to meet Sylvia Warrender's eyes fixed upon him with a glance in which astonishment and sorrow were mingled (but he did not know it) with a little disgust.

"Sylvie! Where did you come from? I have been longing to see you!" And then his eye was caught by a flash of diamonds somewhere near her dainty chin, and he recognised the brooch he had given her.

"I am staying with the St. Johns, friends of papa's. But, oh, Ted, what have you been doing with yourself? You look so—so——"

"Down on my luck," finished Ted. "Don't be afraid of hurting my feelings, Sylvie."

He looked up at her with love in his eyes, and an older woman—one more experienced in the ways of men—would have seen only the love in them, and have forgiven all the rest. But Sylvie was young, and she had been guarded by loving parents from all knowledge of the realities of life, and so she saw, not the Ted she used to know, not even the boy with heart and eyes full of love for her, but a coarsened, dissipated likeness of Ted, from which she shrank in refined horror and maidenly disgust.

"Aren't you glad to see me, Sylvie?" he went on. "I have had a rough time of it lately, but I can forget it all now I have seen you."

And then Sylvie spoke. Ted never had a very clear recollection of what she said; perhaps because he turned into a bar immediately after. But what he did remember was that she had cast him off with a decision from which there could be no possibility of appeal. There had been, if that muddled brain of his did not mislead him, one or two allusions to her father's displeasure at the life he was leading, with a vague reference to the change in her own feelings; and the blood rushed to his face as he recalled her shrinking from him—when he had tried to take her hand. But of pity for him, of sorrow for the breaking of the old ties, he

could not remember one word; her dainty refinement could know no sympathy for a poor fellow down on his luck.

But yet Sylvie's eyes were full of tears as she drove home, and Mrs. St. John must have found her a very dull companion. Alone in her room she wept long and bitterly over this ending to her love-story. It was not her Ted that she had parted from more in sorrow than in anger; the boy she loved was dead, and his grave was in those eyes that had looked so strangely into hers—the eyes of this coarse-faced man who bore her lover's name. But Ted knew nothing of her sorrow; he did not see the tears or guess the heartache; to him she seemed cold and cruel, and he, too, felt that the Sylvie he had loved was dead.

"DON'T BE AFRAID OF HURTING MY FEELINGS, SYLVIE."

This chance meeting proved the proverbial last straw to Ted Trevor. Up to that moment he might have been saved, might have done himself justice, and fulfilled all the fond hopes of tutors and guardians. It was only a touch, either way; but the hand that should have helped him had given him the push that was to send him down-hill, beyond hope of recall—for it was the hand that he loved the best. On his return to Liverpool he found that things were improving. Beatrice Danvers made a pretty Florisette, and they were playing to fuller houses than they had done for weeks. Lascelles met him with a beaming face.

"Everything has gone splendidly in your absence—Danvers is drawing big houses, and we are sure of good notices."

"I suppose it has gone splendidly because of my absence, which has given you a free hand," sneered Ted.

He was feeling sore and miserable, and even grudged "Florisette" its run of luck, since it had come while he was away. Lascelles said nothing, though he expressed himself pretty freely on the subject to Malvoni next Monday, in Glasgow, at rehearsal; thereby calling down the leading lady's wrath upon his head, and making him declare to the rest of the company, when she had accomplished her rather stormy exit, that "he had no idea that Danvers girl had such a temper." But the Danvers girl was not happy about Ted. Though she took care to refuse all his invitations, yet she heard enough about the suppers he gave—suppers at which neither host nor guests were ever sober—to make her uncomfortable; and once or twice, behind the scenes, she had met him reeling along with a flushed face and vacant eye. Unlike Sylvia Warrender, she had been educated in a rough school, so she knew what such things were, and was not disgusted as the other girl had been, nor did she break her heart over it—it was a way some men had, that was all; but she determined to save him from himself, and the best plan she could think of was to marry him.

There was nothing strange in this, according to Beatrice Danvers' sense of

the fitness of things. She was older than Ted, and stronger willed, and she fancied that it was the only way in which she could save him from ruin; and besides, married to him, what a career lay before her! Visions of a London theatre, with herself as leading lady, rose before her eyes, and she felt more than ever impressed with the sense that it was Ted's benefit, and not her own, that she was seeking; for with her as his wife, fame and fortune would lie within his reach. She did not find her task a difficult one. Ted had always admired her, because of that fancied resemblance to Sylvie; and then, by keeping him at a distance, she had fanned the admiration into a warmer feeling. So that when she smiled on him, and let him see her home at night, and came to his rooms to tea, and, in short, began to take an interest in him, he felt grateful to her. They were sitting one afternoon in his lodgings, Beatrice with her feet on the fender and Ted smoking, when the idea first came to him that he might go farther and fare worse than marry "Florisette."

"I am getting awfully sick of this," he began.

"Sick of what?"

"Well, of everything, pretty nearly—of the show itself. I often wish I had never met Lascelles."

"What would you have liked, then?"

"Oh, I wish I had stayed on at Cambridge and taken my degree, and then gone in for the Diplomatic Service. But I threw up my chance, like the fool I was, and it's too late now."

She was actress enough to smile sympathetically, and to listen to him with well-feigned interest; but deep down in her heart she was jealous of this past life of his—this life in which she had neither part nor share, and which he was for ever regretting; but she was too wise to let him see this.

"But you might get on now, in a different way. Why shouldn't you take a London theatre and bring out 'Florisette'; it would pay." Her eyes finished the sentence for her—"And let me still be your leading lady?"

Ted took his cigar out, and took the idea in. Why not?

"Well, but will you help me, Florry; will you marry me?"

It was done now, past recall, for she sprang from her seat, and flinging her arms round his neck, clung to him, and called him "her dear Ted," and sobbed out that she had always loved him. He found it a trifle embarrassing, and thought, even with Beatrice in his arms, how different Sylvie would have been. But he had never been indifferent to a pretty woman, and so he kissed her back again and dried her tears; and then they sat hand in hand, until she remembered that it was time to go and dress for her part.

He strolled to the theatre later on, and was rather taken aback by the congratulations he received on all sides. He would have liked to have kept the engagement a secret for a little time, but this did not at all fit in with Miss Danvers' ideas of what was right and proper on such occasions. She told the good news to everyone, for she was triumphant and wanted congratulating on her success; and even had she not done so, her possessive, caressing manner would have spoken for her. Ted chafed inwardly under all this display of affection, but Beatrice was not quick to see it, possibly because her world was such a very different one from Ted's—from the world that had been his, but which he had left for ever, because there was no place in it for her. And when the next day she suggested that "they might as well marry soon—there was nothing to wait for," he acquiesced meekly enough.

All the company came to the wedding, and there was a champagne lunch afterwards, where the jokes were many, and not all to Ted's liking. He sat wondering whether Sylvie would see the notice in the paper.

III.

It was a dingy little room in one of those narrow streets that lie between King's Cross and Islington—rows of squalid-looking houses, each with a dirty card in the window, with "Apartments" on it; a bit of London that the prosperous,

well-to-do citizen who wears a tall hat and goes to church on Sunday only knows by repute, for prosperity and dinginess have nothing to do with each other. There were the remains of breakfast on the table, though it was past twelve o'clock in the day; and sitting there—unwashed, unshaven, and by turns writing, and reading a paper—was Ted Trevor. Perhaps a man, not being so vain an animal, shows the signs of poverty in his outward condition sooner than a woman; anyhow, Ted fitted in with the general condition of things better than Beatrice, who sat the other side of the table watching him, with a contemptuous expression about her handsome mouth. The gorgeous tea-gown, relic of former glories, made her look more out of her element in the shabby room than he did, in his shirt-sleeves, with a pipe in his mouth.

BEATRICE DANVERS MADE A PRETTY FLORISETTE.

"Have you finished that yet? You will be late again, and what will they say at the office?"

"Something more is required in writing than grammar and a knowledge of spelling. Unfortunately, you want ideas, and just at present my ideas are at a premium."

"I should not have thought it would be difficult to make up the sort of thing you write. You sent in less than ever last week, and——"

"And this week I shall probably send in nothing at all," finished Ted. "Well, it looks like it, doesn't it?" holding up a sheet of paper that was blank save for a few sentences partly erased.

"And if you don't, how are we to live?" She spoke quietly, but there was an undercurrent of passion in her tone that, had he been wise, he would have heeded.

"God knows—I don't!" was the answer. He, too, spoke quietly, but with this difference: that his was the quiet that is born of despair, while hers was the stillness that is only possible before the storm breaks.

"Then it is time that you and I understood each other."

Ted raised his head and looked at her. The storm was about to break; do what he would he could not stop it, and, besides, what could he do? This woman was his wife, and she had the right to ask him any question she might think fit.

"I thought we understood each other pretty well, Florry—we ought to do, for we have been married a year, and we have gone through a good deal together."

"Don't call me by that name, and remind me of all my troubles. Do you think I am likely to forget what I have gone through? Few women have suffered as much in one year as I have done. And it has been all your fault, Ted," she went on passionately—"all, every bit of it. Didn't I warn you against Malvoni from the very first, and would you listen? Not

you. You thought you could manage so cleverly, though you had had no experience of the profession, and had no more idea how to run a show than a baby would have. It was the worst day's work I ever did when I married you."

"Yet you did not view matters in this light a year ago." He spoke with studied courtesy, yet his words seemed to sting her more than a blow would have done.

"A year ago—no, things were different then. You were my manager, and a gentleman—a man any woman might feel proud of; though I saw even then what you might become if you were left to yourself. But I thought I could save you from Malvoni, and all that crew, and save you from yourself; though I was a fool for my pains, as every woman is who tries to reform a drunkard."

Ted did not speak. They had often quarrelled, and she had said hard and cruel things to him, but she had never spoken like this. And now that the floodgates of passion were opened, she went on with no attempt at reserve or reticence.

"You know that I am telling you the truth, Ted, and you can say nothing in reply. If you had listened to me, and looked after things ever so little, I might have saved you. But you wouldn't, and so the smash came. But even then you might have done something—you who are so clever — instead of hanging about and taking a drink from anyone who would pay for it. Why, when the baby came, and I was nearly heart-broken, you never came near me—not even when she died." And here her voice trembled for a moment, but she went on. "The doctor said that it was fretting so about the baby that made me lose my voice; but I don't fret now. I am glad she died — it was better than growing up to such a home."

But he was not listening to her. His eyes were fixed on the paper that lay before him, as if he saw something in it that fascinated him; and yet the first column of a daily paper is not usually considered interesting. It was only a marriage notice—just a few lines telling all whom it might concern that on such a day, at such a church, by a bishop and other magnates, Greville St. John had been married to Sylvia Warrender, only daughter of the Rev. Luke Warrender, of Little Netherby, Norfolk. That was all, but it had absorbed all Ted's attention, and Beatrice resented his apparent indifference; had she guessed the cause of it she might have resented it even more.

"You do not even listen to what I say. Do you think any woman will stand being treated as you have treated me—first deceiving me into thinking you a rich man, and then neglecting me? But I am sick and tired of all this, and I mean to put an end to it?"

"And in what way do you propose to put an end to it?"

She looked at him wonderingly. She had never intended that their quarrel should end differently to the other quarrels—an apology on Ted's part, and magnanimous forgiveness on hers.

"The best way will be, I think, to accept the offer I received this morning," and she threw a letter across the table. Ted read it through, and returned it to her. Looking up at him, she saw that he was watching her with a satirical smile.

"The dancing-girl in 'Florisette'—isn't that rather a come-down after taking the leading part?"

"Not a greater one than from being the manager's wife, to be tied to a man who lives on what he can scrape together by writing theatrical 'pars' for papers—or, rather, who starves on it."

"Yet, it is not exactly high-class literature, I'll admit; still, it is the best I can do. But you are certainly a wise woman to leave me. Manningham is not only the mortgagee, and has the right to bring out 'Florisette' in America—and with a strong company it will be a success—but he is an old flame of yours, I believe; only then he was down on his luck, and I was bossing the show, so you turned him over for me. Don't let me keep you—accept his offer by all means."

"You mean that you wish us to part? But you are wrong—Mr. Manningham is not my lover in the way you insinuate; he is my friend!"

"Yes, I should have said friend—it is the usual term, I believe."

"Ted, you are cruel! But you do not love me—you can never have loved me."

She stood in the doorway that divided the little room from the still dingier bedroom, and waited. One word would have brought her to his side—weeping, penitent, and ready to begin the old life over again, with its daily bickerings, recriminations, and reconciliations. But her words had torn down the veil that had hung between them; and as she had spoken, so would he.

"No, I never loved you," he answered slowly. "I loved another woman; and because she would not have me, and I was half mad with rage and disappointment, I married you."

She turned away and shut the door after her, and Ted sat down again to finish his paragraphs. He heard the street door close, and knew it meant that Beatrice had left him for ever.

* * * *

Ted Trevor had gone under, and his place in the busy world knew him no more. But there was one person who thought much of Ted, and was always longing to see him again. Sylvia St. John—who was a very different person from Sylvia Warrender, being a great lady and a woman of fashion—had never quite forgotten her lover. She was the most exemplary of wives and most finished of hostesses, and the world in general declared that a happier woman could not be found than Mrs. Greville St. John. But the world is not always right, and Sylvie longed, with a quite unreasonable longing, to see Ted once again.

She was driving through one of the poorer streets that lie off the Edgware Road, when her carriage was blocked opposite a public-house; and looking idly out of the window, she saw a man come from the bar. There was something about him, shabby though he was, that made her look again. Their eyes met; and for fully half a minute she looked at Ted, and he looked back at her. And the question she read in his eyes was still the same old question of the brooch that he had given her—the poor little ornament she had always kept. "Why," his eyes seemed to ask her, "did you ruin my life? Why did we part? Why are we not all in all to each other?" And her eyes could give him back no answer, for they were blind with unshed tears.

ONE WORD WOULD HAVE BROUGHT HER TO HIS SIDE.

Someone called him, and he went in; the swinging doors closed on him, and, the block over, Sylvia St. John drove on. Her desire had been granted, and she had seen Ted Trevor again.

THAT RUSSIAN PRINCESS!

By P. A. NIX.

"HAVE you and Jim Milne had a quarrel?" said Jessie Riach to her great friend Nannie Carter, as they went upstairs together to repair a rent in Nannie's dress, caused by a clumsy foot. They were at a dance at Lady Buchanan's, and the evening was half over. Nannie merely lifted her eyebrows and shrugged her shoulders, and when they got to the dressing-room, Jessie went on—

"The poor fellow passed me on the stairs with never a glance, and his face had a most woebegone look. I knew you were at the bottom of it, you inconstant little baggage."

"I wish I could use the same adjective in regard to him," broke in Nannie excitedly. "He is as bad as a Siamese twin. He never allows me a moment's peace. If I dance with him he spoils all the pleasure by grumbling about the last man I spoke to, and if I don't dance with him, his eyes follow my every movement, till I could flirt with the——"

"Ahem!" from Jessie.

"Well, with one of Stead's spooks, just to provoke him."

"But that is an old story. There is surely some new development to-night, from the 'off-to-the-wars-again' sort of look in Jim's face."

"Well, he was bothering me about flirting with Captain Norris, and I got mad, and told him it was none of his business with whom I flirted; that, thank goodness! I was as yet my own mistress, and that I hated nothing more than a jealous-minded man. He at once said, 'That means you hate me,' and I told him he could take any meaning he liked out of it; that I altogether objected to be dictated to by one I had only known *for a few months.*"

"You are a little vixen, Nannie; but go on with your story."

"Oh! he looked savage, and in a studiously polite tone said, 'What you told me makes a little bit of news peculiarly apropos. My father has asked me to go to St. Petersburg to superintend his Russian agencies, and I had hoped you would be sorry—in fact, I had intended to claim the right to your sorrow—but now I see that nothing could give you greater pleasure than my departure.' He paused, as if he hoped I would make a disclaimer; but I was still too angry, and besides, Captain Norris has arranged some lovely cruises in his yacht, and I do not want any unpleasantness, and I do love sailing so much, so I merely said that travelling was said to enlarge one's ideas and make one more broad-minded."

"That was too bad," said Jessie.

"He looked awfully disgusted, and a naughty word nearly came out, but he managed to stop it half-way. He then asked if he might be allowed to write to me. I said I should be delighted to hear of the state of the iron market and all about the Russian women he was sure to fall in love with; in fact, I made him promise to let me know all about his Continental flirtations, and said sweetly that I hoped soon to hear that he had become engaged to a nice girl who did not flirt with captains."

"You are a mean wretch, Nannie, to treat the poor fellow in that way when you know his only fault is loving you better than you deserve, and when he is going from home perhaps for years."

"Oh, it is such a relief, Jessie dear, to think that for the future I may put my head out of doors without finding Jim Milne on the doorstep or popping round the corner."

Jessie smiled somewhat wickedly. "Perhaps, when it is too late, you will be crying your eyes out to have him popping round the corner."

Nannie laughed at such a preposterous suggestion, and the two girls went back to the ball-room. But Jessie's active brain was on fire with a brilliant idea. Nannie Carter was her dearest friend, and she believed that in her heart she loved Jim Milne, though she herself did not suspect it as yet. Jessie determined to give the little blind god some help in his shooting.

Nannie was a most lovable, true-hearted girl, but this was her first season, and her fresh beauty had brought her many admirers, so it is little wonder that she did not wish to give up her delightful freedom, and chafed at the idea of being curbed in any of her innocent pleasures. She could not bear the thought that anyone should have the right to say to her, "You must!" The fact was that Jim Milne was too much in love to do himself justice. Resolve as he might in his lucid intervals, he could not stay away from her, and he found it equally impossible to keep his love hid. A little pretended indifference, a little judicious neglect, even a mild flirtation with some dear friend of Nannie's, any or all of these would have done him far more service than his too constant devotion. As the Americans say, Nannie felt "crowded," and her first feeling when she heard of his coming departure was distinctly one of relief.

Jim Milne's name was on Jessie Riach's programme, and when he came to claim his dance she pleaded fatigue, and asked him to take her to some quiet corner where she might rest undisturbed. This being found, Jessie soon wormed out of Milne the cause of his gloomy looks. She had known him long before Nannie did, had, in fact, introduced him to her friend, and she had a sincere liking for the honest, blundering lover who wore his heart so palpably on his sleeve. Outside of his love-affair, Jim Milne was a clever, level-headed young fellow, who was already his father's junior partner, and would eventually become head of the immense iron business which had branches all over Europe. Jim did not really tell Jessie very much, but enough to give her a legitimate occasion for unfolding her plan.

"Look here, Jim, you know that Nannie is my dearest friend, and that I would do nothing which would be a breach of faith to her; but I do not break any confidence when I tell you that I believe she is not indifferent to you; but you have taken the worst possible way to gain the heart of such a girl. Your going away for a time is, in my opinion, the best day's work you could do for yourself. For a few days she will rejoice in her fancied freedom, but, unless I am mistaken, she will soon find that something has gone out of her life which makes even the wildest gaieties seem flat, and I should not wonder if she should discover that that something was Jim Milne. Don't be too sanguine, however; I do not say this will happen, but this I am quite sure of, that you only peril your cause by staying just now."

"It is hard that my absence should be able to do what my presence was not able to accomplish," said Milne a little bitterly.

"Absence is one of Cupid's most effective arrows, and if you attend to a plan which I have thought of, you will be helping to sharpen the barb. Nannie has given you permission to write to her, has she not, and told you to be sure to enlarge on any love adventures you may have? Well, when you get to St. Petersburg you must rescue a beautiful maiden in some romantic way."

"That is easier said than done," interjected Jim.

"Don't interrupt, please. You must gradually fall in love with her, and come almost to the point of proposing, and if by that time Nannie has not discovered that journeys to Russia are a mistake, I shall never again try my hand at matchmaking."

"But how is the thing to be managed?"

"Oh, you great stupid! you would *need* a woman's wit to help you. Don't you see, you must invent the whole story, and tell it to Nannie in your letters. As the romance gets to the warmer stages, you must apologise for troubling her with

such trivial matters, but say that you only do so in obedience to her express instructions. You can hint that you know your news will give her pleasure, seeing that you are following out her wishes."

"Yes, but look here, Jessie, are you quite sure this is a fair do?" said Milne in some perplexity.

"'A fair do'! Listen to the man, with his slang! Of course it is a 'fair do,' as you call it. Do you not want to find out if Nannie loves you?"

"I would give my life to know it."

"Well, if she does, your story will soon open her eyes to the fact, and if she does not, then the sooner you look for a real girl answering as nearly as possible to the descriptions in your letters, the better for yourself."

"But how am I to know the effect my letters have on Miss Carter, seeing the correspondence is to be one-sided?"

"Oh, that is easily managed. Send me a duplicate copy of each letter by the same post, and I shall keep you informed of all the developments."

"You are a darling, Jessie."

"Oh, don't begin to talk nonsense. I daresay I shall be sorry yet that I ever interfered in the affair, but, at any rate, I shall have great fun in watching how Nannie takes the different epistles.

CHAPTER II.

Jessie received her first letter in duplicate from St. Petersburg one afternoon, and devoured it eagerly. She had been a little *dubious regarding* Jim Milne's powers of imagination, but the opening chapter of the romance surpassed her most sanguine hopes. He wrote simply and naturally, without any appearance of effort, and Jessie knew that Nannie would swallow the bait at a gulp, so she set off to see her friend with many inward chuckles—if we may speak of a lady chuckling, even inwardly.

Nannie's eyes were sparkling with excitement, and Jessie had hardly got her cloak

"'A FAIR DO'! LISTEN TO THE MAN, WITH HIS SLANG!"

off before she began with a wonderful story of how Jim Milne had stopped the runaway horses of a sledge, and saved what turned out to be the only daughter of a Russian noble from great danger. "'She is as beautiful as a dream,' he says, Jessie, and when she found that he had sprained his ankle in drawing up the horses, she insisted that he should get into the sledge with her, and be driven to her father's house—'a perfect palace,' he says—to be attended to, and if it were not

for—you can guess what, he would be perfectly happy. I am sure he must be difficult to please if he is not happy, living in a gorgeous palace, with a beautiful princess dancing attendance on him and pouring out her gratitude to him for saving her life. Isn't it wonderful to think that steady-going Jim Milne should be the hero of such a romantic story! He must fall in love with her—he *must*, he *must*! Do you think he will, Jessie?" — this with an undercurrent of anxiety in her tone, of which, perhaps, she was not herself aware.

"Of course he will," said Jessie with sly malice; "as you say, he *must*, for the sake of the romance."

"Oh, he's just like all men," petulantly broke in Nannie: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder of the girl you meet, not of the girl you leave behind."

"But, dear me!" interjected Jessie, with well-feigned amazement, "you don't mean to say you are hankering after the fleshpots of Egypt already? Didn't you tell the man you desired nothing more than to hear of his falling in love?"

"Oh, his Russian princess can have him for all I care, only he need not have been in such indecent haste to tell me he had forgotten my existence."

"Goodness gracious, girl, weren't your last words to him a command to keep you informed of all his love affairs? Besides, he says nothing of falling in love with his 'Russian princess,' as you call her; in fact he hints that he cannot forget you."

Jessie wrote off to Milne telling him that she felt like a first-class conspirator, a female Iago, and that, like him, her favourite words were: "Work on, my medicine, work!" She praised his inventive powers highly, and told him to keep it up, for even if he lost the girl a fortune awaited him as a writer of romances.

JIM MILNE to NANNIE CARTER (Extract).

I am still in the Vassili palace, for the sprain proved more obstinate than I expected. Still, it is very pleasant being made so much of, and Anna Alexándrovna, the fair daughter of the house, persists in placing a most absurd value on the slight service I was fortunate enough to do her. I think I told you she was beautiful, but I did not tell you what to me is the strangest part of my adventure, and that is, that she is marvellously like yourself. The Greeks had a belief that when we are born a twin soul is born somewhere at the same time, which is our exact counterpart in body and nature. And this is no mere superficial resemblance. Your very tricks of gesture, she has them every one. You know that little rebellious curl which breaks loose over your right ear, and which you sometimes permitted me to make-believe put back. Well, last evening, as she sat close to my couch talking, I put out my hand involuntarily, for there it was, and she blushed as you did on that day when first I ventured. I often lie on my couch with eyes half closed, watching her as she flits about my room doing little dainty services, and please myself with the fancy that it is you who is near me, ministering to me, and this is easy, for the illusion is complete. Sometimes—she is so sweet a maiden—I find myself wondering whether, if I had not met you first, I should have—— But I am getting garrulous. The iron market is firm, but business has as yet seen little of me, though I hope soon to be about.

This second letter came to Jessie as she was setting out for a ball, at which she knew she should meet Nannie. When she entered the room, she saw her friend the centre of an admiring circle of men, with Captain Norris in devoted attendance. But never had Nannie been so difficult of approach. Do what she might, Jessie was unable to get her away from the quiet chat which she was thirsting for. The victim would not submit to be tortured, and Jessie resented such a want of adaptability.

This was a night of triumph for Nannie. Never before had her beauty so thrown all rivals into the outer darkness where men cease from admiring, never had the star of her loveliness so captured all eyes. As Jessie watched her, the lines came to her lips—

> Fair as a star, when only one
> Is shining in the sky.

Her light drowned all others in its beams. Captain Norris was in the seventh heaven of delight. Miss Carter had never before been so kind to him. He asked for so many dances, and got them, that sleepy dowagers grew open-eyed and lively over the dissecting-table on which poor Nannie was torn to pieces.

Jessie did not enjoy her evening "one tiny little bit." Nannie had upset all her calculations, and her mind was so worried trying to piece things together, that, as

little Johnnie Maitland said, with friendly candour, she danced "like a three-year-old." Surely this queen of the hour, whose face breathed happiness, could be no love-lorn maiden, and yet——

When the dance was over, Jessie stood in a dark corner of the hall waiting till her carriage should be called, and she saw Nannie come down the stairs. It was a weary little face that looked out from above the furs; all the brightness and sparkle had died out of it, and the mouth had a pathetic droop at the corners. Jessie saw, and understood. Nannie's pride was fighting an unequal battle with her heart.

The two girls saw little of one another for some time. Nannie was cruising round the Isle of Wight in Captain Norris's yacht with a gay party, of which she was undisputed queen. Her lightest whim was law, and Nannie was full of whims in those days. She never seemed to tire of gaiety, and Captain Norris spent himself in ministering to her passing caprices. Gossip said that he hoped to have his reward before the cruise was at an end. But Nannie suddenly tired of the sea, and though London was almost deserted, she persisted in going back to town.

CHAPTER III.

Meantime the Russian romance was going bravely on. Two more letters had come to Jessie, but Nannie only received the second of these when she got home. An extract from it will show how events were progressing—

Can a man be in love with two women at one and the same time? I ask myself this question over and over again. When I am away from Anna—isn't it strange that your names even should be the same, yet Anna is a common Russian name?—I find myself longing feverishly for our next meeting; yet when I am with her I live in a half-dream. Each turn of her head, the smile on her lip, the light on her hair, her very nearness, thrill me with a vague delight which is yet akin to pain, and I follow her every movement till restored to myself by the mocking laughter in her eyes. One night she said quaintly, "You look at me and through me as if I were a vision, as if you questioned my reality." It was true. Like Tennyson's Prince—

While I walk'd and talk'd as heretofore,
I seem'd to move among a world of ghosts,
And feel myself the shadow of a dream.

Yet should I say she is the shadow and you the substance? I do not know what may lie in her heart towards me, but she is full of graciousness and of all sweet womanliness, while your parting words to one whose worst fault was loving you too well were—— But why should I say bitter things which but wring my own heart? You sent me from you to give my love where I listed, for you would have none of it, and it sometimes seems to me that I lower my manhood by unavailing longings for what never was and never can be mine. It may be that before you hear from me again, the hope you expressed when we parted shall have been realised.

Jessie's eyes opened widely when she read this impassioned letter. "Surely our goose is turning out a swan," she said. "Life is full of compensations. Nannie may prove unkind, but the kiss of the Goddess of Imagination has been laid on our lover's lips, and the glory of her wooing will cause the pain to die out of his heart." Then her thoughts turned to Nannie, and she hastily got ready to pay her a visit. She felt that a crisis was near, and she wanted to have a hand in directing events. As she stuck the pins in her hat, she threw out comments on the situation to her reflection in the looking-glass. "She has got herself to thank if she have a bad time! . . . Poor little Nannie, she will require very tender handling! . . . Well, she thrust herself with both hands out of her Paradise! . . . I must be the angel with the flaming sword to gently drive her back to her lost Eden! . . . I'm afraid the Scripture of that last is rather shaky, but it's distinctly eloquent—quite in Jim Milne's style. Ah, well, the audience is lenient and select!" nodding to the face which nodded back.

On the way, Jessie was busy picturing her friend's state of mind. She was convinced that her reading of the situation was the correct one, and she expected to find Nannie in the depths, a victim to unavailing remorse. Woman-like, she was not sorry that she should suffer, but knowing the mythical nature of the "Russian princess," she saw a clear path at the end of the tangle, and felt quite virtuous as she pictured the day when the reunited lovers, hand in hand, should

come to thank her for all she had done for them. But she felt doleful for poor Nannie meantime.

When she entered the hall she shuddered and trod softly, for something in her state of mind gave her the weird feeling that she had come into a house which lay under the shadow of death. But as she went upstairs her heart almost stood still, for from the drawing-room came the sounds of music and laughter. Jessie could hardly believe her ears; she felt as she would have if she had seen someone dance on a grave. Nannie really was a most disconcerting person, and Jessie felt distinctly aggrieved. According to all received ethics, Miss Carter ought to have been dissolved in grief, and here she was making mirth and laughing as if she had never felt a heartache.

SHE SAW HER FRIEND THE CENTRE OF AN ADMIRING CIRCLE OF MEN.

Jessie's face still wore a perplexed-annoyed look as she was shown into the room, and it did not clear as she saw Miss Carter at the piano and Captain Norris bending over her in a lover-like attitude. Nannie sprang up to meet her friend.

"You have come most opportunely, Jessie," she began, when she had kissed her.

"Have I?" said Jessie drily.

"What are you blinking and glooming about, as if you had come out of a dark room?" went on Nan petulantly. "You must not bring a dismal face here to-day of all days, for this has been a great day for me. I have learned many things to-day. You remember telling me that one day I should know my own heart. That day has come. I know my heart—now."

Jessie looked in bewilderment from one to the other while these words were poured out, and little wonder. But worse was to come. Captain Norris stood with a conscious look of triumph in his face while Nannie spoke, and then he took her by the hand and led her up to Jessie, saying, "You will congratulate us, Miss Riach, will you not? Nannie has made me one of the happiest of men." (Jessie had a hideous, creepy feeling that she had gone through a scene like this once before, in some former existence, only somehow the actors did not seem quite the same.) For worlds she could do nothing but stare vacantly. Nannie looked piteously at her for a moment, and then, throwing her arms round her neck, sobbed out, "Jess, Jess, don't *you* forsake me, or I shall go mad!" Strange words for a happy girl to use; but Jessie did not think of their significance till afterwards—she was fully occupied for the present in comforting her friend, whose crying threatened to become hysterical. Captain Norris soon left, for, like a man, he hated a scene; and the two girls were left alone.

Gradually Nannie's sobs became less frequent, and she cuddled in Jessie's arms as she had often done when they were at school together and she had run to her older and stronger-minded friend with some girlish grief. The two girls had crouched down in a dim corner of the drawing-room, for grief instinctively shuns the light, and for many minutes they remained silent. It is easy to bubble over with words when we are full of the woes of other people; it is the most difficult thing *in the world to give* our own griefs voice. Many disquieting thoughts crowded in Jessie's mind in the stillness, as she felt Nannie's slight body still quiver at intervals, though the full storm of her sobbing was spent. What miserable presumption it was to fancy that, feeble, she could put a cog in the Juggernaut-wheel of fate! What mocking sprite had tempted her to interfere with other people's love affairs? Never again would she try to pose as a minor Providence. Yet it was through her that the lovers had got into this tangled brake, and in some way, at any cost to herself, she must lead them out. At last, after her busy brain had nigh exhausted itself, out of desperation grew a plan, which had at least the merit of simplicity, for it was based on the heroic principle of kill or cure.

But Nannie here broke in on her cogitations with a question which would have sorely perplexed Jessie had she not held the key to it.

"Do you believe in doubles, Jess?"

"What do you mean exactly?" said Jessie, fencing with her questioner, so as to get closer to the current of her thought.

"Well, do you think it possible that somewhere in the world, unknown to you, there is a person living and walking about who is your exact counterpart in mind and body?"

"It would be strange should such a thing be, and yet the ancients are said to have had some such notion."

"It is *true*, I *know*," Nannie breathed rather than spoke. "But oh, it is horrible! it makes my flesh creep. Think, Jessie, only think, that at this moment, somewhere, there exists a ghoul-like being who masquerades in your form, steals the red of your cheek, the smile on your lip, that she may steal your love from you. But *you* cannot understand, *you* do not know."

"No, I can't say I do," said Jessie lamely. But Nannie took no heed of her words. She went on in a dreary, level voice.

"Does not your blood run cold at the thought that as you lift your hand here, some one in the wide outside world does the same; as you weep, some one weeps?"

Jessie could stand this no longer, and, unfeeling as it seemed, she burst out laughing. She knew on what a slight foundation of fact all this hysterical talk was based, and she thought it had gone far enough.

"You are getting unhealthily morbid, my dear girl. At that rate, that ghostly being — say, for instance, in Russia" (Nannie stirred in her arms), "has just done telling another ghostly being—who is my double, and I wish her joy of her fleshly tenement—what you have just told me. It is all too absurd. Besides, you must give fair play even to such an inconveniently superfluous personage as a double. You have no right to arrogate to yourself reality, and to consign her to the limbo of ghouls and vampire bats. *You* may be the ghost yourself, though my arms tell me you are fairly substantial for a spook. The fact is, you need a little fresh air let into your system."

Nannie gave a little unbelieving smile at Jessie's blunt words, but said no more. What was the use of words? Did she not *know*?

They talked on indifferent subjects for some time, but each wanted to be alone with her thoughts. When saying good-night, Jessie took Nan in her arms once more, and said earnestly—

"I did not congratulate you to-day, Nannie, my darling, for I could not. I think I see how all this wretchedness has come, but I am sure that things will straighten out before long. Do not let morbid fancies get the better of you. You said I did not know your trouble, and it may be so; but this I do know, that you sent one from you whose whole heart is yours, and who only needs a word to bring him back to your side.

"You do not know, Jessie; you do not know," Nannie cried with sobs. "Besides, it is too late!"

CHAPTER IV.

Jessie sent a telegram to St. Petersburg containing only the words, "Come at once. Nan needs you.—Jessie." Then came a weary waiting-time. She said afterwards that of the two girls she was the more wretched, and that in one short week she spoiled the back of the best temper in London. Jim came straight to her on his arrival. Poor fellow! he had not had a pleasant time either. The vagueness of the message filled him with all manner of fears, and imagination, let loose over the ocean of possibilities, tormented him till he was well-nigh distracted. But Jessie dismissed him with short shrift. She had worked herself up to such a state of nervous irritability that she felt as if the whole world were leagued to torment her, and even though she had prayed for Jim's arrival, yet the relief of his presence acted like an irritant. She was like a mother who has been in mortal dread at her child's disappearance, and yet spanks it soundly when it arrives home.

"Of course Nannie is alive, you great stupid! How could she need you if she were dead? Don't bother me with questions, but listen to your orders. All you have to do is to go to Nannie, saying over to yourself all the way, 'She loves me!'"

"But, look here, Jessie——"

"'But me no buts.' The trouble I have had over you two silly fools is fast driving me crazy. No more 'Russian princesses' for me; I have had enough to last my time."

"Really, Jessie, you are most perplexing."

"Am I? It is little wonder. And you must go and talk about doubles and spooks, and I don't know what other Pepper's ghost sort of business, till you have nearly driven that poor girl into her grave with fright. Oh, go away!"

Jim did so. He was naturally given to obeying orders literally. His mind was, however, in a madder whirl than ever, but he clutched two thoughts which steadied him a bit. "Nannie is alive!" and "she loves me!" It did not occur to him to doubt the latter statement. He repeated it over and over again, as a child does a lesson.

Nannie was sitting alone in the corner of the drawing-room, where Jessie and she had sat little more than a week before.

She had lived among the shadows since then. When we are unhappy, the Boojum of morbid imaginings is apt to carry us into a cloudland of unrealities. Nannie's reason rejected the idea of a double, but reason fought a feeble battle with the vast army of her fears. So far was she befogged that she hardly dared admit even to herself that she loved Jim Milne, so afraid was she that "that other" must perforce echo her thought. Yet, oh, how she hungered for his presence! A whimsical idea that she might pretend to herself that she hated him, and so perhaps delude her rival into hating him too, pleased her, and she repeated, like a litany, "I hate Jim Milne. I hate Jim Milne." As to Captain Norris, she never gave him a thought. Since the evening Jessie and she had talked together she had refused to see him, and though the poor man called daily, and sent up pleading notes, she flung them aside unread and said, "Not at home!" to everybody.

Suddenly the drawing-room door opened, and into the lamplight stepped a figure, the sight of which made her heart leap. Then the shadows came down again, and she crouched in her corner, murmuring, "It is his double, come to steal away my love from him." But the figure came nearer, and stood over her, and Nannie, looking up, saw such love shining in its eyes that almost against her will she threw out her arms, crying, "Jim, take me!" Spirit or reality, the new-comer lifted her to his breast, and when his arms closed round her, Nannie knew.

How the whole story came out neither of them could afterwards give a very coherent account. In hints and suggestions, and half-shades of meaning, Milne no doubt pieced enough together to satisfy him for the time, but he was not exacting. To have her in his arms was better than many words, and her kisses were more convincing than all the logic of the schools.

Jessie had hardly got rid of Milne when the servant brought up the card of Captain Norris. "Another of them," she thought aghast. "Am I never to get rid of those awful lovers? Surely I am punished for my sins! Show him up!" she said aloud to the servant. The gallant Captain had lost all his jaunty airs, and looked depressed and ill-at-ease. He was beginning to be at that period of life when the liver resents any mental biliousness. He opened fire at once.

"I hope you will pardon my intrusion, Miss Riach, but the gravity of the reason will, I hope, be a sufficient excuse. You are Miss Carter's dearest friend, I know, and are no doubt in her confidence."

"As much as a friend may," agreed Jessie.

"Since we both met in her house last week, I have not seen her. She denies herself to me, and gives no reason. I am utterly at a loss to imagine a cause for this treatment of me. She is not ill, her maid says, and I made her confess that she was at home. Can you help me? Do not be afraid to speak plainly."

Jessie was in the mood to speak plainly. While Captain Norris spoke, she rapidly reviewed the situation, and soon had her mind made up. Better to sacrifice one than two—and these her friends.

"You place me in rather a delicate position, Captain Norris, but it happens that events have placed me in possession of the key to Miss Carter's conduct. You doubtless noticed that when last week you asked me to congratulate you, I was not over-cordial!"

"I must confess I did," assented the Captain.

"The fact was that I believed that Miss Carter was not indifferent to Mr. Milne, who lately left for St. Petersburg."

"Oh, the young iron fellow!" interjected Captain Norris blankly.

"Yes, and I expected anything rather than that she should have engaged herself to any other man."

"But may she not have changed her mind? She said, on that day, if I remember rightly, that she had only then discovered her heart's secret."

"That was true; and that discovery was the death-blow to your hopes. Early on that day a letter came from Russia, from Mr. Milne, and something in it led Miss

Carter to believe that he had fallen in love with another woman; and the pain she felt at the thought of this revealed to her, for the first time, the state of her heart."

"It is strange, then, that she agreed to marry me on the same day!"

"It does not seem strange to a woman. She felt lowered in her own estimation at the thought that she had given away her heart to a man who had forgotten her so soon; and when you proposed she accepted you to restore her own self-respect."

"She made me the catspaw, you mean, to satisfy her pique?" queried Norris sternly.

"It amounts pretty much to that, and I do not defend her; but I am very sorry for her. She repented the moment she spoke, and that is the reason she now refuses to see you—she is ashamed, knowing she has done you a wrong."

"I knew she did not love me, but I hoped she might, when she got to know me better. Do you think it is quite hopeless, Miss Riach? If that other fellow marries she can hardly go on loving him."

"But that was all a mistake on her part. He is not married — never intended to marry anyone but her, and to be perfectly honest—which is difficult for a woman—he came back to London today, and is at this moment on his way to see Miss Carter."

THE DRAWING-ROOM DOOR OPENED, AND INTO THE LAMPLIGHT STEPPED A FIGURE.

"And where do I come in in all this?" said Captain Norris with a wry smile. "My part seems to have been filled up, without so much as 'by your leave.'"

He was not a young man, and life without Nannie did not seem to him so dreary a waste as if he had been in his early twenties; but still it was a blow, no less to his dignity than to his heart, to find himself brushed aside in this unceremonious fashion.

"What am I to do now?" he went on rather helplessly.

Jessie looked at him steadily for a moment, as if to read out the inmost nature of the man.

"Your life-ideal has been devotion to duty, I know, Captain Norris. I have heard—as who has not?—of how bravely you risked your life in the Soudan, to bring in a wounded comrade."

"Could do nothing else, don't you know. The Fuzzies were almost down on the poor chap, and, besides, he had my tobacco-pouch—full," murmured the Captain apologetically.

"To such a man," continued Miss Riach, without noticing the interruption, "to do his duty is the only possible thing."

Captain Norris unconsciously straightened his back.

"It may be that I have an exalted ideal of duty," continued Jessie, "but to me it has always seemed that to do the noblest, the most unselfish thing was the highest duty. Do you agree with me, Captain Norris?"

"Oh, yes, of course," assented the victim.

Jessie's voice now grew soft and persuasive.

"Then never, even on the battlefield, had you such a chance of proving your manhood as you have now." She felt she was straying into the region of melodrama, but rather gloried in it. There is a theatrical element in even the most Puritanical of the sex.

"These young people, who have probably by this time kissed and made friends" (Captain Norris winced), "love one another dearly. An impish fate seemed for a time to push them apart; but now all misunderstandings have been cleared away, and love, not doubt, is lord."

Captain Norris stroked his moustache to hide a smile. He was only a man, you see. But Jessie went on, unheeding.

"You ask me what you should do. Go to these lovers—who only need that you should be generous to be perfectly happy—and tell them that they have your full permission—to make idiots of themselves for the term of their natural lives."

The last words came with a rush, and then Jessie broke into a laugh. The conclusion was rather a lame one, no doubt; but her sense of the ridiculous was too strong to keep her on the heights any longer.

Captain Norris looked rather blank at Miss Riach's suggestion. Generosity is all very well in its way, and duty is the soldier's fetish; but this was to push generosity to an extreme, and as to duty—well, he did not quite see where it came in. It was a nasty back-set. A long-ago day came into his mind, when he had brought out his little sister—who worshipped him—to see him jump his first fence, and his pony had baulked three times, and then thrown him over its head into the ditch. He felt muddy and very small, as he did then. But he had lost the girl—that was plain; and therefore the only thing left was to get out of the mess as cleanly as possible. He could make a fuss, or he could say, "Bless you, my children!" These were the courses open. The dramatic possibilities of the latter appealed somewhat to him. Jessie had helped him to that. No doubt it was an ugly gap, but you were the sooner on the clear ground beyond.

"You ask me to do a hard thing, Miss Riach; but, as you say, a soldier must try to do his duty. I have to thank you for your frankness to me, and to congratulate Miss Carter on having such a loyal friend."

Next day Jim Milne paid Jessie a visit. He had to thank her for all she had done for them both.

"Isn't Norris a trump?" he cried enthusiastically, as he came in. "Nannie nearly kissed him before my face last night, and when he went away she had the cheek to tell me she was afraid she had made a bad bargain."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Jessie. "The whole thing has turned out better than you deserved. You nearly made an awful mess of it with your spooks and your doubles, though undoubtedly your letters were a great success from an imaginative point of view."

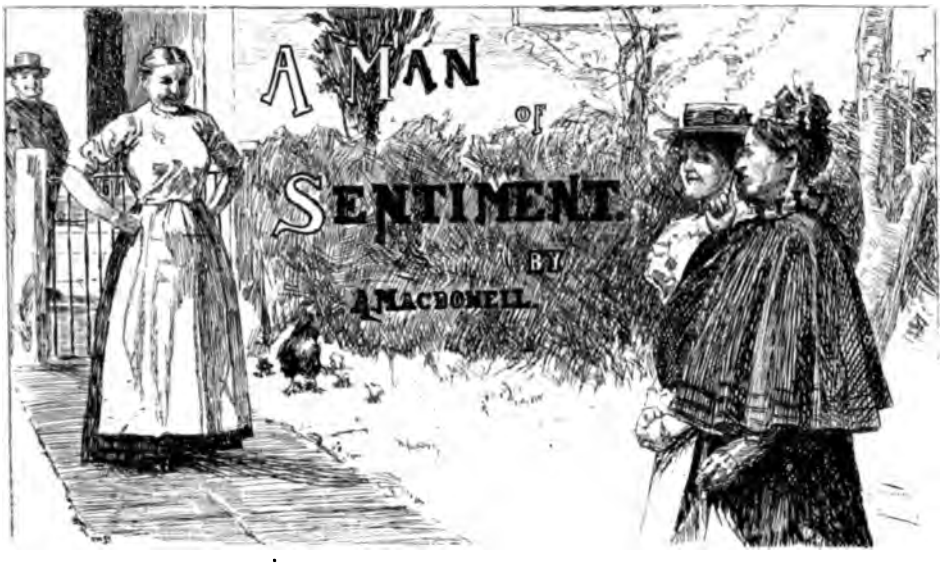
Jim gave a queer sort of laugh.

"I suppose you think all the talk of 'that Russian princess,' as Nannie persists in calling her, was the product of my fertile brain?"

"Of course it was. Didn't we arrange all that before you left?"

"I am sorry to make you think less of my powers of imagination, but the story of my letters was the story of my life. When your telegram arrived it found me writing out a proposal of marriage not to Nan, but to her 'double,' so you see it was a very near shave."

"Poor girl!" said Jessie softly.



IT was inconvenient, nay, it was impossible, to stop at Kilmore, to turn off from the C. and P. Railway, and seek the new little township of Ramsay. We said so in courteous but decided tones. We spoke without knowledge of the will-power of a philanthropist bent on looking up a "case." We were five, and knew the country, which means its difficulties. But Aunt Jane was one, and she knew her own mind. So I was deputed to attend our strong-willed relative.

"It is five years since I sent him out," she began as soon as we had set off together, "and every New Year I have a letter from his son to say, 'Father is doing well.' Most encouraging! It would be careless not to look him up, and find whether there are openings in Ramsay for other 'cases.'" By rail and road we reached the township at last. It seemed very new, and I wondered where we should put up.

"We must seek out some minister of the gospel," she said. "He will tell us." Only she was talking, not of an hotel, but of the whereabouts of her case. As no black coat was visible in the street I suggested the public-house might do as well.

"No, no. Why, I saw him take the pledge with my own eyes. I have his record in this book. Let me see.

"'Tomkins, Samuel, forty-seven, married, wife living, four children, bred a carpenter, has been hawker, coster. Irregular in habits. Out of work March '89 to April '92. Lived in one room, 14, Derby Place, London Bridge. Touched with the gospel. Bore testimony at Sell Hall. Employed as tract-distributor. Sent to Canada by Rooke Mission. Settled at Ramsay, Middlesex Co.' There!" she said, shutting the book.

All the same, to my relief and Aunt Jane's disappointment, the case was known at the Saloon.

Mr. Tomkins, was it? Well, it was *Samuel* Tomkins. Cases were no Mr.'s to her. She fingered her book, and began

automatically to repeat, "forty-seven, married, wife living, four children——"

The barman looked blank and a little frightened, and said with an aggrieved air, "Well, there's on'y one Tomkins here, and he lives—— Here, Jimmy, show the ladies where Mr. Tomkins lives." The boy rushed on before us. Aunt Jane, shaking her head, followed to the end of the settlement and in at a gate painted verdant green, and through a garden, one of two in the place, staringly neat and full-stocked, to a dwelling that only the Catholic Chapel and the public-house rivalled in size.

"No, no, no, *no!* I say stop!" cried my Aunt Jane to the urchin. "It is another Tomkins." It was not treating cases seriously to think of their living here. But the brat had cried aloud, "Mistress Tomkins!" And when a bustling stout body appeared feeding a large brood of healthy chickens, Aunt Jane put on her spectacles and gasped at the woman, who looked at us, waited deferentially, and then smiled.

"Eh, it's the lady as used to——! Eh, Ma'am! Sam! Sam! Come 'ere! Well, well, to be sure! Come in!"

A spare, elderly man put his head out of a shed. Then the rest of him emerged, a tool in his hand. He had a dazed look on his face, and was less visibly joyful than his wife at sight of us, I thought.

"You are Samuel Tomkins," said my aunt, with benevolent formality. "You were sent out by the Rooke Mission." Then I thought we were going to have the whole record from the copy-book again.

"Yes, Ma'am," said Sam slowly. He was a spare man of town build, and with a melancholy look in his restless eye.

"I heard from your son you were doing well. Passing this way I thought I would look you up. I said you deserved encouragement. The Society always endeavours to encourage."

"Thank you, Ma'am. Oh, yes! I'm doin' well—least, I suppose so." He did not seem exalted by prosperity. Yet as I looked at the comfortable cottage, the new out-houses, the stocked garden, the poultry, the hint of fat meadow-land beyond, I thought the Society might now safely forget him.

At that moment a young fellow appeared driving half-a-dozen cows, a healthy, handsome lad. "My son!" said Sarah Tomkins proudly. And her son was the least fluttered of the party. Giving the cattle into the charge of a younger brother, he led the way inside to a clean and comfortable room. The family stood around while my aunt interrogated her "case." Yes, he supposed they were doing well. The land was Tom's. By some freak of nature, this lad, bred in a London slum, was an enthusiastic farmer, pushing, patient, well-content. And himself? Well, he was at his old trade, he said in melancholy tones. There was a little work to be got, not much. Just a little. He wasn't idle. The wife broke in to say he had more work than he could do, and was well paid; and every day they prayed for blessings on the kind ladies, and so on and so on.

We could not go back that evening, and one of the boys, despatched to secure rooms for us at the only hotel, brought word that a circus-party occupied all the space.

"But surely there is a minister of the gospel who would be willing to extend hospitality—and, maybe, we could talk over the development of the Rooke Mission."

"Only they were worse housed," Tom said. "But if you could put up with our poor ways——"

Aunt Jane snapped. To receive hospitality from "cases" was unheard of. She babbled still of ministers and missions. But the end was that in the Tomkins' cottage we were housed and havened warm and clean. Then, of course, my aunt smelt extravagance, and lectured her "case" for his good. But his wife still heaped up her breathless kindness.

Only once did Samuel relax into a cheerful mood: when I admired the ingenious handle of a cupboard. After that he showed me tables he had made, chair-legs he had turned in his own workshop, a chest with some rude carving, a doll's-house with wonderful puppets, designed

for the child of the engineer. Outside were hen-coops, a wood-shed, a windmill, a weathercock, a wheelbarrow—all of his own fashioning, neat, original, often grotesque.

"No wonder you get work," I said. "There can be no other workman here like you!"

"No, Ma'am, that there ain't. They're that clumsy. But, bless ye, there's no hencouragement in a country like this." And the artist made a despairing gesture that circled the green fields.

When, under Tom's guidance, we walked round the little farm, the elder man's face fell to listlessness again. The house stood on a slope overlooking a whole world of prairie, well watered, though the land was stubborn yet. A fresh wind was blowing from the south. The sun was tingeing a belt of forest land in the west. The plash of water from a little spring and the whistle of a boy at play with his sisters over the hedge were the only sounds. Peace and health and freedom were speaking in the silence, and I said, "Well, Tomkins, this is good after struggling in the smoky, noisy city. Can you remember just how smoky and noisy it was?" Tom gave a hearty laugh as he ran to open a gate; but his father whispered, "Yes, I remember, I remember"; and with a long weary look at the great sky over him, and the golden prairie around, again "I remember," as if to himself—"But, Gawd, it was 'ome-like and warm!" And for all the mild air and his thick jersey, he shivered.

I RECOGNISED IN THE CLEVER RUFFIAN MY AUNT JANE'S "CASE."

* * * *

In London I did not quite escape Aunt Jane's "cases." Rumours from her mission-halls reached me, and I learnt that our visit to Little Ramsay had been food for endless encouraging addresses,

and had conjured many gold guineas out of people's pockets for the cause. When it was growing stale as oratorical matter, it was served up in elegant literary form, in a little green booklet containing the biographies and portraits of the Great Reclaimed. Tomkins's history was the most glaringly brilliant. A picture of his homestead appeared with the family drawn up in front. Also the portrait of a man of his name, I cannot say of his likeness, shaven and clean, an illustration of all the stolid virtues. The booklet was a huge success. The mission ran like wildfire.

One morning I had been helping Aunt Jane to address a packet of the thirtieth thousand. Afterwards I had driven to town with her, and left her at the door of the Mission-Hall near London Bridge, where a committee were sitting. I had even left her with reluctance, for the stuffy room was warm, at least, and London wore its leaden face, and laid a cold, clammy hand on my vitals. It was an unhealthy dungeon, and my heart went back with longing to the bright rigour of the clean, fair Canadian winter. But yet I passed prisoners—always the worst-clad ones—who could play in the dungeon. A group of them stood round a man with an open box full of mechanical toys: little painted mannikins that strutted perkily for half-a-dozen paces, that beat drums and clattered cymbals, and a lady that pirouetted in a green skirt and slapped her face with a fan. He kept the two at their antics on the pavement, and all the while he nodded and winked for customers, and gave change, and jested, and dodged policemen, and rescued the puppets from the feet of the hurrying passers-by. He was an out-at-elbows, ill-shod old ruffian, with lanky grey hair falling below a battered sea-cap. In his thin, peaked face streaked with red, his eyes gleamed bravely with professional expectancy and delight at the wonder of the lookers-on. His shrewd air of merry rascality was the best cordial I was likely to taste on that gnawing cold day.

"For the kiddies, Ma'am. See Queen Victoriar in 'er youth. The dear himage on 'er. Come this way to-morrow an' you'll see 'er 'usband a-puffin' 'is cigar and cutting with 'is sword. 'E's not quite ready. Yes, o' course I'm the hartist. Sells 'em faster than I can make 'em. Now's yer chance. 'Ear the music? Horkestral I calls it — like Wagner's. Yes, Sir, I'm the hartist. Thank ye, Sir. They hare dirt cheap, and real Henglish make. None o' yer dirty German trash!"

A man had picked up the orchestral marvel, and was turning it over with curiosity and approval. A responsive light beamed from the ragged artist's eye. Other possible customers were forgotten in his creative pride; and in a flash I recognised in the clever ruffian my Aunt Jane's "case," the sad shrinking creature who had been roused for a moment from his melancholy prosperity by our praise of his craft in the far-away Canadian homestead.

I forced my way nearer, offered to buy, looked him full in the face. He started just a little, and slunk, then winked and smiled, and whispered, while he gave a side attention to a customer, "'Ow is she? Bless 'er. I've seen 'er many a time since I've been 'ome. I drive a pretty trade o' mornings just near the door o' the old shop. Afore I got into this large way I did a bit o' charing for them at the 'all. I was Wilkins, and these heyes 'ave seen better days. Nearly got sent to Callyforny. But no, ses I, not again. Hold Hengland for me. My regawds to 'er. Yes, Ma'am"—to a customer—"Queen Victoriar in 'er youth, a 'idin' 'er face from the perposals ov Halbert the Good.

"Ow 'm I 'ere?" (this to me). "Ah, 'twas the climate and the rough livin'—I couldn't stand it. At my time o' life I need my little 'ome comforts," and he swept his wicked eye along the lurid London vaults and walls, as if round a beloved household hearth. "Oh, yes, they're flourishing—flourishing! They 'aven't no sentiment, they 'aven't. But my 'ome's always hopen to 'em, and they knows it," and the old rascal gave a sanctimonious wink. "There, no, I couldn't take a penny. No?

Well, 'ere's another. Tyke the lydy. Let it be for the old gal. She's a good 'un. She ain't got no sentiment. That's wot's the matter wi' 'er—no sentiment. The good 'uns mostly hain't." In the depths of his box he was rummaging desperately—I noticed he had done so for all the more favoured customers—and now he produced some scraps of paper, in which he wrapped the toys he thrust on me. "For the old gal, bless 'er 'eart." Then with a sudden air of dignity I was dismissed, and others had their turn.

The ragged papers did not make the neatest of packets, but something familiar in their look stopped me as I was throwing them away. I need hardly say that my tender respect for my Aunt Jane prevented my presenting these mechanical curiosities in the biographical and pictorial wrapping, which gave the edifying history of Samuel Tomkins, rescued from a career of idleness and misery, now a prosperous landowner in Ramsay City, North-West Provinces.

* * * *

I should like to be able to tell that Sam's health failed, that his ribald mirth was his swan song, that London lured him only to his grave. But truth compels me to say that, though his clothes grow shabbier every time I see them, and though he shows no signs of over-feeding, his spirits and craft continue of the best. He no longer refuses my custom. "I 'm making a 'ome for the wife and little ones," he says plaintively to me when other customers are by; and the mischievous look returns when my pocket is emptied of all its coppers. The most vagabondish of all the toy-vendors, now north, now south, now east, now west, the most eloquent, sober or drunk, an aristocrat amongst them because of his skill, now cutting them out for weeks by the variety of his invention, now falling behind for months by the bouts of repose and the fits of wandering so needful to the artist nature, Sam lives, and laughs, and loves his London. Ragged, dirty, irreclaimable, in his squalid lodgings of the night, he is affectionately happy (and a little contemptuous) to think of his family in comfort. His worst nightmare is a shuddering dream of the great pure stretches of prairie round the Ramsay homestead and those long days of inhuman quiet before an overflow of sentiment forced him back to the home of his heart.

UP IN A BALLOON, BOYS!

By J. M. BACON.

NOWADAYS, when the paths of knowledge are so well trod, when those who seek after new discoveries must wander far and on difficult tracks, it is strange indeed to find a vast field, and one lying to our very hands, neglected and almost unexplored, though offering ample promise of reward to the investigator.

Of the great oceans that wash our shores man is never tired of learning and seeking, but of the far greater ocean of air above us how little comparatively is known. Sixty years ago, when it first began to be recognised that ballooning opened up facilities for research as yet undreamed of, ascents for scientific purposes were made in several places, and later, under the direction of Glaisher, Coxwell, and others, regularly organised experiments with balloons were carried out with much success, leading to valuable results and pointing the way to further investigation. But, curiously enough, of late years the work thus ably commenced has been allowed to drop almost entirely, and though on the Continent and in America more has been attempted, yet, in our own country, ballooning, with its scientific possibilities, has for the most part degenerated into mere pastime and entertainment.

The work that aërial research opens up is vast and various. Acoustics alone offers a wide field; for instance, the question of how far intensity of sound is influenced by altitude, presence of cloud, etc., the velocity of sound between earth and upper strata, the pitch and audibility of instruments taken aloft. The quiet of the upper regions, too, is admirably suited for experimenting on those much-vexed points, the comparison of sounds heard down and across the wind, and the capabilities of various forms of speaking-trumpets, horns, bells, gongs, hooters, syrens, fog-signals, and the like; a question of the highest importance to us all as bearing on the great point of signals at sea, on lighthouses and light-ships.

Observations, too, of value to the astronomer, may be made during a high ascent. Conspicuous stars may be looked for before sunset; the spectrum may be photographed aloft and below, and the results carefully compared. It has lately been asserted that markings on the surface of Venus have been seen with very low telescopic power; in the clear air aloft, away from disturbing terrestrial influences, this assertion could be verified or disproved. More important still, it is quite within the bounds of possibility that at a great height, where the sky is darker and there is less diffused light, the astronomer might be able to accomplish what he has so often wished and vainly tried to do—photograph the Corona without a total eclipse.

In addition to all these experiments there are many others, meteorological, electrical, photographic, etc., for which a balloon is particularly adapted. The field for research is certainly a wide one, and it is with a view of endeavouring to throw light upon these various points that a series of scientific ascents are now in progress. The aëronautical party and prime movers in this enterprise are Dr. R. Lachlan, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, well known in scientific circles as one of our leading mathematicians, and the Rev. J. M. Bacon, F.R.A.S., whose name will be remembered

in association with one of the late successful Indian Eclipse Expeditions. These gentlemen are ably supported in their work, being assisted by the unrivalled mechanical skill of Messrs. J. N. and Nevil Maskelyne, and having, moreover, the help or advice of such scientific pioneers as Lord Kelvin, Sir W. Huggins, Professor J. J. Thomson, and others.

The first of these ascents took place at Newbury in the grounds of Shaw House, of historic fame, and in the presence of a couple of thousand spectators. Conditions were not altogether favourable, for the sky was murky and the distance obscured, so the experiments tried were chiefly of an acoustic nature, for which the stillness of the day was well suited. The balloon was one of Messrs. C. G. Spencer and Sons' newest, and Mr. Percival Spencer conducted the ascent, which was made by Dr. Lachlan, Mr. Bacon, and Mr. Henry Eyre. The apparatus on the ground was manipulated by the Messrs. Maskelyne and Captain R. Lynn-Smart, who, on behalf of the Cotton-Powder Company, most courteously lent his aid for comparison of the relative carrying powers of gunpowder and guncotton and other determinations. Mr. H. H. Turner, the Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, was also present and rendered much assistance. The various experiments, which had been previously well rehearsed, commenced directly the balloon left the earth. The ascending party took with them special receivers of novel construction, which the event proved to be eminently well suited for catching even the faintest sounds from below. Chronometers in exact accord were used both in the car and on the ground, and the various events were timed to take place at carefully regulated intervals.

FILLING THE BALLOON.

The power of the human voice alone was first tested through a nine-foot

THE BALLOON FILLED.

speaking - trumpet ; next, various wind instruments were sounded singly, in unison, and in discord. When the balloon reached greater altitudes steam-hooters and syrens replaced the feebler horns and trumpets, and a Volunteer party fired their rifles in volley and in sequence. Finally, the explosion of several pounds of gunpowder and the terrific report of the cotton-powder cartridges shook every window in the neighbourhood, and sent faint echoes to the balloon then fading from sight in the distance.

It is understood that the result of all these sound trials has been both interesting and satisfactory, and when carefully reduced, and in conjunction with others yet to follow, may prove of very real value.

Nor were the experiments conducted from the car entirely acoustic. An apparatus for determining the presence of bacteria in the upper air was successfully manipulated. Meteorological and electrical measurements were recorded. Professor Aitkens's "dust counter" was made to show the presence of much matter in suspension even at the greatest height attained, and even a kinematograph picture of the view from a rising balloon was secured in a previous captive ascent.

It is to be hoped that the observations thus happily inaugurated will be continued at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere as time and opportunity may allow.

Professor H. H. Turner. Dr. R. Lachlan.

SCIENTISTS IN THE CAR.

BY FAITH.

By K. ELPHINSTONE.

THEY had hauled the gangways on shore and cast off the moorings, for the passengers were all on board. These had the undefinably mean look of all passengers, rich or poor, who have just joined a ship: compared with the unencumbered officers and crew, laborious for the common good, they seemed harassed and inferior creatures, as they hurried about with their amorphous bags and bundles, eager to instal themselves for the voyage.

There was one man among them, however, who was unpreoccupied with the cares of the other passengers and his own comfort; and he appeared to be quite absorbed in the manœuvres for getting the ship under way. Two tugs were working hard to displace the inert vessel from her berth, and head her for the mouth of the dock. One was dragging her bow outwards, with a huge hawser—so tense that water drops were wrung from its entire length as if from a sponge; while the stem of the other, padded with an enormous rope mattress, was gently but firmly butting at her side near the stern. At length the propeller began to revolve, striking the water into brown foam with slow successive blades. Then the man who had been attentively watching the evolutions of the tugs, walked to the other side of the deck, and leaning against the rail of open iron-work, looked towards the quay. There were no friends to see him off, but he seemed utterly oblivious of the scene on board and the presence of his fellow-passengers. Perhaps he was stunned by the din of the stewards' band blaring out a cacophanous farewell just over his head. The North American Lloyd was a cosmopolitan line, and its management seemed to have carried the process of Anglo-German compromise so far as to represent the musical pitch of both nations among the instruments. They were playing a clangorous march called "Vorwärts," and the man wondered if all fresh steps in advance were as confused in their motives as the one he was now making. Jarring brass seemed a fit accompaniment to this, his first journey to America. Anyhow, he was only just conscious of the small group standing nearest to him. It seemed to him to consist of a young woman and a fair-haired child dressed in a warm-coloured red cloak. There seemed to be another child as well, dressed in the same way, but smaller than the first, who was tenderly holding her by the hand.

His gaze was fixed on the widening space between the ship's side and the quay; the bow was increasing its distance, while the stern had nearly, but not quite, ceased to approach it, for the turning-screw had communicated its forward impetus, neutralising the sideways thrust of the second tug. But the range of his vision did just include the young woman in the act of lifting up the first child on her arm, and the two waving and kissing their hands to someone on shore.

Then there was a sharp scream, and a little figure in red, with limp arms piteously outstretched, dropped over the black surface of the hull, and splashed into the water.

In that moment the man had time to think of many things. First, that they were standing only ten yards from the stern, which was still swinging inwards, however slowly; that the engines were working at "easy ahead"; also that he was not wearing an overcoat, which was fortunate, for there was no time. . . . . Straightening his posture, he grasped the rail with both hands in front of him, and flung himself head downwards over the ship's side. In spite of its seeming abandonment, it was really a good header, and he rose at once. He seized the red figure floating near him and struck out frantically away from the ship's side.

The stern swept by them with its long overhanging counter and a brown broken wave from the propeller washed into his face.

Not till he was seated, still gasping, in the bow line of the rope hauling him on board had he leisure dimly to notice the little figure clasped in his left arm. Its eyes were staring and glassy, and the arms and legs protruded, nerveless and askew, from the sodden drapery. It seemed strangely light, too, and he began to wonder confusedly how much a child of two—or was it three or four?—ought to weigh if in good health, but perhaps after a shock like this . . . no, that was absurd. He gained the deck, and at first was only conscious of eyeglasses and lorgnettes staring equivocally at him, and felt that he feared and hated them for the first time. Then a lady stepped forward, and said in a soft and pleasant voice, "How can I ever thank you? My little niece was quite devoted to her doll."

"Oh!" he grunted hoarsely, and dropped his rescued child on to the deck; its head broke in half.

He staggered quickly below with gurgling boots and buzzing ears. He had to walk through the long saloon; it seemed both tawdry and inhospitable with its profuse decorations and long bare tables. Then it took him some time to find his cabin in the long corridor; and after two or three blunders he felt the despair of a bather at Margate who has forgotten the number of his machine. There seemed no limit to the possible meanings in the words "wet" and "ridiculous." Finally a steward came to his rescue.

Dry clothes induced a partial revival of self-respect; nevertheless, he spent the rest of that day alone on deck, and repelled with some savageness the few attempts at conversation made by his fellow-passengers. At dinner in the evening he noticed a lady sitting at the same table a few places down, but on the other side. Her face seemed to be familiar and was certainly beautiful. She was talking to someone seated at her side, a thin man, who looked about thirty-five. A high-arched nose and pointed beard seemed his chief characteristics. After a few moments' observation, it came to him that she must be the lady whose niece's doll he had that day rescued, and he scrutinised her more carefully as often as she turned her face away in conversation. Her features were very regular—the nose and lips delicately curved, while her forehead was low and broad. It struck him, too, that her large eyes, which were dark and indeterminate in colour, wore a dull and veiled look as though their lacklustre were in harmony with a deliberate purpose of repose and passive expectation. Though he felt a distinct desire to break up the repose and watch the effect in her eyes, he was yet very careful to avoid her gaze, and even forgot to look for a wedding-ring for the purpose of discovering if she were married; the answer to this question was not apparent in her face.

The next day he spent entirely in reading and exploring the ship, and there was no kind of greeting between him and the lady or any of the passengers.

But on the morning of the third day a certain discontent at his isolation came over him. He was grown tired of reading and had been all over the engine-room. He had localised in his mind the various groups of life-buoys, and had computed the seating capacity of the boats; and with the cheerful conclusion that these could not possibly hold more than half the ship's company, the intellectual exercises open to a landsman on board a ship

seemed exhausted. Moreover, it was a marvellous day; the sun shone into his heart, and the foam and the breeze played around him. They seemed to be chasing away his dignity and laughing at his moody self-ridicule.

So when the thin man with a beard came up to him as he was lighting a pipe, and asked him for a match in polite tones and an American accent, he answered with something like effusion, and soon found himself pacing the deck with him and talking about the tonnage of the ship and the probability of her making a fast passage. After a few turns his companion paused near to a lady who was leaning over the bulwarks; she turned, and he saw without much surprise that she was his acquaintance of the first day.

"Well, and have you been enjoying your constitutional?" she said to her friend.

"Yes," he answered, "Mr. Langton and I have been polluting this balmy atmosphere with the greatest satisfaction to ourselves."

"It certainly is a glorious day," she answered; and then, turning to Langton with a wavering light of interrogation in her eyes, "Do you think it will be fine for the rest of the voyage?"

"I can scarcely venture to prophesy, but I believe the glass is high now."

The bearded man left them; there was a pause, and the lady continued, "I have always had bad luck on my passages till now."

"I have never crossed before; but isn't it generally fine in May?"

"Yes, of course; it is something to do with the equinox, isn't it?"

"Yes, certainly you should always make friends with the equinoxes before going a voyage; it's almost as important as making friends with the captain."

"Oh, Captain Watts is a great friend of mine, but he hasn't given me fine weather before."

There was another pause, and Langton jerked out—

"I believe his real name is Watt."

There was no answer to this.

"And the second officer's name is Duncan, and the purser is named Mathew."

"Mathews or Mathew?"

"Mathew, and the ship is 12,000 tons and 25,000 horse-power."

"Really!"

"I was told so by the third engineer; his name is MacLachlan; they're generally Scotch."

"You know so much, will you please tell me the Christian name of the fourth steward?"

For the first time he caught her eye, and they both broke into a laugh.

"Why are you talking such nonsense?" she said.

"Well, it seemed necessary to say something. I thought it most instructive, and you seem to share my passion for accurate information."

"Won't you come and sit down?" They ensconced themselves in two deck-chairs furnished with rugs and cushions. The name "Miss Vanlubeck" was painted on one, and "Samuel Y. Morgan" on the other. "I have been wanting to talk to you these two days, but you made it very difficult."

"Yes, it's true we have already met, and in such interesting circumstances."

"It was more than interesting. It was——"

"Oh, let it go at that! And you were kind enough to thank me. But I'm afraid I earned it under false pretences. I really had no intention of saving your child's doll."

"No; but all the same, I thank you again. You really did a splendid thing."

It's kind of you to say so, and I suppose dolls are very precious things. But didn't I break its head after all?"

"I mean the jump you made. And you were so nearly mangled by that fearful screw! You thought you were saving a child."

"Yes, I thought! But I disobeyed the copy-book and got punished. 'Look before you leap!' It's hard to believe anyone could make such a mistake; but I really wasn't thinking about the people on board at all."

"No, of course. How should a man know the difference? and frankly I don't

like people who look before they leap. A dozen other men thought it was a child at first, but lost the one possible moment. You meant to do a noble action."

"Oh, yes! I meant well; but then you see *I* don't like people who mean well. . . . It's better to mean badly, if you accomplish nothing."

"No, I shouldn't call you a well-meaning person," she said with a smile.

"Thank you!" he interjected.

"In your sense of necessarily ineffective. But it's so unfair to judge by results! 'Not on the vulgar mass called work must sentence pass.'" There were no quotation marks in her voice.

"Yes, you can prove anything out of Browning, like the Bible or statistics."

"Oh! you know that line. But that is because he is universal and saw right round."

"We all take wide views now, but it is dangerous if you are not a genius. I am now learning not to see too much."

"But wasn't your vision a little *too* narrow the day before yesterday?"

He laughed outright.

"Yes, I should think it was. Hardly a good beginning, certainly."

But the mischievous smile left her eyes in a moment. "Forgive me, I didn't mean to say that."

"Oh, yes, I think you meant it. It was very relevant. Besides, it serves me right; I ought to have seen you properly then, and not be talking about myself now."

"No, you must do that too; it's very interesting," and her eyes kindled to the friendliest fires.

"When people give themselves away; yes!"

"Oh, never mind that, people who don't have generally nothing to give."

"That's a comforting thought. I began with a big donation of facts, so I suppose I must continue by giving myself, like the child at the missionary meeting who had no more pennies."

"Well, I'm glad you exhausted your facts."

"Thank you, but you seemed to have liked them, as you asked for more."

"No, I'm sure I didn't. I hate facts."

"How about the Christian name of the third, no the fourth steward? You must have especially wanted to make friends with him, like the captain and the equinoxes."

After the slightest of pauses, "I always try to make one new friend on a voyage."

"Then I shall watch your progress with interest. But do you go many voyages?"

"Well, I am an American, you see—don't say you would never have thought it. I shouldn't take it as a compliment."

"I know you wouldn't. But, in fact, I guessed at once that you were."

"Well, that's nearly as bad. Am I so clearly labelled?"

"There are certain indications, but the Browning quotation solved all my doubts."

She made no immediate answer to this, but the conversation proceeded some two hours more principally about themselves and each other. Their two chairs were in the most sheltered part of the ship, probably brought by the man with the beard, together with the liberal store of rugs which seemed to be at their disposal. Langton noticed him once gravely walk past them, carrying a sumptuous *bonbonnière* from which he was feeding the little red-cloaked girl, her cheeks distended with placid mastication.

In the course of the voyage he began to regret for many reasons that it was likely to prove a short one. For there was much to enjoy and enough to do. There was always the sea, but many things besides. Great efforts were demanded by the task of making peace with little Alice, the lady's niece, who could scarcely be persuaded to forgive him for so clumsily breaking her doll's head. He was handicapped in this work by the bounty-fed competition of Mr. Morgan, the man with the beard and the *bonbonnière*, but achieved a measure of success. He was pleased, too, by the business men who crowded the smoking-room. All Americans are born talkers, and these, with their jargon of cosmopolitan barter and geographical finance, half-puzzled and thoroughly amused him whenever he talked with them; every material interest on the face of the earth

seemed represented there, and the doll-saving adventure was utterly forgotten.

But somehow his chances for intelligently appreciating a first Atlantic voyage were unavoidably restricted. He could never find time for it all, as it became necessary to spend the greater part of the day talking to little Alice's aunt. He and Mr. Morgan co-operated in reserving the sheltered corner against her appearance in the morning, but had very little intercourse apart from this. It was always necessary for Mr. Morgan to fetch a cigar from the cabin as soon as he had provided the lady with every possible convenience in the matter of cushions and rugs, and apparently he preferred to smoke it alone. So the custom quickly grew up; and Maurice found that besides being pleasant it was a necessity of politeness to sit quietly in the fresh sunny air entertaining the lady to the best of his ability.

He was accustomed to plunge into abrupt intimacies with women or to leave them entirely alone. If he could not capture the outworks of polite reserve by a *coup de main* he hastily raised the siege. But then he had been wont to stand too long on the outworks, doubting the value of his prize, till the garrison, nettled by his air of pondering possession, rallied and drove him out, or another had snatched it from his hesitating grasp. But the city he was now surveying seemed fairer and richer than any other and the pleasure of beholding it far greater.

Her name was Helen Vanlubeck; but she told him that he thought the surname uncouth, though she loved it herself. He said he was not sure; but as there was a doubt, it seemed best to avoid it altogether. But they both agreed about the Christian name.

In the course of the third day she said: "Why do you never talk to the other people on board? You don't strike me as naturally unsociable."

"Can't you guess? They always work round to my deed of heroism."

"Yes; that would be tiresome. But it must seem odd to them if they don't understand how it happened. I scarcely know what to make of it myself, though I saw it all. The intention was epical."

"And the achievement farcical."

"Yes; that can't be denied. But it seems monstrous that you should run a tremendous risk like that and then have to feel ridiculous. I wonder if all life is like that?"

"I don't know. I suppose some of it is. Anyhow, plays are not."

"No; there are few where the same actor plays hero and——"

"Clown. So I have provided you with a unique entertainment."

"Yes; it's most curious," she said thoughtfully. "But all the same, I shan't easily forget my terror while you were in the water; it was a very real danger."

"Oh yes; but think of the doll!"

"No, I won't; I am tired of telling you that there was nothing laughable——" But she laughed all the same.

He was charmed to find that she regarded his adventure in exactly the right spirit. He encouraged her to laugh at it, for he knew that she admired. Here at least was a woman with delicate humour and generous sympathy, free from the tedious coquetry which wilfully misreads the penetrable hieroglyph of gallantry to win from it yet more flattering elucidations. Between him and her there was no penurious peddling of sentimental wares, eagerly received but charily doled. But he felt that both were human beings engaged in understanding one another, and each, as far as might be, helping the other with the best part of their natures.

"You really were wrong; but it was a bold thing to do, and I can understand how you felt at the time," she said at the end of his story, describing how he came to throw up in disgust his place in the diplomatic service, and seize the first opportunity of finding fresh work in America. "With me it was different. I had always meant to be a painter, and when the opportunity came I went to Paris and worked as hard as it was possible to work. I was two years at Davoust's, and I thought I should really do something good in the end. I didn't mind giving up everything at first, but at length I

became oppressed by the appalling narrowness of the life. You know, the mere artist can be inconceivably *borné*."

"Yes, they are shoppy, but I used to like it now and then."

"Believe me, you would soon get tired of nothing else. However, I stuck to it till my painting grew worse."

"And you had the courage to throw it up?"

"Well, not quite. My brother's wife died, and as he couldn't leave England, he asked me to live with him there and look after his child; that seemed a more human thing to do than messing about with smudgy canvases I couldn't finish. I never paint now."

"I hardly know which was the better reason. You were so right not to remain an amateur, and still more right to undertake a simple human duty. You've managed your life a great deal better than I have mine. I wish you could manage it for me."

She sighed. "Wait till you hear the end. I was going on to tell you why I was crossing to America now, you see. . . . Alice's grandparents wanted to see her, and as I had . . . as it was necessary for me to go there, I offered to take her out."

He knew that she had not really explained why she was going, but that didn't matter just now. He said: "And the fates have managed very well, too. Alice has gained an aunt; the world has lost an amateur and gained a woman; and I have gained"—he looked into her wavering eyes — "the most delightful experience in my life."

"Yes," she answered eagerly, "it has been a real pleasure to me, this voyage. I think when people meet for a short time, they ought to make the most of each other, especially if they are never likely to meet again—'ships that pass in the night.'"

His voice became hard. "Why are you so sure that we shall not meet again? Perhaps you don't want to!"

"Why, of course I do. But, you see, America is a large place, and you are going to be in the west and I in the east. But I hope you will come and see me whenever you are in New York."

Miss Vanlubeck suddenly caught sight of her little niece walking alone. She did not invariably object to this practice, but this time she appeared to think it wrong.

"Why, Alice, where have you been? Why aren't you with nurse or Mr. Morgan?" It appeared that nurse had left her with Mr. Morgan, and then Mr. Morgan went below to get a cigar and told her to go to nurse; but she liked being alone much better. "No, you must not walk about alone or you might fall into the sea like dolly, and Mr. Langton would have to get wet again. Come and sit on a chair with me here. That's right."

Langton rose from his chair and left her. He spent the rest of the day by himself, and Mr. Morgan relieved guard after satisfying himself that Langton had finally abandoned his post. He thought about Helen nearly the whole time, and was filled with admiration for her tact. Had she not gently diverted him when he was going to protest tragically before he had the right to? Well, he would acquire the right on the first opportunity. Not to-day—there was no hurry. Besides, Morgan ought to have a look in. Who *was* Morgan, by the way? He was certainly very useful, but it was curious that he was content to say nothing and only hang about. After a while a distorted fragment of a text which for years had floated in the backwaters of his mind swam into his consciousness. It was probably not in the Bible at all, but it seemed as if it might be. "By faith Saul went out to seek his father's asses and found for himself a kingdom." Yes, faith had come at last and he had found his kingdom. . . To-morrow will do just as well.

When to-morrow came, with the two chairs and the cushions and the rugs, perhaps because he knew what he was going to say, he seemed to begin the conversation with some effort. "Who is Mr. Morgan?"

"Oh, he is a very old friend."

"Have you known him long?"

"Well, about a year. He is the best and kindest man I know."

"Yes, he looks after Alice splendidly."

"He loves looking after people. . . . I think he really crossed the ocean to look after me. But he scarcely had the chance. You——"

"No, I've done nothing. I've only talked—he fetched the cushions." Then after a time—"But I want to look after you for the rest of my life; I think you must know that I love you, and I hardly know how to tell you how much"—then with a confident smile—"say enough to fetch the cushions as well as talk."

"My dear friend, I wish you could talk to me for ever; but someone else is going to look after me. Don't you know that I am to be married in New York? I told Mr. Morgan to tell you."

He did not grunt "Oh!" this time, and from his hand nothing dropped; but he leaned back in his chair for several moments.

He was pale when he next spoke. "Pardon my stupidity. Did you say you were going to marry Mr. Morgan? I'm afraid I've got rather mixed."

"No, not Mr. Morgan. Someone in New York."

"So that makes three." This was the only rude thing he said; but it was more like thinking aloud. Then — looking straight at her—"I can understand that you prefer people who don't look before they leap. They must be infinitely more amusing."

It is probable that of the three passengers on board the *New Hamburg* whom we know, it was Mr. Morgan who enjoyed the greatest peace of mind as he lay in his berth the night following the fifth day of the voyage. Two people had injured him, and on one at least he was revenged. Langton awoke in the morning with a sense of having been haunted all night by the imitation-text. But he had mixed up the words in his sleep and it sounded different. "By faith Saul went out to seek a kingdom and found himself his father's ass."

Yes, he had been an ass once more, and she was just an infernally clever clockwork doll with the heart left out.

An hour before the landing on the evening of the sixth day a note was put into his hand by a steward. There was no formal beginning, and it was as follows—

You are probably very surprised to receive a letter from me, but not more than I am at finding myself writing. Though I don't want to excuse myself, the old habit is too strong, and I must explain a little to you. When you sneered out, "So that makes three," though it hurt me at the time, I felt that you were not altogether wrong. But you, who understand so much, can't you understand that for some of us the one utterly sufficient man is terribly hard to find? A woman lives by absorbing different aspects of life through others, and one man does not generally bring her very much. It is true that you brought me more than most; and now I will confess. My engagement to the man I am going to marry was not absolutely binding on me, and there was a time when I felt that I could absorb you; but you were too solid. Nothing could melt you to fusing point. You took everything for granted and tried to saunter quietly into my life, and I saw it wouldn't do. So good-bye, and I hope you have not minded very much. But then you Englishmen are so fond of concealing your feelings that one often doubts if you have any.

Perhaps, after all, it was an affair of race; you and I belong to the spoilt sexes in the two spoilt nations of the world, and there has been a struggle. Which has won? Yours, H. V.

P.S.—When you have had time to forgive me come and see me. My name will be Anderson then.

The letter revealed to him nothing but the blindness of his former perceptions. He felt that the doll had been showing him her works, and somehow that they ought to have been kept covered.

AN INCIDENT IN THE SECOND AFGHAN WAR,

1877 TO 1880.

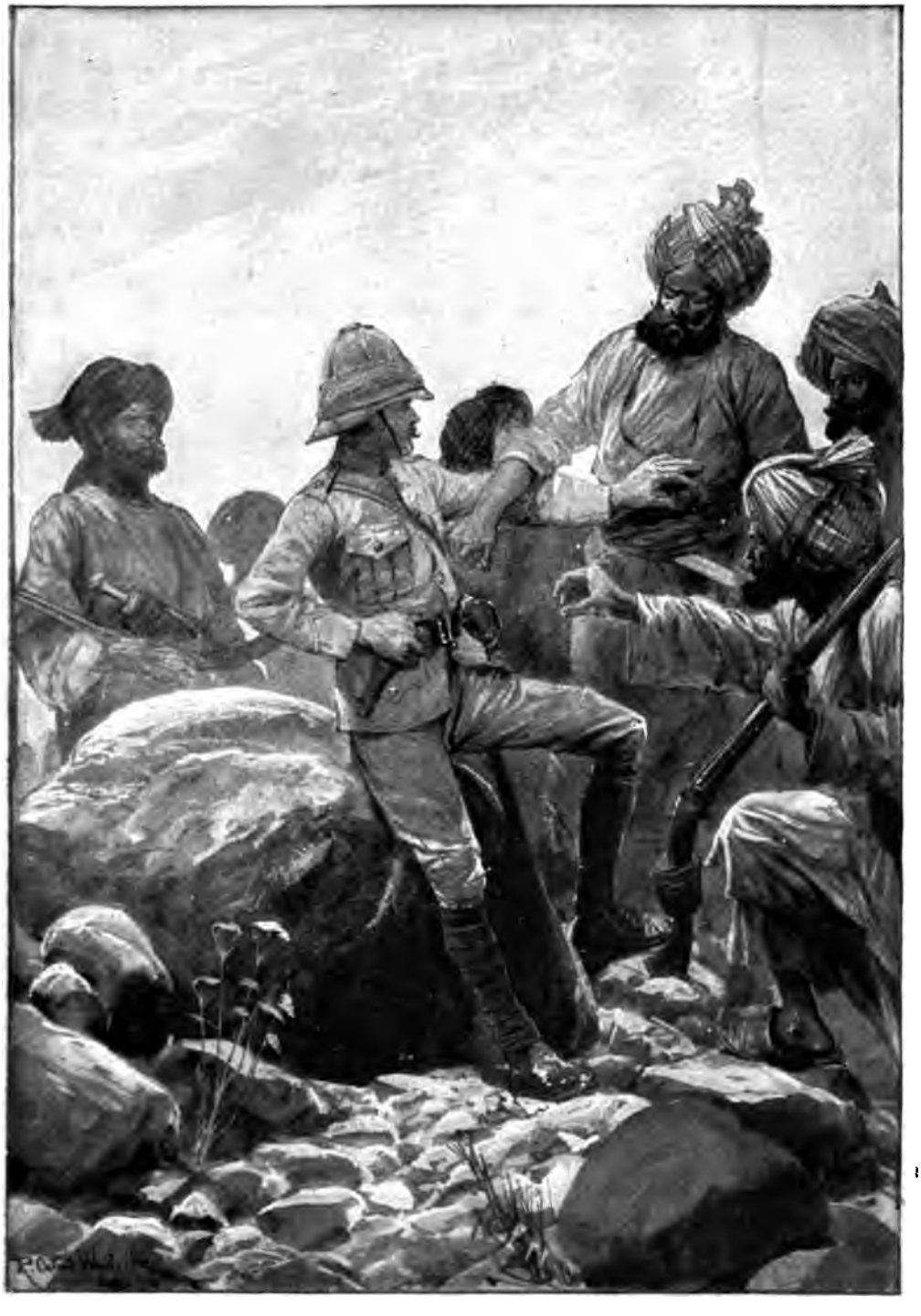
DURING the winter of 1878-79 the First Division of the Khyber Field Force was in Jelalabad—or, rather, was in camp before the town. With the exception of steeplechases, an occasional paperchase on horseback, and polo, there was little to relieve the ordinary routine of military duties—working parties, outposts, and the like. There were occasional expeditions into the interior for the purpose of overawing the turbulent Afridis—hill tribes—nearly all fighting men constantly engaged in looting and devastating the more peaceful villagers and villages of the rich and fertile plains. Many of the latter did a lucrative business with our people, supplying food, etc., for the troops, and were, in consequence, very friendly to the English occupation, which especially enraged their more warlike compatriots. It was generally to encourage the former and teach the others a necessary lesson that these expeditions were organised. Great caution was required, as it was easy to fall into an ambush or become entrapped in one or other of the narrow mountain passes through which our troops, with their line of baggage and commissariat animals, had to pass. Especially into the Bazar Valley the defiles were very narrow, and it was necessary to crown the heights and clear the stone fortifications or "sangahs," which were carefully though roughly built, and commanded all the salient points.

The Bazar Valley Expedition is the one in which occurred the incident of which I am writing.

After a long march and a successful advance over the mountains and through defiles with little or no resistance, General Tytler, our Brigadier, had encamped under General (now Sir) Fred Maude, V.C., in a large open plain at a sufficient distance from the neighbouring line of hills.

There had been desultory fighting by day with the Afridis, who were assembled in great force, but it had led to little result. By night, however, they kept up an incessant fire upon the camp, encircled by the cordon of outposts drawn close in, and occasionally they attempted to break through the line.

The position of the camp was frequently changed, and attempts made to draw the enemy to a general engagement. This was always declined, and as we advanced they retired farther into the heart of the country. They must have numbered a good many thousands. When we really had hopes, from news brought into camp by spies, that they meant to fight on the following day, an order came from Headquarters to the effect that our General was "on no account to embroil himself with the native tribes." This, after all that had taken place, had bad results, as a retreat before natives is always a mistake. They construe such action into fear, and it led to a great loss of prestige to ourselves and gave them much encouragement. However, I am not concerned with all this, and am moving off the track. To return. One Sunday morning at church parade my regiment was drawn up in hollow square, and the Colonel was reading the service. Suddenly from the hills, some three miles distant from camp, a long line of fire burst out, with the continuous rattle and crack of musketry. We could plainly see large bodies of the Afridis coming down the hills and firing



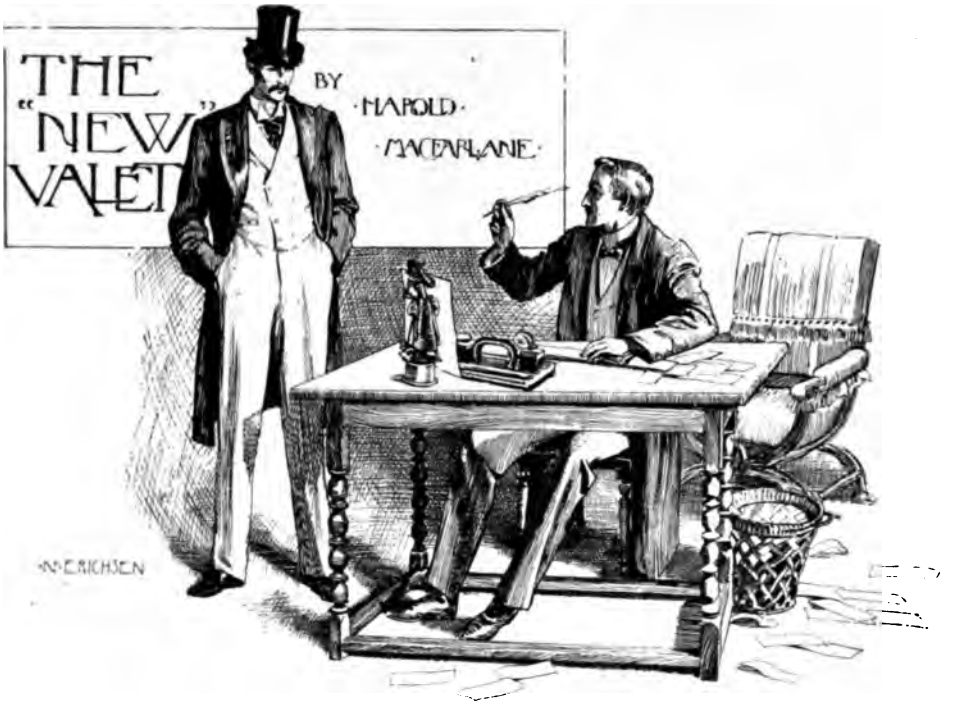
ONE TRIED TO SEIZE MY PISTOL, ANOTHER MY SWORD.

at our baggage-animals, who were watering on the banks of the river below, attended by their native escort. In a wonderfully short time the Political Officer attached to the Headquarters Staff had obtained the necessary permission to start at once and see what could be done. He had been engaged in successful negotiations with the Afridi chiefs on behalf of our Government, and was naturally anxious that all his trouble should have tangible result.

Unarmed and alone, Tucker, our Political Officer, passed through the line of outposts, crossed the river beyond the late watering - ground mentioned, and ascended the hill, where, with glasses, one could almost make out the dark masses of the Afridis surrounding the solitary figure. To advance up that hill in the face of their fire required great determination, and involved no small risk.

The moment parade was dismissed, how well I remember, without further consideration, in the rash confidence of impulsive youth, running as quickly as possible in the hopes of seeing what was taking place. After getting through the line of outposts and crossing the river, I proceeded up the mountain by the rough path Tucker had taken, but missed it and him, and suddenly found myself surrounded completely by these dangerous hillmen, armed literally to the teeth with curious daggers and knives stuck about them, and each carrying his long inlaid gun or rifle. I particularly noticed one man—one of the finest men I have ever seen—dressed in the long yellow skin coat of the country. He stood well over six feet, and had enormous black whiskers and moustachios curled up to his eyes, which gave him a very fierce appearance. He carried arms of curious workmanship, of all sorts. He showed a good deal of excitement—as indeed they all did—gesticulating and talking loudly. But I did not understand their language nor they mine; but, doubtless, they wanted to know what I wanted, and apparently asked if I was looking for the Englishman, meaning Tucker. However, I sat down on a stone, and they around me, and my arms were a great attraction. One tried to seize *my pistol and another* my sword, but I did not wish to make them a present of either the one or the other. Perhaps I might have felt it wiser to do so, but the sudden appearance of Tucker, breathless with haste, was a welcome relief.

He had been told by one of these men, with whom he seemed on good terms and who thoroughly trusted him, that an Englishman, a "Sahib," was in the hills, and naturally hurried to see who it was. His reception of me was not so hearty as I might have hoped, but it appeared that it was a risky thing to have followed him, and might have spoilt all his efforts. I remember he emphasised the fact that he himself carried no arms, and that it was very fortunate they had not cut me up for the sake of getting mine, as they covet arms more than anything else. With them also, not wearing arms means a messenger of peace, and shows that you mean no harm to them. It seemed strange to see this unarmed Englishman among these warriors; and apparently his mission had been successful, for the firing had all ceased, and by their gestures and behaviour it was plain that they regarded him as a friend. We walked down the hills together, and soon reached the camp, and I realised how much one bold man who represented "the great White Queen" could effect in a few hours. The work of our Political Officers—men of the Cavagnari type—has done as much for the Empire as armies and fleets, and truly the power of the rupee is greater than that of the sword. It was almost impossible to defeat these men in their own hills, where we could not follow them; and to have done so effectually would have meant in all likelihood a lengthened campaign and a doubtful success at the end. The required understanding had been arranged without bloodshed or loss of life. During the rest of the campaign the marauders who had troubled our convoys and harassed our troops gave us no further trouble, and by the judicious handling of a few powerful chiefs, one of the most serious obstacles to a friendly Afghanistan had been happily surmounted, and by means infinitely preferable to any that can ever be accomplished by brute force. J. R. S.



WHEN Tom Preston entered the apartment which was known to the friend of Sir George Bellairs as George's Den, he found the occupier evidently busily engaged on business, a phase of Sir George's life that he had never come in contact with before.

"Sit down," suggested Sir George, pointing with a quill to a capacious arm-chair. "Shan't be a moment."

Tom Preston took the proffered seat and watched his friend, whose actions, to say the least of it, were rather extraordinary. Before the baronet was a large sheet of paper propped up against a dainty bronze Pierrette, nearer to him an open cheque-book, the pages of which he filled up with a speed suggestive of a life being at the stake and dependent upon him accomplishing the task before him in record time. A cheque, when filled up, was at once torn from the book and thrown on the floor, still wet, to stand its chance of being rendered undecipherable; the book finished was thrown into a waste-paper basket, and Sir George, leaning over, gathered the accumulated litter of cheques lying on the floor in his hands, and with a few sundry shakes and pats reduced the bundle to a packet of more or less neatness.

"Hate paying bills—always do them this way: saves time," he said, by way of explanation.

"Um," replied his visitor, "and do you never fill in the counterfoils and always throw away that part of the book?"

"Bank Johnnie always fills up pass-book in his best copperplate, so what's the use of my keeping a separate account?" he queried.

"Well, for the sake of comparison for one thing, and——"

"Why, I know old Sir Henry intimately, dine with him, smoke his cigars: he could no more plunder a poor orphan than fly."

Tom Preston was a man of business, and he considered the careless way in which Sir George transacted it as somewhat hopeless, thereupon he changed the conversation with all despatch.

"I got your note this evening," he said, by way of breaking the ice.

"And came along at once, like a good fellow," continued Sir George, as though he did not know perfectly well that Tom Preston would travel with pleasure from end to end of the kingdom at the behest of such a well-known man about town as he was.

"Well," he continued, "you are probably aware that old Sir George, instead of leaving his property to me, as he had brought me up to believe he would, thought fit to will it to various charities."

"I was awfully sorry," began the other, wondering if he was about to be invited to make a loan.

"Thanks—well, you are also aware that 'Fearnought' funked the last fence at Aintree the other day?" Preston needed a nod of acquiescence. "The combined result of the two disasters is that I am desirous of knowing what you will give me for the furniture, effects, and other appointments of the highly desirable bachelor's establishment known as 'George's Den.'"

"You don't mean to say——?"

"Quite, quite gravelled," replied Bellairs airily. "Now, gentlemen, what offers for this lot? Nobody make a little bid?"

"I say, Bellairs, I'm beastly sorry to hear this about you. Of course, you can count on me with regard to these, but we'll have 'em properly valued," and he nodded around at the Lares and Penates of his host. "But what on earth are you going to do with yourself? Evidently giving up a bachelor establishment."

"You're a good fellow, Preston, and I'm much obliged to you for taking the sticks off my hands. As for the future, I have an idea. I said to myself, 'George, you are no business man'——"

"You certainly are not," Mr. Preston acquiesced.

"'And you write a villainous hand, George,'" continued Bellairs. "'Therefore, you cannot become a clerk, and you haven't the capital to start a wine-merchant's business or the heart to foist your goods down the throats of your friends. If you took to cab-driving, your acquaintances would feel obliged to give you half-a-crown instead of your legal shilling, which would be cadging under another form. They wouldn't accept you for the Army, and you haven't got a sufficiently artistic eye to sweep a crossing properly. The only thing you do to rights is to dress yourself as well, if not better, than anyone else in town, and the only valuable information you possess relates to the ways and habits of decent society, and the individual who combines these two precious attributes cannot fail to make a first-class valet.' Think, my friend——"

"Great Scott, I cannot think—you—you a valet; why on earth don't you get married rather?" queried the astounded Thomas.

"My dear fellow, I'd rather be a valet than marry for money any day. I don't believe my man has a bit of a bad time; lives like a fighting-cock and all expenses are paid. I have always lived pretty economically myself, but I'm sure my valet, rates and taxes, food and clothing, travelling expenses, embracing railway fares, tips to servants and hotel bills, run me into well over a thousand, with other little odds and ends. Now, my man Jim enjoys all the advantages of free board, lodging and clothing, together with an immunity of tips, except the receiving of them, and over and above them all receives his wages—considering all things, in my opinion, he ought to contribute towards the State a sum represented by eightpence in the pound on an annual income of at least a thousand guineas. Servants don't know how well off they are unless they have been masters, otherwise their gratitude would be overwhelming—as mine will be."

"But seriously, Bellairs, what do you——" expostulated Preston.

"My dear fellow, I'm as serious as—as anything," responded Sir George blithely. "If I applied for the post of sub-under-deputy secretary to any of my friends, I should, if I got the situation, be simply living on their charity; now as valet to a man who does not know the ropes as well as I do—well, I shall give him a jolly good *quid pro quo*. I shall take the greatest interest in my man, and it won't be my fault if he doesn't fairly bristle with *savoir faire*."

"HE THEN OPENED THE DOOR OF HIS DEN AND ALLOWED ME TO WALK IN."

"But dash it all, man," said Preston despairingly. "How about your friends—you might have to stay at their houses and all that?"

"They'll have to put up with that, and if they meet me anywhere about I shall expect them to smile pleasantly and say, 'Morning, Bellairs, pleasant!'—or 'disgusting,' as the case may be—'weather ain't it?' and I'll do the rest. Bless you, I know better than to make things uncomfortable; I should get the sack, you know, if people stopped inviting my man because they were afraid of meeting me. Don't you make any mistake. Cabby knows his fare."

Sir George passed a silver box towards his visitor.

"Have one of your own cigars," he said cheerily.

II.

The many acquaintances of Bellairs only laughed when they first heard of the freak from Preston, who had been requested by his friend to spread the news and save him the awkwardness of imparting it himself, and they chaffed him unmercifully on being so successfully "spoofed" by his principal in the affair. As time went on, and Bellairs was nowhere seen in his usual haunts, various reports were circulated concerning his absence from his club and his circle; by some it was said that he had gone abroad, others smiled knowingly, aware of nothing and being without sufficient imagination to invent anything plausible. It was left to the Hon. William Dunerrock to unravel the

mystery, which he did accidentally or 'twould never have been done at all. He entered the club hurriedly and ordered a sherry-and-bitters.

"Hallo, Willy! seen a ghost or been motored?" queried a friend.

"Ghost," replied the gentleman addressed. "Just went round to see Bellairs—door opened by Bellairs himself. 'Hallo, Georgie,' said I. 'Run you to earth.' 'A very fine morning indeed,' he replied. 'Please step this way.' He then opened the door of his den, allowed me to walk in, and said, 'Mr. Dunerrock'—just like that, and I found myself facing that bounder Preston. 'Hi!' I said, but I'm blessed if the door wasn't shut; and if Preston didn't look as if he were on the point of tears. Well, I said a few things to Preston to let him know what I thought of it, and bless my soul if I ever thought there was so much good in the little brute as I do now! 'What could I do?' he asked. 'I offered him a shop with nothing to do in the City, and he wouldn't have it because there was nothing to do. I gave him a commission with plenty to do in South Africa; he wouldn't accept it because he didn't know the ropes, and knew he would only drop money for me. I knew that, too, but I didn't care'—decent of him to say that, wasn't it?—'Next I proposed I should lend him something. Wouldn't touch a loan, on the ground that he had no prospect of repaying it and no security to offer. Said I would risk it; and he replied he couldn't accept a gift of money. Then I suggested that he should join me in a real good thing in mines. Same old excuse—couldn't pay if he lost. Told him he couldn't lose; but it was no good. Then he said if I wouldn't take him on he'd go to Halifax — of Halifax and Timperley of the Kaffir Market—and so, rather than that should happen, I said he could come on, making a proviso that every time he called me "Sir" I'd put another tenner on his wages. He did it twice, and I paid him on the nail to show I was in earnest, and he's not done it again.' Then the poor little beggar told me how he took to staying out late so as to miss *meeting* Bellairs, but found that Bellairs waited up for him to see if he required anything, so he simply chucked that and goes to bed about ten, so that Bellairs can consider himself free. I can tell you, to see that poor little bounder with a week-old beard—he's told Bellairs his doctor has ordered him to grow one because of his weak chest, but it's all because he got to know that George was learning how to shave a man, and he simply won't allow Bellairs to touch him—well, it's downright pathetic."

When Lady Laleham heard from her husband that he had invited Mr. Preston to stay at Laleham House she was considerably upset.

"You know he'll bring George with him," she said.

"Cannot be helped, he's got to come—he's the man of the moment, and times are too bad to throw good opportunities away," replied her husband.

"He shall have the Blue Room, with the library to have his meals in," continued the lady.

"A rough diamond, certainly; but not so bad as all that," said her husband deprecatingly.

"I am referring to Sir George," snapped her ladyship, rapidly turning over the pages of her engagement book. "Thank goodness! it will be practically a family party, with the exception of your Preston and Selina Van Hyde, and he has met her before."

Lord Laleham talked of many things, but on putting a query to his wife the only answer he received was, "Yes, he has met her before."

Lady Laleham was perfectly correct, Sir George Bellairs and Mrs. Van Hyde had indeed met before—the Cunarder that bore them both to England from the States had barely dropped Sandy Hook out of sight when a roll of the vessel caused Mrs. Van Hyde to drop into Sir George's arms as he ascended the stairs to get upon the roof—it is ridiculous to apply nautical terms to these great floating palaces. The passage was a bad one, and the number of passengers sufficiently seaworthy to contribute to each other's amusement very small, so the rolling vessel not only did

great damage to the crockery by throwing it about, but also threw Mrs. Van Hyde into the society of Sir George Bellairs with resultant damage to his heart. Indeed, upon discovering that the lady was a widow—he had already learned that she was particularly charming—he had proposed to her—in a *coupé* as they rattled down to town—and had stepped out at Willesden a rejected man.

But Lady Laleham didn't know that.

III.

When Mrs. Van Hyde entered the library at Laleham House, she found Sir George Bellairs seated before the fire reading, but he immediately rose, bowed, and was about to retire, when she stopped him.

"Sir George," she said, "have you chosen to forget me—or shall we shake hands?"

"No, Madam, I have not forgotten you, but the change that has occurred in my *locus standi* since we last met precludes any social intercourse approaching——"

"What rubbish! Do sit down. I want to talk to you," said Mrs. Van Hyde, with just the least sign of petulance.

"In obedience to your wishes, Madam," he replied quietly.

"I understand that your agreement with Mr. Preston contains a clause concerning your mode of addressing him, which clause, I understood, extended also to his friends," said Mrs. Van Hyde.

"I did not read it that way, Mrs. Van Hyde, but if you insist——"

"I do. Now, why haven't you been to call on me since I settled in town? It was hardly friendly of you, after our very pleasant acquaintance, to drop me altogether, as you have done," she continued.

"After what occurred——" began Sir George.

"You mean in the train—well, you don't look at it in the same light as I do. When someone says to you, 'Will you come out for a drive with me this afternoon?' and you reply in the negative, wouldn't you be rather surprised if your former friend incontinently dropped you?"

"My dear Mrs. Van Hyde, you put the question on an entirely different footing to the real facts as they are. I ask you to marry me——"

"You did do so," interrupted Mrs. Van Hyde pleasantly.

"Er—well, I did ask you to marry me, and you replied in the negative, thereupon there arose a certain delicacy in the position which could only be met by my studiously avoiding any chance of our meeting. In the case you quote, the question of a drive is of little moment, it can be repeated——"

"And in like manner," Mrs. Van Hyde remarked sweetly, "a proposal can be repeated."

"I was about to add 'and be accepted,'" continued Sir George.

"And I——" began Mrs. Van Hyde, but she got no further, because at that moment the door again opened, and Mr. Preston walking in, Sir George rose and solemnly left the apartment.

"Stupid man," said Mrs. Van Hyde angrily. "Oh! I don't mean you, Mr. Preston, I mean that idiot, Sir George."

Mr. Preston looked relieved.

"Do you know, I believe you are right," he said. "I really believe he is an idiot. The other day, in the hopes of doing him a good turn, I told my legal adviser to ferret round and see if nothing could be done to put Sir George on his feet again. I can tell you, Mrs. Van Hyde, I shall be glad to get rid of him; he's wearing me to a shadow. You don't know what it's like on 'Change for me when there's a bit of a slack time. Well, I get a letter from Sly and Cute, saying that the estate of Bellairs Manor is altogether unencumbered in the way of mortgages, and that it is worth quite a thousand a year. I taxed Sir George with this, and I'm blessed if he didn't say that in ten years he hoped to have paid off all his debts and be in a position to live as he had been accustomed to in the past. Well, I was ready to implore him on my knees to be reasonable, had it not been for the terms of our agreement, in which it is stated 'that the delinquent in the case of any departure from any of the ordinary laws governing

the relations between master and servant should have to receive from the offended the sum of ten pounds for each offence, with certain exceptions mentioned in Clauses seven and eight.' It's very trying, Mrs. Van Hyde—very trying."

Some days later Mrs. Van Hyde rang the boudoir bell. She had been unfolding her plans to Lady Laleham, and that most pleasant hostess had kissed her—which was indeed a pleasure, for Mrs. Van Hyde enjoyed a very fair share of American

"I AM MUCH OBLIGED, MRS. VAN HYDE," HE SAID AS HE HELD OUT HIS HAND.

Mrs. Van Hyde agreed with him heartily.

"To think," she said to herself, "that he won't understand that when he proposed I had not been a widow a year, and that I hadn't enjoyed a single London season without any restriction matrimonial, and that I was accustomed to be proposed to several times by the same person—oh, *it's too trying!*"

beauty—and had told her to do exactly what she thought fit.

"Send Sir George Bellairs to me," she said when the footman came in obedience to her summons. The man vanished, and in his place, in the course of a few minutes, stood Sir George. And Mrs. Van Hyde let him stand.

"I am going back to London this afternoon, Sir George," she said.

"Indeed—I had not heard of it," he replied, fingering his white tie somewhat nervously.

"I have only just come to the decision, to which your presence here in your present guise has contributed much," she continued somewhat bitterly.

"Please accept my apologies, and don't let me drive you away. As a matter of fact, my month with Mr. Preston is up this evening, and he has had the kindness to forego the customary month's notice—indeed, I am going up to town myself to-night," Sir George replied quietly.

"My arrangements are unalterable, thank you. But with regard to yourself. When you arrive in town, are you——?"

"Going into service again? That depends——"

"A month's character is not of very much use," she interpolated musingly. "By the way, Sir George, will you kindly tell Thorne that I shall want a carriage to take me to the station for the 4.30 express? Thank you, and will you"—she felt in her purse—"accept a small douceur for your trouble?"

"Good heavens! no," replied Sir George angrily.

"I understood you wished to be treated according to the usual practice in your adopted sphere? I always make a slight present in return for any trouble I give to my friends' servants."

Sir George Bellairs bit his lip.

"I am much obliged, Mrs. Van Hyde," he said, somewhat paling as he held out his hand.

Mrs. Van Hyde placed her empty hand in Sir George's, and looked him in the eyes—for a moment.

IV.

"Hôtel Geissbach, Brientz.
"August 24, 1896.

"Dear Kenavon,

"Many thanks for your note and the cheque you enclosed; it is very good of you taking your defeat so well and saying that I deserved to win; frankly, I almost lost the wager on the very stroke of time, and there were several occasions during the month when I almost chucked the whole thing up and said it was all a bet, but I managed to hold out somehow. To start with, you see Preston is such a thoroughly good-hearted little gentleman that I felt very bad about deceiving him, because he took everything to heart so; and then there was my wife, who refused to speak to me for full five minutes when I confessed the truth about the bet—before she was my wife. I was a very near touch-and-go, I can assure you.

"Lady Bellairs is enjoying Switzerland immensely, although it is so overrun with excursionists; but, you see, she has to enjoy it, or say she does, because she insisted on coming here. We are going for a short visit to the States to see her people, and shall then settle in London, where we hope to see much of you.

"Yours, etc.

"GEORGE BELLAIRS."

WHEN TOMMY IS SICK, AND HOW HE IS CURED.

EVERYONE who has visited the Solent must be familiar with the appearance of the headquarters of the Army Medical School. Netley Hospital, the dépôt for foreign invalids, stands on the eastern bank of Southampton Water; and there our sick and wounded soldiers endeavour to get rid of the bad effects of Bombay plague, Afridi bullets, and other such-like diseases and accidents to which their vocation renders them liable.

Very different in their loosely fitting blue flannel suits do they appear from the ordinary Tommy that we meet in the street; but though from an artistic point of view, perhaps, not very satisfactory, the dress is comfortable, and very much favoured by the patients themselves.

On visiting the interior of the hospital the first point that strikes one is that the wards, with walls whitewashed and bare except for an occasional print or photo, and furnished with cots, bare tables, and hard chairs, may be very sanitary, but rather monotonous and cheerless. However, no one, unless compelled, stays in the ward except during meal hours and at night. In the evening the patients gather round the table to play dominoes or cards (euchre and cribbage are the favourite games), and to exchange

Surgeon-Major-General Nash.

Surgeon-Major Kelly. Lieutenant-Colonel Webb.

THE STAFF OFFICERS AT NETLEY.

compliments, which for force and point put those of a London cabdriver completely in the shade. In the Illustration on page 172 the nurses, belonging to the Royal Army Medical Corps, appear in uniform, as they are also shown in the picture below, where a private and a corporal are performing a weekly operation—taking and recording a patient's weight. The whole establishment is under the charge of a (Surgeon) Major-General, assisted by several officers from the home and Indian medical departments.

THE WEIGHING-ROOM.

The patients treated may be divided into four classes. The first suffers from those diseases with which we are all more or less familiar. Then there is the wounded hero, who has come home to narrate stories of his feats of prowess, and to dream of the V.C. that he did or did not get; the darling of British music-halls and public-houses. Another, not very large class, includes the man who, for reasons of his own, shams sickness—the malingerer. To the military medical officer accustomed to deal with such men, this is not a very hard case to diagnose; and when diagnosed, still less hard to treat. A course of continual confinement to bed, with low—very low—diet, usually restores his services to a grateful country in a very short time. Sometimes, however, this result is not attained, and one man seems to have been reduced to a state of absolute despair, as is shown by a statement handed in by him: "I beg to state that I joined her Majesty's Navy in 1889, and that I deserted from H.M.S. —— in 1892. Three months later I enlisted, and again deserted in 1893. At present my name is on the books of two companies of militia." If this man wished to leave the Army his desire was not realised. He was sent on a spell of foreign service, where he would not have the opportunity of again deserting. Last of all, there is the ugliest of diseases.

"I GO NAP."

A WARD IN THE HOSPITAL.

REAL CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE INACCESSIBLE MONASTERIES OF METEORA.

By CHARLES ANGUS.

THE monasteries of Meteora, near Larissa and the Gulf of Salonica, are in very literalness castles in the air. The ideal of every monastery is high, and those at Meteora translate this aspiration into brick and mortar, hence their name. They were originally set far aloft in their inaccessible situation for the sake of safety; but, alas! in too many cases even such precaution has proved inadequate. At the time of my visit, only eight of the original twenty-two were inhabited, the remainder having been destroyed, often by artillery fire from commanding positions in the vicinity. Since then St. Stephen's, too, has gone the way of the majority. This was the only monastery which could be entered on foot, a plank drawbridge spanning the abyss which divided it from the adjacent mountain. One night some "Hoodoods," or Turkish Irregular Guards, lay in ambush near, and, on the bridge being lowered in the morning, rushed in, robbing and destroying. Disappointed of the rich booty they expected, the invaders proceeded to torture and kill many of my kindly hosts of the year previous. Indeed, in the first Greek War of Revolution, all the monks would probably have been massacred had it not been for the English and Russian Consuls at Larissa. I may note that the monasteries casually get money presents from the Russian Government, but the suspicion of the Czar's heel makes the gifts scarcely popular.

The remainder of the monasteries can be entered only by means of a rope, windlass, and net, in which one sits and is drawn up to a window several hundred feet above, or by rope-ladders fastened against the side of the cliff. Either method is somewhat trying to the nerves of a novice, for the slightest giddiness on the swinging ladders would probably prove fatal. The monks themselves usually use the ladders, and look like black flies crawling up the face of the rock. They climb with the body bent almost double, and hands and feet close together, monkey fashion.

Life in these "Castles in the Air" is the most peaceful possible. One is completely cut off from the world, and can lie on the soft patches of grass outside their doors, and dream to one's heart's content—no sound coming up from below save the tinkling of the sheep-bells and occasional faint cries of the villagers. The air is delightfully fresh and pure, the sun is warm, and all around there stretches a magnificent panorama of rich plains, brilliantly tinted hills, and snowy mountains. Altogether, it is quite an ideal spot for a fortnight's perfect peace and repose, safe from the many worries of our modern frantic civilisation; but let the intending visitor beware of the numerous brigands, official and otherwise, who infest the neighbourhood, and who can be relied on to make things extremely unpleasant for the unfortunate tourist who should fall into their hands. I will now give a few extracts from my journal which I hope will speak for themselves.

It was on an April day that I set out, like Chaucer's pilgrims, to visit the shrine. Suddenly the wonderful rocks of Meteora came in sight. Never had I seen a more extraordinary view. All around rose detached pinnacles, huge monoliths, shooting up like needles from the plain, the aërial summits of many being crowned with buildings. Straight in front lay

that monastery called *par excellence* Meteora, as being the largest. At the foot of its rock we stood and shouted for some time, but without result; so, to announce my arrival, I fired a couple of revolver shots, which, echoing through the ravines, quickly brought some heads to the windows, 250 ft. above. A rope and net were lowered. One of the fathers, returning from a visit to the village below, arrived opportunely to prepare me for the ascent. He spread the net, circular and cobweb-shaped, on the ground, and I seated myself in the centre, cross-legged. The ends were drawn up over my head and hung on a hook. A shout to those above, and I was swinging up the face of the cliff, spinning round like a top, and occasionally bumping against the rock.

I felt anything but happy, especially since the meshes of the net were so large and transparent that I seemed to be floating in the air with a few threads for my sole support. At last the top was reached. Stretched-out arms drew me in, and I lay entangled, a helpless heap on the floor, until unrolled by my friendly hosts. They seemed pleased to see me, and offered me a room and anything else I might require.

I was given in charge of "Papa" Gabriel, who, on the strength of his knowledge of about a dozen words of Italian, had been appointed interpreter. I often wondered what he made me say. I tried him one day with some Hindustani, but it made no difference; he merely wagged his old head wisely, and interpreted it as usual. I have no doubt that the remarks he put into my mouth were much more satisfactory and in accordance with what they expected from a distinguished visitor than what I actually said. At any rate, the rest appeared to be quite contented.

As my baggage had not arrived, I had to ask the monks to supply deficiencies. They were very obliging, and showed me round several of the fathers' rooms; but most had such a strong "odour of sanctity" that I felt glad to get out again. Fortunately, the room finally selected was seldom used. It had a quaint appearance and was furnished in the Turkish style, with a broad divan at each side, and at the end a large projecting fireplace, well filled with blazing logs, which I was glad of, the air at this height being cold and frosty. The ceiling was of carved wood and the walls full of curious little cupboards and recesses; the grated windows very small and deeply sunken—altogether a cosy little room.

And now came the first difficulty—I wanted a bath. I consulted with Georgio (my Greek servant), who went to Gabriel and asked him what he could do. This was indeed a poser to the old man. Never before had such a want made itself felt in the monastery. However, I was an eccentric Englishman, and had to be humoured. They consulted long and anxiously, and at last Georgio appeared, his face beaming with satisfaction, and produced a circular cauldron about two and a half feet in diameter. This, he explained with much satisfaction, was usually used for cooking the monastery soup! It was, however, clean, and I had several most refreshing "tubs" in it.

The next day my luggage arrived and was brought up in the net. I exhibited various little nicknacks to the fathers, such as my opera-glass, combined knife, fork, and spoon, etc., which they looked at wonderingly; and their delight became excessive when I fired a few shots from my revolver and they saw the chambers go round.

The fasting papas were evidently looking forward to their big meat feast on Easter Sunday. They went in a body two mornings later to their grass platform, their mouths watering as they looked over their little flock to see which was in the best condition for killing. Old Father Gabriel visited me occasionally to get a cup of English tea—a delicacy of which he was immensely fond (and he did not object to a glass of brandy either when he could get it). Under the influence of the alcohol, the old man got quite warlike.

April 7 was the first day in Easter, and six services were held in the twenty-four hours. They now began to fast rigidly.

During Lent they are allowed bread, vegetables, wine, caviare, and coffee — a pretty liberal régime; but now only the two former.

On April 8 I went over the monastery. The little church is curious and interesting. It has three parts: first, the altar, which is screened off and may only be entered by the priest; second, the body of the church with seats; third, a sort of anteroom, this latter full of paintings of the most appalling martyrdoms. Every part—wall, ceiling, is covered with fresco pictures, usually of saints with long beards, and on the dome is a large painting of our Saviour. The refectory is a large arched room supported by pillars, and with long wooden tables and benches down each side, and at the end an alcove containing a little round table and cross for the Abbot. The arched ceiling is covered with a fresco painting of the Virgin Mary and Child, surrounded by saints. Next I visited the cellar and found it full of immense vats, enough to last a century, one would say; but, alas! the glory of Meteora had departed, and only two were full. The lower buildings, kitchens, bakehouses, etc., were in a very filthy state, and the room set apart for a hospital was in ruins—evidently never used; a good sign for the salubrity of the place. Perhaps the most curious of all was a little chapel a short way down the cliff, reached by stairs cut in the rock. In it was a small door which, when opened, disclosed a recess full of human skulls and bones. These were the remains of defunct monks, who, after being buried for three years in the small cemetery on the rock, were dug up again and put in here to make room for new arrivals.

HOW THE MONASTERY IS REACHED.

Having made the most minute and tender inquiries about the state of its rope, and finding it to be new, I decided to visit the Barlaam Monastery. On the 9th, Georgio, my servant, was sent up first to inform the fathers of my arrival; also, being heavier than I was, he made a convenient test for the rope. Instead of crossing his legs *à la* Turk, he kept them straight out, consequently was drawn up head and

feet together and hindquarters protruding from the hole in the bottom of the net—a most ludicrous sight. We roared with laughter, but I envied him when I saw him drawn safely in. The ascent was very unpleasant—the meshes of the net being a foot square, the height 350 feet, and the wind high. The Abbot and all his stout and jolly looking monks received me with great distinction, and there was much bowing and placing of hands over hearts. We first inspected their little church. It was in good order, and full of paintings and gildings, with the usual number of appalling martyrdoms—such flayings alive and chopping off of heads and arms! There was also a large painting of hell, with devils dragging people down by their hair. Among these unfortunate victims were smooth-faced men, with regular black hats and an unmistakable Anglo-Saxon look. I was supplied in the Abbot's room with a cold collation of eggs, sweetmeats, and capital coffee and wine, the latter in especial being excellent, made from their own vineyards in the valley below. They insisted on our drinking so much of it that we both became a little "elevated," and I personally, thanks to this "Dutch courage," found the net descent quite pleasant and exhilarating. We carried with us as presents to the Meteora fraternity a goodly flask of wine, some bread, and fresh butter.

BARLAAM MONASTERY.

On April 11 we visited the monastery of St. Stephen. It is the richest in these parts, and consequently in excellent repair. It stands on the very edge of the broken, irregular mountain ground, and looks down on the great plain of Thessaly. This monastery is the only one that can be entered in a rational manner. One crosses a deep, narrow chasm by a drawbridge of planks; and when this is raised at night the place is quite inaccessible.

Easter Sunday is a great day. I found the monastery in an incipient state of lunacy. Bells were ringing, mallets were being thundered on the sounding-boards, and all were making as much noise as possible. I fear that joy was more stomachic than religious, and that the thought of the two

sucking-pigs had much to do with it. They asked me to fire a *feu-de-joie* with my revolver. I had so few cartridges that I declined, but sent my servant to the village for some powder, and we soon had plenty of noise. The fathers were dressed in their best clothes, and spent the time playing at romping games in the court-yard, like a lot of children. At length the long-expected dinner came off. The principal dishes were fried eggs swimming in butter, soup full of meat, lamb, sucking-pigs, and rice-pudding. Their way of eating was anything but refined. Papa Antinous carved the pig, holding it in one hand (an uncommonly dirty one) and cutting it with the other. It did not carve as easily as he expected, so he laid down the knife, seized a jaw in each hand, and tore the upper half off, handing it to me with his dirty greasy hands. How they did eat! What smacking of lips and gobbling! And along with it, I am sorry to say, repeatedly making noises with their mouths, unknown in polite society, but which were supposed to testify to their enjoyment of their meal. After dinner they began to sing hymns, but as the wine took effect these changed into revolutionary songs. In the meantime I produced a bottle of rum, which we drank out of coffee-cups. This produced greater excitement still. Georgio and Papa Theophilus danced a sort of wild dance round the table, which they called the "Romaika." The former then began to sing Albanian songs—rather amorous ones, I'm afraid—and the orgie was at its height. I was astonished at the way these devout men went on. Perhaps if the Abbot had been there they would not have been quite so lively. Papa Ephemeus was as drunk as an owl, and kept on winking solemnly at me across the table. In short, to say the least of it, we were all extremely jolly, and after smoking two or three pipes with them I was glad to make my escape—the odour of sanctity seasoned with garlic being too unpleasant to be borne long.

Next morning (April 13), after a tender farewell to all the papas, and much objurgation to the men with the baggage-ponies, I set off, taking with me most pleasant memories of my aërial resting-places and kindly, hospitable hosts.

ST. NICHOLAS CONVENT. HAGIA MONI CONVENT.

AN ICONOCLAST.

By MRS. ANDREW DEAN.

The Study at Admers, Mr. Berenger's *house in Surrey. A comfortable, but rather untidy room, with a great many books in it. A beautiful view from the windows.* Mr. Berenger, *the celebrated novelist, is at his writing-table.* Rose, *his daughter, a very pretty girl of eighteen, stands near him, an open letter in her hand.*

Rose. She arrives by the 12.15. She will be here in five minutes. I can't help it, Dad! She *would* come.

Mr. B. Bless me, child! Have you no will of your own?

Rose. Plenty. But—they always say you invited them, and it's always true. You're so distressingly good-natured, Dad.

Mr. B. I suppose I have my faults, like other people, but I'm not good-natured—not in your sense of the word, I mean.

Rose. Oh! (*Takes up a letter from a pile on the table, some of which are not yet opened.*) The Vicar of Shrimpington would like some more free copies of your last novel to sell at a bazaar. His church steeple is out of repair. Bless the Vicar of Shrimpington. (*Takes up other letters.*) Autograph-hunters. Only five to-day. Julia O'Connor would like a lock of your hair. (*Laughs.*) You've none to spare, Dad, have you?

Mr. B. (*easily*). Give me some sheets of paper. If I can make people happier with so little trouble——

Rose. It's all very well, but I have to write their silly addresses, and pay for the stamps out of my housekeeping money. If this new novel catches on like the last I shall want an increased allowance. Or I might sell your signatures at a shilling apiece.

Mr. B. I daresay; and then whenever I was having a quiet pipe you'd bring me a pen and paper.

Rose. Oh, no! *I* understand that even a novelist may be busy. (*Points to a stack of unopened manuscripts.*) I believe all the boys and girls in Great Britain ask you to read their manuscripts, and give them your honest opinion.

Mr. B. (*groans*).

Rose. And think of the abusive unstamped letters you get when you have given it!

Mr. B. Some seem grateful.

Rose (*sniffs and takes up an unopened letter.*) I have just paid twopence for this one.

Mr. B. (*reading aloud*). Dear Sir,—Thank you for nothing. You have not read my novel, because I put a drop of gum between page 703 and page 704, where the Lady Yvonne defies the Marquis, and *it is still there*; so your advice that I want to study models of fine English is ridiculous, and when your next novel comes out, I shall look whether you have stolen my plot, and if you do I shall not spare you. Your last novel I consider very feeble. In fact you are going off; though no doubt the ring you lead will continue to roll you sky high in their well-known shameless manner. It is time all this was stopped, and literature restored to hands who know how to use it.—Yours gratefully (ha-ha),

Roland de Bohun.

Well, that's worth twopence, Rose.

Rose. Oh, Dad, I wish you'd take things seriously!

Mr. B. My dear child, you won't when you're as old as I am. You'll know that nothing matters very much or lasts very long—except the toothache.

ROSE. But your novels are very serious: very tragic.

MR. B. They're fiction. Real life is a joke if you take it the right way.

ROSE. Miss Mortlake is not a joke.

MR. B. (*sighs*). No.

ROSE. She is very serious—very tragic—like your novels.

MR. B. Oh, come, Rose, my novels are not as bad as all that!

ROSE. And she may matter very much, and she might stay very long.

MR. B. (*uneasily*). You're too suspicious, my dear.

ROSE. No wonder! Since I left school and you grew so famous, I've prevented at least six women from becoming my stepmother. (*Indignantly.*) I've no time to establish myself, Dad; you take so much looking after.

MR. B. When all's said and done, a man can't be married against his will.

ROSE. Oh! can't he?

MR. B. He must propose to the woman.

ROSE. Oh, dear no, Dad. Where have you lived?

MR. B. (*looking at his watch*). I rather thought of taking lunch out to-day, on my bicycle. Anything will do . . . bread and cheese——

ROSE. That's no good, Dad. It only delays matters. To-day I'm here.

MR. B. But what can *you* do, my dear?

ROSE. I must think. (*Thinks.*)

(MR. B. *takes up* ROLAND DE BOHUN'S *letter again and chuckles over it.* ROSE *looks pensively at her father. A long silence, broken at last by* MR. B.)

MR. B. Well, Rose?

ROSE. I have an idea. Miss Mortlake, as you know, is a flopper.

MR. B. A how much?

ROSE. A flopper . . . always on her knees to someone. Just now it's you. A little while ago it was Wilkins, the Minor Poet.

MR. B. Will you set up a new idol for her, then?

ROSE. No; I thought I'd pull down the old one—if you don't mind, Dad.

MR. B. My dear girl, you may shatter me in fragments if you please. Anything for a quiet life. There's the front door. (*He gets up in a flurry and disappears through a low French window into the garden. The parlour-maid announces* MISS MORTLAKE, *an anæmic-looking young woman with very round prominent eyes, a restless manner, and untidy hair. She wears a shocking coat and skirt, a velveteen hat that has been out in the rain, and thick square-toed boots.*)

MISS M. You *got* my letter, I hope, Miss Berenger. It is so *delightful* to come in this informal friendly way. When I met your father at the New Gallery last week we somehow began to talk about *pilgrimages.* You can't be a moment in Mr. Berenger's company without talking of something that ennobles the *soul*, can you?

ROSE. It's not my experience. I only see father at meals, and then he's usually swearing at the food. It doesn't ennoble my soul. It annoys me. There was a beautiful steak-pie at breakfast this morning. The gravy was all jelly and——

MISS M. My *dear* Miss Berenger! I *can't* think of your father in connection with steak-pies and jelly. I *suppose* he eats and drinks like other people, though one can hardly imagine the creator of "Maud Wyvern" doing anything but dream and write . . . and perhaps walk over his own hills . . . and perhaps read fine poetry.

ROSE. Father reads the *Daily Mail*, and *Punch*, and the *Sketch* . . . chiefly, and if he dreams I hear of it. He says his dinners disagreed with him.

MISS M. (*shudders*). But, as I was telling you, your father spoke of Stratford-on-Avon, he spoke of Abbotsford, he spoke of Freshwater; and I said boldly, "All these may wait for me, Mr. Berenger. When I put on cockleshells and sandall'd shoon I shall go to Admers."

ROSE (*with her eyes on* MISS M.'S *boots*). And what did father say?

MISS M. He said you always had lunch at one, and I might come any day by the 12.15. I've trodden on air ever since. Is this his study? (*In a sepulchral voice.*) Was it here that Maud Wyvern lived and died? Where does he sit? Where does he write? Let me sit in *his* chair.

ROSE. He sits there . . . with his feet on the mantelpiece.

MISS M. *How original.*

ROSE. It's expensive. That mantelpiece was painted white a month ago. You see the colour now. You won't find the chair comfortable. All the springs are broken. Dad weighs thirteen stone, you know. He'll have no figure left soon.

MISS M. (*looks startled, but recovers*). And do you sit here while he works and inspire him?

ROSE. Good gracious, no. If the housemaid knocks a broom against the door he swears, and if I go near him he throws things at me.

MISS M. ! ! !

ROSE. Yes; Dad's a fiendish temper. Of course, it isn't his fault, poor dear. It's the disease.

MISS M. What disease?

ROSE (*truthfully*). I can't tell you.

MISS M. Dear me! How sad!

ROSE. Oh! It won't kill him. I daresay I shall die first. (*Sighs.*) I have to order his dinners.

MISS M. (*to herself*). If there is a quality in men I hold in detestation it is greediness. A really spiritual man ought not to know what he is eating.

(*A gong is sounded, and* ROSE *leads the way into the dining-room, where* MR. B. *is waiting. It is a charming room and a well-ordered table.*)

MISS M. (*at the window*). *What* a view! I am sure I should write myself if I sat and gazed at it. Do you look out of the window while you think, Mr. Berenger?

MR. B. I don't know. (*They sit down to lunch.*)

ROSE. I hope you have taken your dinner-pills, Dad.

MR. B. Dinner-pills! (*catches her eye and shakes his head reprovingly.*) Pass the claret to Miss Mortlake, Rose.

MISS M. I never *touch* wine, Mr. Berenger.

ROSE (*jumping up*). I'll mix your brandy and water for you, Dad. Dear me, Minton has forgotten the hot water. (*Rings.*)

MR. B. Thank you, Rose, I think I won't have it to-day

ROSE. Oh! you'd better. You're so *used* to it, you know. (*Mixes a steaming glass and places it as near as she can to* MISS M., *who edges away from it in disgust.*)

MISS M. I met a great admirer of yours the other day, Mr. Berenger; such a *cultured* woman. She said she had read "Maud Wyvern" five times, and whenever she came to Maud's death she dissolved in tears. It is just what I do myself. Did you weep when you wrote it?

ROSE. I can answer that question. (MR. B. *looks surprised.*) Don't you remember, Dad? You came into me—chortling. "That'll fetch 'em," you said. "That's good for fifty thousand." So it has been. I've had five new hats since Maud Wyvern died.

MR. B. Rose, your imagination runs away with you.

MISS M. (*I really should not like to live in the house with that girl. I wonder if she is quite truthful. A fiendish temper and brandy and water for lunch. How unlike one's ideal!*) (*Aloud.*) I have always fancied, Mr. Berenger, that in your portrait of Sir Guy Ferrers you drew largely on yourself. (*Pause.*) He is assuredly the most dashing and chivalrous figure in modern fiction.

ROSE (*exploding*). Dad isn't dashing—not much. You should see him back-pedalling down our hills. I always have to wait for him at the bottom.

MR. B. (*severely*). Rose, your tongue runs away with you.

ROSE (*getting up and imprinting a wheedling little butterfly kiss on her father's forehead*). And your bike runs away with you, Dad, doesn't it? (*To* MISS M.) I had to help him out of a ditch once.

MISS M. (*in a tone of disgust*). Do you ride—er—ironmongery, Mr. Berenger?

(MR. B. *is about to reply, when a startling incident disturbs the conversation. A tennis-ball flies through the open window and hits* MISS M. *rather violently on the chin. It rebounds on the table and upsets several slender flower-glasses. Tumult and apologies.* MR. B. *goes off in search of the offenders.*)

ROSE (*calmly*). That's Tommy. Last time he broke a decanter. I've three brothers, you know . . . demons.

MISS M. Indeed I didn't know. I thought you were the only child, and when I saw you I said to myself, Poor Mr. Berenger will be a very *lonely* man before long. Are there three boys *living in this house?*

ROSE. Yes. They go to school now, but before that I used to teach them.

MISS M. What anxious work!

ROSE. It chiefly consisted in chasing them up and down stairs. They play at being Red Indians, and you can hear their yells at the end of the garden.

MISS M. But how can your father write if you make such a noise?

ROSE. He can't. He waits till we're all in bed. He sits up half the night, and has breakfast any time. That's why he's so dyspeptic.

MISS M. Dyspeptic! The author of "Maud Wyvern" dyspeptic!

MR. B. (*returning*). Tommy is very much ashamed of himself, Miss Mortlake. The truth is, that the tennis-ball was really a tomahawk hurled by Red Eagle, the Terror of the Plains, and you can't expect an Indian chief in the heat of battle to look out for an open window. In future I have said that I will *not* have Red Indians this side of the yew-hedge. They are too careless.

MISS M. (*to herself*). *Then she does speak the truth. They do pretend to be Red Indians. What a very odd idea!*

ROSE (*getting up*). Shall we go into the drawing-room? I suppose you don't mind smoke, Miss Mortlake?

MISS M. I'm afraid I do, Miss Berenger. Even a cigarette gives me vertigo.

ROSE. How distressing! I hope stale smoke doesn't, because all our rooms smell of it. Dad has his pipe whenever he pleases.

MISS M. I never can understand why a man of refined habits should *want* to smoke. *I* don't.

ROSE. But you're not a man—of refined habits.

MISS M. It is so impossible to put a self-indulgent man on a pedestal.

ROSE. Well, if I were a man I'd prefer an easy-chair.

MISS M. But have you no high ideals? The man I worship must be heroic and austere.

ROSE. I suppose it's a matter of taste.

MISS M. It is so thrilling to look up and adore.

ROSE. I've never tried it.

MISS M. So heart-breaking to see the idol fall.

ROSE. There is always the pedestal—and idols are cheap to-day.

MISS M. Ah! You have your father's mocking spirit—the spirit, I mean, of his wonderful, his incomparable books. It is odd that his conversation should be so—so——

ROSE. Flat. You see, Dad writes at night. He gets lively after supper.

MISS M. (*to herself*). Supper! What a household! What ways! (*Aloud.*) Does he—then—does he—drink brandy and water for supper?

ROSE. Rather.

MISS M. !!!

(MR. B. *comes into the drawing-room.* ROSE *gets up and goes out, saying something inarticulate about* TOMMY'S *dinner.*)

MISS M. When is the next train, Mr. Berenger?

MR. B. At 3.15. But the 4.20 is better. Won't you stay for that?

MISS M. No, thank you.

(*The parlour-maid brings* MR. B. *a small package that has just come by post.*)

MR. B. Proofs! I think my new novel "Flower o' the Quince" will be out in six weeks.

(MISS M. *bows slightly and says nothing.*)

MR. B. (*not noticing her manner yet*). What do you think of the name?

MISS M. (*seriously*). I am afraid that in future I shall feel very differently about the names of your novels *and* their contents.

MR. B. (*looking at her*). Has your pilgrimage been so disappointing?

MISS M. I confess it has. I may seem rude, but I am *shattered*, and you must

forgive me. Perhaps I am an idealist, Mr. Berenger. I did not expect to find you all so very—er—*real.*

MR. B. Oh! I admit our reality.

MISS M. You never told me you had three boys at home. Boys should be at school.

MR. B. (*rather shortly*). My boys are delicate. They will be at home for years.

MISS M. I really cannot stand boys.

(MR. B. *lifts his eyebrows.*)

MISS M. Mr. Berenger, there is a scene in one of your novels that I admire—I mean that I did admire more than any scene in literature. (*She waits in vain for* MR. B. *to say something.*) It is when Maud Wyvern admits to Sir Guy Ferrers—though he is poor and she is rich——

MR. B. Yes. He is poor and she is rich.

MISS M. I have twenty thousand pounds, Mr. Berenger.

MR. B. I am delighted to hear it. But——

MISS M. (*shaking her head*). It is impossible, Mr. Berenger. All the way here I thought of that scene. All the way home I shall think of another.

MR. B. Indeed. (*To himself.*) Where can Rose be? I wish she'd come back.

MISS M. It is a scene in a novel of my own.

MR. B. I didn't know you wrote novels.

MISS M. I have written ten.

(MR. B. *looks surprised.*)

MISS M. They are not published. My *friends* admire them, and that is enough for me. Some day, perhaps . . . I don't despise fame, but I am in no hurry for it. The novel I am thinking of is called "The Idol."

MR. B. (*quoting softly*). "Bloomin' idol made o' mud."

MISS M. When the heroine discovers that the hero falls short of her ideal, she dies of a broken heart . . . on the spot . . . in his arms.

MR. B. Poor fellow.

MISS M. (*her eyes very round*). And he never touches brandy again.

MR. B. (*stifling a yawn*). I should have thought he wanted some after that.

MISS M. My novels are not flippant, Mr. Berenger. They are like my life—purposeful and truly inward. And as my life is, so must my surroundings be. What I dream of is no doubt rare and difficult to attain. I want a companion whose lightest word carries a gospel, and whose every hour is devoted to the improvement of the soul; who climbs a little higher day by day, and lifts me higher too.

MR. B. Well, I hope you'll find him—her—Miss Mortlake.

MISS M. I have not found him yet. I thought I had. (*Suddenly*) I'm afraid it's time to start if I am to catch the 3.15.

(*Enter* ROSE *with flowers.*)

ROSE. I've gathered you some roses. They won't live long, but for a day they will remind you of Admers.

MISS M. Then I will leave them here. I wish to forget Admers. (*Marches out, leaving her astonished host and hostess staring at each other.*)

MR. B. Rose, you little minx, what have you been saying to her?

ROSE. I said you liked your dinner well cooked; so you do. I said the boys were noisy little demons; so they are. I suppose I said a few other things. I've just given Tommy a shilling.

MR. B. What for?

ROSE. For the tennis-ball. It was a help.

MR. B. H'm. "I was adored once."

ROSE. I know she came down here intending to propose to you.

MR. B. (*with sudden severity*). Rose, do you listen at doors?

ROSE (*smothering her father with kisses*). I knew it, I knew it, Dad. No need to listen. What a mercy I was at home!

MR. B. (*tenderly*). Poor Miss Mortlake.

ROSE. Don't worry, Dad. She'll stick up someone else. I couldn't spare you for her pedestal. I want you all the time for my own.

AN ENGLISH HOME ABROAD.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND.

ONE of the best known provinces of the Austrian Empire is Salzburg. Distinguished by unsurpassed mountain and lake scenery, it is the principal rock-salt depository (Salz Kammergut) of Southern Europe, and has ever been selected by lovers of natural beauty for their summer sojourn; it abounds, therefore, in castles, ancient and modern, villas and large farms, and is one of the favourite resorts of the travelling public.

When, in the eventful war of 1866, the late King of Hanover lost his crown and lands because he espoused the cause of Austria against Prussia, he accepted the proffered hospitality of his defeated ally and settled in the Austrian capital. His son, then Crown Prince, entered the Austrian army, in which he still holds an honorary command. When it became evident that Prussia would keep her grasp on the rich kingdom of Hanover, the Guelphs (with the exception of Princess Frederika, who married the Baron von Pawel-Rammingen and settled in England) decided to make the Southern Empire their permanent home.

Prince Bismarck was very anxious to induce the deposed King of Hanover to abdicate formally, and the refusal to do so has deprived both the King and, after his death in 1878, the Crown Prince of an enormous fortune, it having been confiscated and held out as a bribe for the exiles, to be paid over to them as soon as they would agree to give up their claim to the Crown. As a matter of fact, the affair is still pending, and even the friendly intervention of Queen Victoria has not been able to bring the controversy to a satisfactory issue. The Prince is now better known under his English titles—namely, Duke of Cumberland and Earl of Armagh. He was born in 1845, is a great-grandson in direct descent of George III., therefore closely related to our reigning house, and is a Knight of the Garter. Through his marriage with the youngest sister of the Princess of Wales, the ties between our royal family and the Cumberlands have become still more strongly cemented.

Photo by Augerer, Vienna.

THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, K.G.

The Duke has selected a beautiful situation on the Traunsee (Lake of the Traun), in the province above mentioned, for his country home, and has erected there a palatial castle, surrounded by a charming park. The style of the building is the old German, but the interior is thoroughly English—in fact, we may well say that the

Castle Cumberland is an English Home, although it stands on the banks of an Austrian lake and on Austrian soil. The towns of Gmünden and Traunkirchen are

Photo by C. Jagerspacker, Gmünden.

PRINCESS MARY OF HANOVER.

in the neighbourhood. A large Hanoverian lion (the same as we find on our lion shillings) stands prominently on the terrace in front of the mansion, and is visible far and wide as a landmark.

We are able to give our readers a view of the picturesque castle at Gmünden, and also a view of the town of Traunkirchen.

The Duke and Duchess with their children, as well as the venerable Queen-Mother, who is in her eighty-first year, and Princess Mary of Hanover, who have their home near the Duke, are universally beloved by high and low. Their affability, their benevolence, their kind neighbourly interest in the well-being of the surrounding country, has ingratiated them with everyone who knows them. By the Austrian Imperial family they are held in the highest esteem, and they are on the most friendly terms with every member of the reigning house.

Their home-life is simple, unostentatious, and marked by the most cheerful intercourse between the members of the family amongst themselves and ladies of the household. No doubt it is partly for this reason that the castle has become the favourite visiting-place of the Danish royal family and of our own Princess of Wales and her children; no year passes without the presence of some of these august persons at the palace. The invigorating mountain air, the beautiful surrounding scenery, the comfort of the stately mansion, and the happy home-life of the ducal couple offer pleasures to their exalted visitors, which they can hardly find so thoroughly in their own homes, where there ever must exist a certain amount of unavoidable ceremonial.

The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland live the lives of a country squire and squiress, and their pleasures are found in the companionship of their children and relations. Particularly interesting is their yearly Christmas party. They celebrate the day in the good old German fashion, and there are Christmas-trees in the great hall after dinner. These are loaded with charming gifts, and on tables round the room, carrying cards with the names of the various recipients (both the members of the family and those of the household participate in the festivity), there are displayed the presents given on the occasion. The aged Queen, the Duke and Duchess, the Princes and Princesses, all give something, and no one is forgotten. In many cases the gifts are very handsome and valuable, consisting of jewellery and other ornaments. The evening is generally wound up with music and games for the children.

Unfortunately this devoted couple have seen dark days during their idyllic life. The Duchess has been extremely ill for a long period, and it even became necessary to remove her from her beloved home and place her under the care of an experienced physician.

What terrible pain and grief the disturbed state of the mind of the adored wife and mother brought upon the Duke and his children, as well as upon the whole household, can be more easily imagined than described. However, her health is now fully restored, and since then she has

always been able to fulfil her manifold duties with her accustomed grace and amiability. Another great anxiety and affliction came to disturb the serenity of the home in the shape of a serious illness by which their eldest son was brought to the brink of an early grave. The skill of the greatest medical specialists called to the bedside of the youthful sufferer seemed to be incapable of stemming the course of the dire malady. But this sorrow also has come to a happy ending: the patient has long since entered upon the path leading to the complete restoration of his normal health.

Early this year the Duke and Duchess presented their eldest daughter formally at the Austrian Court. The young Princess is charming, clever, and amiable, and her entry into Society created quite a sensation. Naturally the young lady, Marie Louise (named after her two grandmothers, the ex-Queen of Hanover and the Queen of Denmark, who are the two oldest majesties in

Photo by C. Jagerspacker, Gmünden

THE EX-QUEEN OF HANOVER.

CASTLE CUMBERLAND, AT GMÜNDEN.

Europe), has been already betrothed to various eligible Princes by rumour, and it is even whispered that the heir to the Austrian throne is very anxious to become the possessor of the heart and hand of the lovely Princess; but there is the obstacle of difference of religion in the way, which is of the utmost importance in a Catholic

THE TOWN OF TRAUNKIRCHEN.

reigning family. However, the expected visit of the Archduke in question to Castle Cumberland, which is shortly to take place, is of some significance, and it was also strongly commented upon that during the last season the Emperor paid special attention to the Duchess of Cumberland at the Court balls at Vienna, singling her out on every occasion to lead at his arm the Imperial procession into the ball-room.

The Duke of Cumberland has bought from the Emperor a palace in Vienna, and is now making alterations and putting it in such a state that it may suit the requirements of himself and his family.

Photo by C. Jagerspacker, Gmunden.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND AND FAMILY.

The portraits we present with this sketch were taken in Gmünden, and show the Duke and Duchess with their six children (the Duke in uniform as Colonel of his Austrian infantry regiment), and Princess Mary of Hanover and the ex-Queen of Hanover.

A. DE BURGH.

WHEN has the Public Eye of our little island been rivetted so firmly on the whole wide world as now?

MR. CHARLES NEUFELD,
Rescued from Captivity at Omdurman.

For the moment the Little Englanders have no platform; even a great orator could hardly create any interest in home politics. It is Empire, ever Empire—yesterday in China, to-day in the Soudan; and that involves so many interests that England is only one among the nations.

The man of the moment is undoubtedly Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener. Whether he dropped the Horatio in order not to clash with the other hero of the Nile, our one and only Horatio, which is Nelson, one cannot say; but the name of Kitchener has been on everybody's lips. Born in Kerry, he is son of the late Colonel Henry Horatio Kitchener, of the 13th Dragoons, and is just forty-eight. He was only a year old when Lord Roberts entered the Artillery, and at the age of one-and-twenty he entered the Engineers. He has been in the Soudan since 1883, and has made himself complete master of the intricate problem which our holding of Egypt involves. Sir Herbert is unmarried. One of his brothers commands the forces in Jamaica, and the youngest is in the Egyptian Transport Service.

Charles Neufeld, who was rescued by the Sirdar's army, will be the hero of another day when he writes the story of his long imprisonment in Omdurman. He is a German, a doctor by profession, though he was engaged in Egypt in commercial pursuits. His wife, who is English, has been acting as matron in a Cheshire hospital.

Sir Herbert Kitchener has a splendid staff, including Colonel F. R. Wingate, R.A.,

Photo by Dawney.

SLATIN PASHA.

the Director of the Military Intelligence Department of the Egyptian army. His book, "Mahdism and the Egyptian

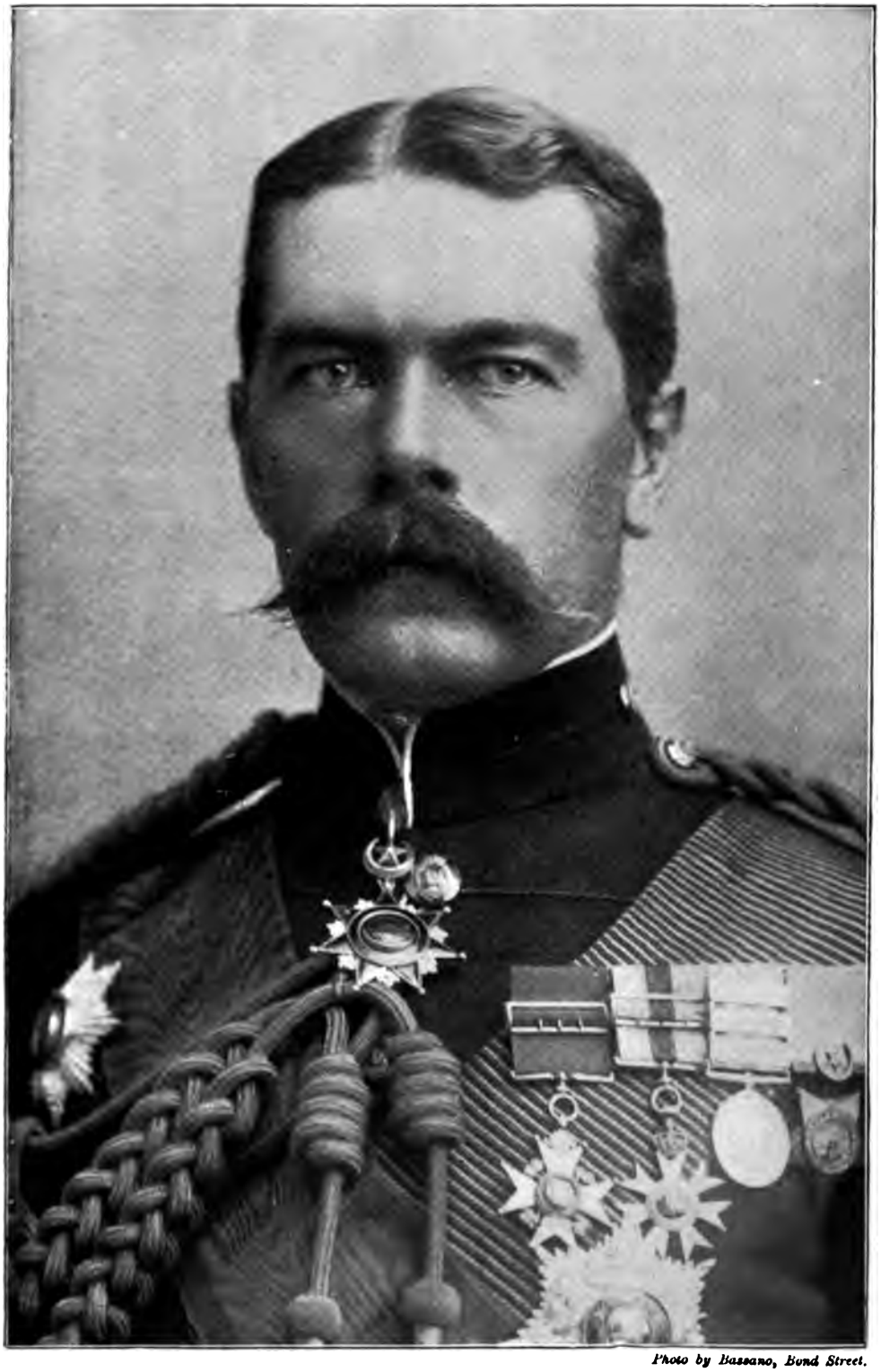


Photo by Bassano, Bond Street.

THE MAN IN THE PUBLIC EYE—THE AVENGER OF GORDON: SIR HERBERT KITCHENER.

Soudan," showed that he could write, and his version of Father Ohrwalder's "Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp" (which has been issued in sixpenny form) displayed him as a capable editor. Then there is Slatin Pasha, the adventurous Austrian who has had twenty years' experience in the Soudan. He was Governor of Dara when Gordon was in Darfur suppressing the slave-trade, and he knows what a prison of the Mahdi means. He is now a Colonel in the Egyptian army.

Though he is only a four-year-old, Prince Edward of York has been enthroned already, for the Newfoundlanders have put him on their new half-cent stamp, the value having been apparently selected with due regard to the Prince's size. The name of the future Edward VIII. (for the Prince of Wales will possibly be called King Edward, and not King Albert) is a conglomerate of all the countries that he represents—Edward, for his grandfather and the line of English Kings of that name; Albert, for his great-grandfather; Christian, for Denmark and his grandfather; George, for Merrie England; Andrew, for Scotland; Patrick, for Ireland; and David, for Wales. But why not have added an Oriental name for the Indian Empire? Two of our King Edwards (the second and fifth) were murdered; the sixth died as a lad of eighteen; but the rest had fairly long reigns, Edward III. holding the throne for fifty years.

The Prince Edward of York Stamp.

Meantime it appears that Queen Wilhelmina objects to figure in her stamps with her hair done up, and prefers the older stamp showing her as a little girl. And there is no need to alter that portrait, which is pretty. Experiments in this way are rarely successful. Thus the experiments in our own coinage have been peculiarly unhappy, and the Post Office has done well to retain the early picture of the Queen, though in point of reproduction the modern penny stamp is a poor thing compared with the old brick-red issue.

The Queen of Holland Stamp.

No two women have presented themselves so much to the mind in connection with the Russian disarmament proposal as the Princess of Wales and her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, for the meeting between them at Copenhagen has coincided with the great turn that high politics have taken. The Princess is three years older than the Empress, who celebrates her fifty-first birthday next month.

This month Mr. W. S. Gilbert celebrates his majority as the Savoyard, and, curiously enough, the opera with which he started—"The Sorcerer"—is now running as a revival at the Savoy Theatre. Mr. Gilbert was born sixty-two years ago not a stone's throw from the Savoy, in Southampton Street. His father started life in the Navy, then became a doctor, and ended as a man of letters. Mr. Gilbert himself has written sixty-two plays during the last thirty-two years. He began with a burlesque at the St. James's, called "Dulcamara," and has not missed a year (save 1895 and 1898) since without producing a play. He had produced six-and-thirty plays before he gave us "The Sorcerer," which built the Savoy Theatre, and has been followed by eleven other operas written for Mr. Carte in collaboration with Sir Arthur Sullivan. Mr. Gilbert was born on Nov. 18, 1836. "The Sorcerer" was produced on Nov. 17, 1877.

The new Governor of Newfoundland, Sir Henry M'Callum, is, like Sir Herbert Kitchener, an Engineer officer, and though he is the Sirdar's junior by two years, the two entered the Engineers in the same

THE MOTHER OF THE CZAR AND HER SISTER, THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Photo by the Baron A. von Meyer W.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS LADY MACBETH, AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

year, 1871. He served in the Perak Expedition of 1875-76 as Private Secretary to the Governor of the Straits Settlements,

Photo by Elliott and Fry.
LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR HENRY M'CALLUM, R.E.,
The New Governor of Newfoundland.

where he ultimately became Surveyor-General. He has also been Governor of Lagos. Now he succeeds Sir Herbert Murray in Newfoundland. His father was in the Marines, and his father-in-law was a Vice-Admiral, so that he is familiar with all branches of the public service.

What a strange fascination the stage has for the children of players! Both Sir Henry Irving's sons took to acting, although they were intended for other professions. Mr. Gilbert Hare is becoming one of the best actors in his father's company, and Mr. George Bancroft, the younger son of Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, is not only an actor, but, like Mr. Laurence Irving, a playwright, for his drama, "Teresa," filled a gap at the Garrick Theatre in September. Young Mr. Bancroft's best work was as the prig in "The Princess and the Butterfly," where he and Mr. Pinero seemed to have taken Mr. Max Beerbohm as their model.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell's personality is so fascinating that every new experiment she makes is watched with interest even when she is obviously outside the range of her temperament. Mrs. "Pat" has been known to London only seven years, for it was at a matinée of "As You Like It" at the Shaftesbury Theatre, in 1891, that she made her début. Within two years she was the most talked-about actress in England, for she had thrilled the town with her Mrs. Tanqueray. Her mother is a pure Italian, and that accounts largely for Mrs. Campbell's instinct for the stage, if not for that curious half-broken pronunciation of hers. If she had not been an actress, she would have been a great pianist. One had only to hear that snatch of Schubert in "Mrs. Tanqueray" to see that. "Lady Macbeth" at the Lyceum has divided the critics again.

"Louis de Rougemont" is the most notorious man of the moment. The story of his thirty years' wandering in the wilderness made Sir George Newnes's new adventure magazine, and took in the British Association. But the *Daily Chronicle* has shown that "Louis de Rougemont," Frenchman, is really Henri Louis Grin,

"LOUIS DE ROUGEMONT."

Swiss; that out of the thirty years he passed among savages, he spent seventeen in the city of Sydney—which is not quite savage; and that what he said he saw in the desert was the result of his diving experiences.

"GOOD Lord, Anne," said the Governor, "you don't mean to say you've still got that crazy notion in your head?"

The beautiful old woman who was sitting beside Colonel Farringford on the verandah at Kishon smiled indulgently, as if on a petulant child. The sober talk of elderly friendship that has survived forty years' chance and change had suddenly taken a turn which must needs have set an old wound bleeding afresh. Anne Sievewright's "crazy notion," as she was very well aware, had never ceased to be a sore point with her visitor, since it had driven him, a handsome young Lieutenant and heartbroken lover of twenty-two, from Kishon and Pen Island, to which time had brought him back as Governor, grizzled with splendid service in field and State. He had long ago forgiven Anne her rejection of what would have been no bad match for Miss Sievewright even in those palmy days of the Caribbean Archipelago, when the planter's was still a life of princely possibilities, and the West Indian heiress not yet inscribed "obsolete" in the author's handbook of potential Persons of the Drama. Grant Farringford had sealed his pardon of his old love in a man's way, with his marriage to another woman, a chapter in his life that had been closed for ten years before his return to Pen Island; but the mellow memory of his early romance revived with the first whiff of spice-laden breeze that blew in his face as he stepped ashore, welcomed, in his capacity of Viceroy, by the shrill cheers of a multi-coloured native population, and a deafening salute from the Queen's Fort, with its regal panoply of signal-flags.

For all the press of duties bequeathed to him by his predecessor in office, his Excellency lost no time in making inquiries about his old friends the Sievewrights. The result of his investigations was depressing in the extreme. "Ole Mis' Anne" was the sole survivor of the family, and Kishon had gone the way of most of its sister estates in the island, into the bottomless pit of Chancery. A week after his arrival in the colony Colonel Farringford rode out of the garden grounds of Government House, bound on pathetic pilgrimage towards his past. The sleepy little township straggling along the shore of the crescent bay that has few lovelier rivals in all the Antilles, was already wide awake, though it was still delicious early morning in the tropics as the Governor's horse clattered along the steep stony street,

bringing a swarm of scantily clad negro urchins and their elders to the open doors of the houses that lined the narrow roadway. A graceful coolie girl, radiant in white and scarlet draperies, glanced shyly at his Excellency as she went by with a musical jingle of silver ornaments, followed by a chattering group of market women, carrying wooden trays picturesquely piled with brilliant-hued fruit and vegetables deftly balanced on their gaily turbaned heads, succeeded in turn by a sunburnt overseer driving in from some windward hamlet a primitive buggy, crowded with a party of freckled schoolboys, and a patient donkey laden with bags of arrowroot. These were all remembered landmarks in the picture, and there were more to come. An aroma of retrospect gave to his chestnut's sober pace a zest which had never belonged to any fiery gallop of the Governor's youth. He flattered himself—and every inch of the way brought confirmation of the fact—that he had not forgotten the road to Kishon. At this turn in the dusty, glaring road (memory never once played him false) he would look down on the sunlit stretch of the horseshoe bay, dotted with a score of white-winged, restless boats, flitting about the anchorage of a clumsy cargo-steamer, a couple of brown-sailed schooners, a fragile fairy felucca, and the stately yacht of a minor European royalty. From yonder rising ground he should gaze across the magnificent sweep of that fertile valley from whose boundary of purple hills the vanishing remnant of the Red race made their last futile stand for independence not a century before. At this point of his progress a poinsettia-tree should flame overhead; at that, he should be greeted by the strong scent of a pink flower whose name he had forgotten, though it grew forty years ago in the garden at Kishon. Now he must ride through a babbling rivulet, fern-fringed, and tossing its cool spray to his very forehead; then, skirting roadside fields of waving cane and thriving patches of peasant proprietors' provision-grounds, he should pass a huge rock, richly tapestried with the wild luxuriance of the glossy leaved arum, and so, by cocoanut-groves and fairy glens, until all the landscape resolved itself into monotonous green under monotonous blue.

It was reserved for Kishon, the goal of his pilgrimage, to bring home to Grant Farringford, as nothing else could have done, the gulf that yawned between the present and the day on which he had last ridden out of its broad avenue of noble palms, now shrunk to a grass-grown bridle-path. An air of hopeless dilapidation and decay, the miasma of Chancery, brooded alike over the tumbledown outbuildings and the rambling two-storeyed "great house." His Excellency rode slowly up to the steps of the verandah, and halting there, knew himself at length for an old man, since in the shadow of the purple-blossomed water-lemon vine, where he had left a beautiful young girl, he found a beautiful old woman.

Against the background of green jalousies, rusty at the hinges, their paint blistered by fierce suns, Anne Sievewright in her shabby gown, her pale face framed in snow-white hair, was every whit the gentlewoman of Lieutenant Farringford's boyish dream, a dear and distant ideal of white muslin with knots of fluttering blue ribbon, and that hateful miniature on its black band round her slender snowy throat.

She was wearing it still.

"Ole Mis' Anne" knew her early visitor, without any hesitation of memory, for the new Governor and her old friend, Grant Farringford. It was pleasant to find herself remembered; so much and no more she gave him to understand, giving him her wrinkled, welcoming hand as well. They plunged boldly into talk of old times, Anne naming her dead and the reverses which had overtaken them, without the slightest tinge of emotion. It was horribly wounding to her listener's vanity to have the conviction forced upon him by every sentence that fell from her lips that he, too, had long been numbered with the things that she had outlived, or for which there had been no room in her heart. She believed that, out in the world, beyond the broken aloe-fence at Kishon, the planters were tearing their hair over the low prices of sugar, that this year's crop would barely

pay for the cost of production, that every day fresh estates were going into Chancery, but personally she took very little interest in these things, having nothing to complain of. The receiver of Kishon kindly allowed her the living in the house, and the kitchen-garden, no doubt, would last out her time. For the rest, she was still a woman vowed to and consumed by a purpose. She had not grieved, she had not regretted, no, not even that she had deliberately sacrificed love and her youth and Grant Farringford to a fetish.

"I would have made your life so happy, Anne," said the Governor.

"Yes, I think so, Grant, if it had been possible."

"Of course it would have been possible, if you had been open to argument."

"What was the use of arguing? Nothing could alter the facts. Marriage was not for me. I had a weird to dree, a destiny to work out, a curse to work off."

And then his Excellency had said angrily—

"Good Lord, Anne, you don't mean to say you've still got that crazy notion in your head!"

In the silence of her answering smile, "Ole Mis' Anne" fingered the miniature at her throat.

"I was very fond of you, Grant," she said gently: "do you think I could have borne the daily, hourly thought that must always have haunted me if I had allowed myself to be overpersuaded into marrying you—the dreadful thought that every time you spoke my name you were speaking a murderess's; that every time you looked upon the face of your wife you were looking upon the face of a murderess; that the blood of a murderess was in your children's blood? I loved you, Grant. That was why I sent you from me."

SHE WENT BY WITH A MUSICAL JINGLE OF SILVER ORNAMENTS.

"None of your people plagued themselves with these thoughts, Anne. They all married and brought up their families, and lived and died as comfortably and as sensibly as if they had never owned a wicked ancestress who sent a score of her slaves to kingdom-come before she was very properly despatched there in her turn. Why should *you* have been the one to be sacrificed?"

"Because it was plainly laid upon me. I was called after her. You know that I am her living image."

"Ole Mis' Anne" unfastened the miniature she wore at her neck. Almost against his will, Grant Farringford took it from her hand. He might well have been looking on the young beauty he had loved, in the face that smiled upon him from its oval setting of tarnished pearls. There

were the same laughing violet eyes and pure, rose-tinted complexion, the same Cupid's-bow mouth and dainty shell-pink ears, kissed by little roguish tendrils of brown hair escaping from the quaintly dressed massive coils. But the wonder and the horror of the picture lay in the thought that beneath this loveliness there lurked undepicted, because undreamed of by the artist, the unawakened, awful lust of blood and cruelty that was to make the first Anne Sievewright's name a thing to shudder at in Pen Island. The Governor gave back the portrait, sighing. *His* Anne was right. Not even their love could have blotted out her likeness to a murderess. And yet that she should have been the one to be sacrificed!

"I wish that old nurse of yours had held her tongue," growled his Excellency.

Ah! how often that wish had echoes in her own heart, mused Anne. If only she had never known of that beautiful, evil kinswoman whose name she bore — in whose likeness her own beauty had been fashioned!

"Poor Abba!" she said softly. "She meant no harm; and sooner or later I must have heard the story."

And yet, she added to herself, it might well have been delayed in the telling. Ignorant of it, she might have been happy a few years longer. She might even have married Grant Farringford. Though, indeed, she went on, by way of self-defence, he could never have loved her very greatly, since he had so quickly consoled himself.

"Anne, it's not too late, is it?" burst impetuously from the Governor's lips, as if he had been following her train of thought.

"Years and years too late, Grant."

The wan ghost of a smile crept across her face as she pictured the flutter in the dovecotes of Pen Island, which would attend "ole Mis' Anne's" wedding.

"Think it over, Anne," persisted Colonel Farringford. "You're living here, that was your home, in loneliness and discomfort, and you won't mind an old friend saying so?—in poverty!"

"I have got used to all these things. They are part of the punishment I have been permitted to bear."

"But I should never get used to the idea of your enduring them while I had something better to offer you," said the Governor, purposely ignoring the latter half of her speech.

"It is very good of you to think of this, Grant——"

"No goodness at all, but an old man's selfishness. I am as lonely as you are. The years are slipping away from both of us. Why shouldn't we take hands for the last bit of the hill? Perhaps my heart has grown tougher since the time you flung it back upon my hands; but if you'll marry me, Anne, I'll see to it, on my honour, that your life shall be as happy as I can make it."

But with that fatal sentence "the years are slipping away from us," he had unwittingly widened the breach between them. The years were indeed slipping away from her. Would the chance of atonement never come? She had waited so long, so patiently; and what was her waiting to that of the dead, bound in some place of darkness and the deep until the life of her own flesh and blood should have paid the fearful penalty of her crimes? Ah! how little Grant understood! How little any of her people had understood that in their beauty-sister, their busy house-wife daughter, past-mistress of the arts of preserving, confectionery, and needlework, they were daily rubbing shoulders with one on whose head a price was set. Nothing short of this was her theory of life. She accepted it as a righteous judgment that she would never die in her bed. Somewhere death waited for her in swift and violent guise, the death her wicked kinswoman had dealt out to her murdered slaves. Her doom of expiation, her life for theirs, was written in her face and in her name.

"You don't understand, Grant."

"Is that your answer, Anne?"

"Yes. I am past uprooting. Kishon is still my home, though I am only living here on sufferance. Having found your way back to the old place, I hope you will sometimes come again?"

Colonel Farringford took this, as perhaps his hostess had intended he should, for his dismissal, and though it was with an uncomfortable grip of something very like regret at his heart that he started on his homeward ride, he had sufficiently shaken off the effects of his pilgrimage by afternoon to enable him to preside over the deliberations of the Legislative Assembly with as much dignity and repose as if he had never been, in any past, however remote, "ole Mis' Anne's" young sweetheart.

* * * *

Left alone on the verandah, dreams came to "fill up the room" of "ole Mis' Anne's" departed guest—dreams, it must be conceded, in which Grant Farringford, past or present, had no place. She was harking back to the day her old nurse, Abba, garrulous and injudicious, after the fashion of her kind, had poured into her childish ears the tragedy of Anne Sievewright the elder. To the other inmates of the nursery at Kishon the gruesome story was merely legend. They were a troop of healthy, commonplace, unimpressionable boys and girls, preoccupied with fattening pigs and riding their ponies bareback over the country, who had eventually blossomed into uninteresting planters and as uninteresting planters' wives, bringing up their families, as Colonel Farringford had reminded their sister, "as comfortably and as sensibly as if they had never owned a wicked ancestress." But on Anne, her namesake, her history fastened like a poisonous fang, with a grip from which death alone could tear her. All her girlhood was blotted out in the scarlet flood that was suddenly let in upon her young consciousness. The knowledge that a curse is in his blood will either drag a man down to the level of its own evil or uplift him to that of a saint. The knowledge that she was the granddaughter of a woman whose rule at Kishon had furnished the annals of slavery in Pen Island with their bloodiest page, gave Anne Sievewright's nature the latter bent. From the first thrill of horror which had attended her reception of Abba's *recital of her grandmother's* cruelties to her slaves, the child (she was only twelve years old at that time) passed to pity unspeakable, until, with her growth into girlhood, a passionate purpose, to which all her after-life had been consecrated, took shape in her mind. She, the innocent, would make atonement for the guilty, as far as meek burden-bearing of sin to the third generation may stand for atonement. She would lay aside all sweetness of home and husband and children to be scapegoat for that soul hurried long since to its black account. She would offer herself, living, to a perpetual intercession that must surely prevail to the last, dying, by any death that might in some measure expiate the hideous record of Kishon. But it was not enough to purpose these things, however steadfastly. She must bind herself by an oath. She remembered getting possession, by stratagem, of the keys of the church where her grandmother was buried, and going into the ugly grey building on the green hillside overhanging the sea that thundered on the coral reefs below. She had never forgotten the solemn sense of renunciation with which she had vowed herself beside the tomb that hid so much beauty and wickedness from the world—lovely marble that stood for the elder Anne Sievewright's loveliness in life. The stone lied brazenly touching her virtues. This was also part of the shame that the younger Anne took to herself within the compass of her oath.

"Because I am her flesh and blood, because I am called by her name, I will give my life for the lives of those poor slaves!"

For visible seal of her covenant with death, she won from her mother—a pale, lackadaisical, strictly unemotional lady—the miniature which she had worn ever since about her neck. She was wearing it when Lieutenant Farringford came to Pen Island, three years too late to save her from her oath. She was wearing it still when he found her, forty years after, on the verandah at Kishon. For well-nigh half a century, through successive seasons of rain and drought, planting and reaping, the petty, pitiful dial which alone marks the passage

of time in the Antilles, "Ole Mis' Anne" had waited for her call. But death, that she sought so persistently, fought shy of her.

* * * *

The Governor rode out to Kishon not once again, but many times, finding his visits pleasant enough under the circumstances of having for hostess a woman who gave you cheerfully to understand that she was waiting for a violent death. His Excellency's attitude towards the "crazy notion" gradually veered from annoyance to resignation, and from that, by slow degrees, to speculation. But arrived at that state of mind, he began to think that his own brain must be giving way. He applied for leave and went home for three months. To his disgust he found that Piccadilly and the clubs had lost their charm. He returned to Pen Island and the verandah at Kishon as gladly as a bee to its flowers.

The term of Colonel Farringford's office continued to be decorously dull, only relieved by the passing excitement of a mild epidemic of "Yellow Jack," and the fag-end of a hurricane that devastated a hapless neighbouring island, and scared the "Pennites" out of their wits. But in the fourth year of the Colonel's viceroyalty came the Riots. To the average European mind the episode was merely a storm in a teacup, but not to take it seriously would be to wound the tender susceptibilities of the good people of Pen Island in an unwarrantable degree. The task of demonstrating exactly what the insurgents wanted is best left to a future historian; all that concerns this story seems to be that the insurrection was one of those inevitable outbreaks of savagery which are needed from time to time to remind our rulers that in every alien vassal people they stand face to face

THEY PLUNGED BOLDLY INTO TALK OF OLD TIMES.

(let it be armed at all points) with the terrific force of ineradicable racial hate, dormant, but not dead. The red flag was unfurled simultaneously in ten of the twelve parishes of Pen Island. The majority of the white population lost their heads and took refuge on board the ships in the harbour, leaving their household gods to the mercy of the rioters, who contented themselves with going all lengths of threatening where they owed an unjust master a grudge, slaking their thirst for blood on dumb, helpless creatures only.

The first news of the rising was brought to Kishon by the rebels themselves. It was early morning when they swarmed into the mill-yard with hoarse shouts and ribald songs that broke in upon God knows what dream of "Ole Mis' Anne's" childhood like the roar of thunder. She sat up in bed and listened. Then, rising, she slipped on her white wrapper and went to the window. At a glance she knew what had happened. Her call had come.

"My life for their fathers'," she said softly, like a prayer, as she went out to them on the verandah.

There was nothing left to live for. Only that old man who had been her young sweetheart—but even he would cease to miss her in a little while—he had not loved her very greatly. Down at Government House, too far off to hold her back from paying the penalty of her oath, Grant Farringford was waking to the spice-scented morning stealing in through open windows—he meant to ride out to Kishon that afternoon.

The temper of the mob was scarcely human when "Ole Mis' Anne" appeared among them. The grand, heroic figure of that brave old gentlewoman, with the white hair streaming about her whiter face, must surely have quelled the riot in Pen Island without the firing of a single shot. But perhaps the rum had mounted to madness in their head. Perhaps behind her—who shall say?—they saw, with clear vision of the madman and the dying, the evil face of Anne Sievewright, the murderess. That sight might well have been as flame to tow. "Ole Mis' Anne's" goodness to them and to their children was clean forgotten. The blood that flowed in her veins was the blood of the woman who had shed their fathers' blood. A life for a life!

They came on like a hungry, roaring tide, and the sweep of those angry waves was cresting with gibbering faces and staring, sightless eyes.

"My life for their fathers'," said "Ole Mis' Anne" softly, like a prayer, before the lifted cutlass fell and mowed her down.

PAVEMENT-ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

By C. L. McCLUER STEVENS.

THE name and fame of the first pavement-artist, like that of the premier oyster-eater, is buried in oblivion. Probably he was some broken-down dauber, who, after vainly aspiring to better things, found himself forced by stern necessity to appeal to his prospective patrons in this humble and unconventional manner. Anyhow, he builded better than he knew. Someone, somewhere, once wrote something anent the streets being the picture-galleries of the proletariat. There was a world of meaning in the phrase then; but it has been reserved for the pavement-artist, in these latter days, to lend to it a new and hitherto undreamt-of significance.

For the pavement-artist is a creature of modern growth. True, we have only negative evidence as to the time when, and the place where, he first began to inflict his caricatures of art upon a long-suffering public. But as no mention whatever is made of him in that exceedingly interesting and eminently exhaustive book, "London Labour and the London Poor," it may safely be assumed that he had no existence in the days of the Brothers Mayhew. One of the oldest pavement-artists with whom I have been brought in contact declares, indeed, that the father of the craft was one Paddy Keogh, who little more than forty years ago kept an

THE HANGING COMMITTEE.

unpretentious open-air picture-gallery in the then notorious Ratcliffe Highway. For a time he had the field practically to himself; but success begat imitators. The new-comers had no canvas nor money to purchase any, so they chose the sidewalk as their *atelier*, and inscribed their sketches on the bare flags. The "art" spread westward. The pavements of Belgravia blossomed forth incontinently into blue and red and white replicas of famous works. Landseers and Turners in crayon vied with Claudes in chalk and Canalettis in colours. Then came the era of the cut salmon on the dish and the impossible sunset, as being easier of accomplishment. Lastly, men were found so lost to all sense of honour as to hire their sketches at so much a day, and coax the elusive penny from the pockets of the fickle public by a display of work which was in no sense their own.

EXHIBITION OF FIXED AND MOVABLE PICTURES.

The genuine pavement-artist, however, considers these latter individuals unworthy even of contempt. The old fellow, for instance, who for nearly a couple of decades has taken up his "pitch" outside Hyde Park, near the Marble Arch, is so anxious not to be identified with these pariahs of the "profession" that he will at once proceed to sketch, for the delectation of any doubter, a duplicate of any one of his "pictures."

An old sailor, whose usual "pitch" is at the New Oxford Street end of Shaftesbury Avenue, has recently introduced a novel variation of the familiar stereotyped class of picture. They are picked out with Berlin wool on perforated canvas, the "artist" performing the work as he sits in the sun in full view of the passers-by. His

"THE ONLY WOMAN PAVEMENT-ARTIST IN LONDON."

average takings, he informed me, were about two shillings a day; but he occasionally sells a picture or two, his patrons being mostly seafaring men like himself.

"The only woman pavement-artist in London," as she proudly dubs

A MARINE PAINTER.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY, BLOOMSBURY PAVEMENT.

herself, is usually to be found at the back of St. Martin's Church, immediately opposite the Lowther Arcade. The pictures—such as they are—are all her own work. This young lady places her earnings as high as five shillings a day, "taking one day with another." But this average, I discovered, applies only to the days when she is able to exhibit. Wet weather is the bugbear of the pavement-artists, for then they cannot show at all. Even a smart shower is quite sufficient to undo the work of hours, and the poor "artist" has to begin all over again. No wonder that the movable pictures, which can be packed up and carried under cover on the approach of bad weather, are growing in favour among the fraternity!

LOAN EXHIBITION OF "GENUINE OIL PAINTINGS" (NO DOUBT ABOUT THE OIL) AT SIXPENCE A DAY.

Of this class are the two last Illustrations shown herewith, which were snapshotted outside St. George's Church, Hart Street, Bloomsbury. These particular exhibits are genuine oil-paintings; and the exhibitor admitted candidly, when questioned, that he hired them at "sixpence a day, or two 'bob' a week." There were, he stated, at least a round dozen of artists in London who make a speciality of painting these daubs for the purpose of letting them out on hire. A new-comer, or one who happens to be unknown to the "master-man," has to pay—in addition, of course, to the hiring fee—a deposit commensurate with the presumed value of the pictures temporarily entrusted to his care. By paying a slightly increased weekly rental, the pictures become the property of the hirer after a certain specified time. As a general rule, however, this latest development of the hire-purchase system finds no great favour in the eyes of those most immediately concerned; one reason being that a pavement picture-gallery, if it is to prove anything like a drawing card nowadays, must be up-to-date. The pavement-artist-patronising public is becoming satiated with sliced salmon and crossed mackerel. Even scenes from the Jubilee celebrations or the latest and most blood-curdling thing in Armenian atrocities are at a discount. On the other hand, an enterprising peripatetic who recently portrayed on an Islington pavement a highly coloured and ditto imaginative picture of the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet at Santiago was rewarded with a record day's takings.

ANOTHER INDUBITABLE "OIL."

The dreariest thing about the pavement-artist's work is its dead level of badness. Once or twice in a lifetime one may see a glimmering of talent, but the general result is below—far below—mediocrity. We have heard of the great singer, the great violinist, who began in the streets, but the romantic artist-career which began on the pavement is still sadly to seek.

The mottoes which the pavement decorator scrawls around hearts, Yarmouth bloaters, hams, and sirloins are of the same monotonous character. They usually consist of a bowdlerised version of the Beatitudes, the favourite being, "Blessed is the heart that can feel for another," varied by, "Please spare a copper," and "These are all my own work." As we have seen, the last legend is sometimes of the nature of a fraud scarcely of the pious order. The most curious thing about this art is the kindly consideration it receives from the public, who always refrain from treading upon it. Thus it really constitutes a serious obstruction, but one so obviously intangible that the policeman generally fails to detect it. So the pavement-artist sits still.

The *doyen* of the lending-out branch of this peculiar business appears to be an old one-armed scene-painter, who lives in the Mile-End Road. Looking at his work, the thought naturally suggests itself that if he is able to paint such daubs with one arm, what dreadful atrocity might he not perpetrate with two!

A FIGHT IN LEICESTER SQUARE.

By MAJOR MARTIN HUME.

IT was a dark rainy night at the end of October 1698. In an upper room of the Greyhound Tavern in the Strand, hard by Charing Cross, there sat drinking deeply a roystering crew of fine gentlemen in flowing periwigs and gold-laced coats. Among them were the Earl of Warwick and Holland, a very great personage indeed; Lord Mohun, the famous duellist, who six years before had been an accessory to the murder of Mountford, the actor, in Howard Street, Strand; and three other gentlemen bearing the King's commission. Most of them had wandered from tavern to tavern all the afternoon, and at eight o'clock in the evening had settled down at the Greyhound to make a night of it. While the carouse was in full swing the company was joined by a bosom friend and protégé of the Earl's, called by courtesy Captain Richard Coote, whose ensign's commission in the Guards, which two months before had cost four hundred guineas, had been partly paid for with money lent by the Earl.

Coote was a quarrelsome young swashbuckler in his cups, and at one o'clock in the morning took umbrage at something that Captain French had said or done. As a quarrel seemed brewing, the reckoning was called for and paid, and the six gentlemen trooped downstairs to the tavern bar, there to take a parting glass. Tapsters and porters were sent shouting down the Strand for coaches, but the night was tempestuous and the hour late, and no coaches were to be had. In the meanwhile Coote had again fallen out with French. "Damn ye, Sirrah," he shouted, "I shall smile when I like and frown when I like!" "Nay, Dick," said Mohun, "there shall be no fighting to-night!" And Lord Warwick, more sober than the rest, also sought to appease the rising storm. But when the porters came back to say that they could find no coaches, but that two chairs were at the door, they heard the clash of arms, and found Lords Warwick and Mohun with Coote, outside the bar, their swords drawn, facing French, James, and Docwra, who were behind the bar flourishing their weapons. But soon the arms were sheathed, and the company wended their way to the door, while the attendants shouted for more chairs to take them home.

Into the two chairs that were standing there Coote and French entered. "We will settle this business at once," said the former. But Mohun interfered. "Whither go ye, Dick?" said he to Coote. "Where but to Leicester Fields to settle with this rogue?" was the reply. "That shall ye not," said Mohun. "There shall be no fighting to-night, and I will pink the first man who tries it." Then he invited his friends to come to his lodgings to crack another bottle or two. But the would-be combatants threatened the poor chairmen to stick them through if they did not trot off to Leicester Fields; and only when Warwick and Mohun talked of calling the watch and the Guard from Whitehall, did Coote and French leave the sedan chairs and re-enter the tavern. Soon six chairs were collected at the door. The Lords put Coote into the first one, and themselves entered the next two, ordering

the three to go towards Westminster. But when they reached the corner of St. Martin's Lane, where the post-office now stands, Coote directed his chairmen to turn up the lane. The two noblemen behind called to them to stop, and brought their chairs abreast. There again in the road they renewed their entreaties that Coote would defer his quarrel and accompany them to Westminster; but as they were reasoning with him, the chairs containing the three other gentlemen swung past them up St. Martin's Lane, just visible through the night by the dim lanterns they carried. At the sight of them Coote whipped out his sword, and swore that he would stick it into his front chairman if he did not hurry on to overtake them. "Well," said Mohun, "if ye will, ye will, and I will see ye through with it," and up St. Martin's Lane trotted the chairmen at their best pace, after those who had passed them on the way.

Through the mire and slush, by narrow Hemming's Row and Green Street, all deserted and silent at this hour of the morning, they reached the lower corner of Leicester Fields, where the chairmen were bidden to halt and set down their passengers. The neighbourhood was a quiet and aristocratic one, the fields around it only just developing into streets. At the upper side of the square was the great mansion of the Earls of Leicester, occupying the site of the present Leicester Place. To the west of this, where the Empire now stands, was the stately Savile House, and beyond it, a tavern called the Standard; and other fine mansions were arising on the other sides of the square, among them being the house of the Marquis of Carmarthen, who only a few months before had entertained there his boon-companion, the great Czar Peter. The centre of the fields was enclosed by an iron railing, with an entrance on each of the sides, wide enough only for a foot-passenger to pass through.

The three leading chairs had set down their passengers at the upper end of the square; and as their chairmen plodded their way back again to Charing Cross, glad to be free to go home for the night, they passed the chairs that had brought Warwick, Mohun, and Coote, still standing at the corner of Green Street. In answer to inquiry as to why they waited there, the bearers said they only tarried to light their pipes; but it may be questioned whether curiosity or the chance of a profitable job had not a share in their delay. In any case, the statements of these men throw the only impartial light that exists upon the event that followed. Warwick, Mohun, and Coote wended their way up the square past where the Alhambra now stands, and entered the so-called fields in the centre, where, doubtless, French, James, and Docwra awaited them.

According to their own statement, the three chairmen at the corner of Green Street very shortly afterwards heard excited cries of "Chairs! Chairs!" from the fields, and hurried up to the railings at the upper end, where Lord Warwick excitedly begged the first comers to lift the sedan over the rails. The men demurred at this, as they said they could not lift it back again with a man inside. While they were arguing thus, Captain French staggered out of the nearest passage with his sword in his hand. "I am a dead man," he groaned; "take me to the Bagnio in Long Acre!" And with this he entered the chair and was carried off. Next Lord Warwick issued from the fields bleeding copiously from a wound in his right hand, his sword covered with blood from hilt to point, and entering the second chair, called for a handkerchief to bind up his hand, and ordered the bearers to take him also to the Bagnio to have his wounds dressed. When the third chairman entered the fields with a lantern they found two gentlemen, whom they professed to be unable to identify, holding up Coote, who was mortally wounded. The gentlemen, they said, seemed greatly distressed at Coote's condition, and earnestly begged the men to lift their chair over the rails that the dying man might be carried away. Who was to pay, the men asked, for the damage that would be done to the vehicle by the blood?

Besides, if they lifted it over how could they get it back again? Promises of lavish reward — a hundred guineas, if needful—at last prevailed upon them to do as they were asked, the chair being broken in the process. With the unconscious man huddled up bleeding to death in their broken chair, the bearers soon found themselves alone, for the two gentlemen sought safety in flight. In dire distress the men clamoured for the watch; but one guardian of the peace came after the another, and sagely shook his head. This was a serious business, and great gentlemen were mixed up in it. It was safer to let it alone—besides, they belonged to another ward. At last, when Captain Coote was dead in real earnest, a posse bolder than the rest marched the unoffending chairmen to the lock-up, and carried the corpse of Captain Coote to the Round House in St. Martin's Lane.

In the meanwhile, Lord Warwick and French were being cared for by the surgeon at the Bagnio. The Earl on his arrival was intensely agitated, and showed deep concern for the condition of French, a fact which was afterwards used to his disadvantage at his trial. He had begged the servants who had admitted him to the Bagnio to deny his presence to any person who might inquire there for him; and when, some half-hour later, a loud knocking was heard at the door, the Earl himself insisted upon going down and reconnoitring through the spyhole in the door. When he found it was James and Docwra, he unhesitatingly welcomed them, another point which went against him. Attention was called to the fact that while the Earl's sword was red—he said from the wound in his hand, which had filled the hilt and sheath with blood — and Coote's sword, which had been brought in by James, was slightly stained, the weapons of the other three gentlemen had no marks of blood upon them. At three o'clock in the morning, the whole company, except French, who was too ill to be moved, left the Bagnio, and the Earl appears to have made immediate arrangements for flight. Mohun's share in the affray is not certainly known. On his trial before his peers for manslaughter, when he was acquitted, he asserted that he had been wounded in the hand during the preliminary affray at the tavern, and at the fatal fight was unable to draw his sword.

The next day (Oct. 30) all fashionable London was astir with the news of the encounter. It was found that Coote had two wounds, either of which would have been mortal, both on the left side; and it was contended that these, from their position, could hardly have been dealt by an adversary in front of him. Warwick asserted that he had stood by his friend Coote's side, to defend him against his assailants, and told the story of the fight next day to some friends at the Ship and Castle Tavern on Cornhill, that French had killed Coote, whilst he, Warwick, was engaged with James. But news reached him in the City from the Court end of the town that public gossip spoke already of him as the homicide. His sword, it was said, was alone stained with blood; he had shown more concern for French's hurt than was likely if he knew that the latter had killed his dear friend Coote; he had sought concealment at the Bagnio, and his agitation was marked; he welcomed James and Docwra with effusion, though, according to his version, they had sided against him; he had spoken of flight to the country as soon as he entered the Bagnio. The King was in Holland, and Parliament was not sitting. Warwick had no relish for languishing in a gaol until he could claim the privileges of his peerage, and when he learnt that all fingers pointed to him as the murderer of his friend whilst pretending to defend him, he fled to the coast and thence to France; and Mohun also placed the sea between himself and pursuit. The three commoners were in due course arrested and put upon their trial for manslaughter at the Old Bailey. They were found guilty and adjudged light sentences, French escaping punishment by pleading clergy, in which cases burning in the hand was nominally

substituted for imprisonment, but was usually remitted by the King.

When Parliament met early in the following year, 1699, the two peers surrendered themselves to be tried by the House of Lords. A Royal Commission was issued by the King, a special court erected in Westminster Hall, and, under the Presidency of the Lord Steward (Somers), with all the pomp and ancient circumstance usual at the trial of a peer, the Earl of Warwick was arraigned for murder. It is difficult at this time to understand why this was done, as the three commoners concerned in the affair had only been indicted and convicted of manslaughter; and the evidence against the Earl was purely presumptive and circumstantial. He contended that the blood on his sword came from his own wounded hand, that the dead man was his dearest friend, that far from gaining by his death, he had lent him large sums of money; that from the very beginning of the quarrel he (the Earl) had acted the part of peacemaker, and only when he saw his friend assailed by superior numbers had he drawn to defend, not to injure him. The prosecutors—the law officers for the Crown—tried their hardest to prove that the wounds of the dead man were such as would be made by the Earl's sword, which was stated to be a broad one; but they had to deal with a stolid surgeon, who made the *post mortem* examination. He knew nothing; was unable to judge; could not say; refused to commit himself, and so on, until the Lord Steward had sternly to rebuke him for his obvious unwillingness. A grave Constitutional question arose during the Earl's defence. The remission of French's penalty of burning on the hand was signed by the King during the peer's trial; and Warwick asked for permission to call French to testify that he himself had killed Coote in fair fight. At great length it was argued, and finally decided, that remission of punishment did not necessarily carry with it the King's pardon; and that French, still being an unpunished criminal, could not be called as a witness. For some reason or another, it is evident that the Crown was anxious to secure the Earl's conviction for murder; but as each peer in his turn—nearly a hundred of them in all—was called upon for his verdict he gave his vote for manslaughter, and refused to convict on the graver charge. When the final verdict of manslaughter was pronounced the Earl, of course, did what in the good old days he was entitled to do—he pleaded privilege of peerage, and walked out a free man; but with the indelible stain upon him of having killed his friend while fighting by his side. The evidence against him seems strangely inconclusive now, and leads to the opinion that there were political reasons for seeking to fasten upon him the odium of murder. It was some hours after the fight that French ostentatiously called the attention of the servant at the Bagnio to the fact that, although his sword was dirty, it had no blood upon it; but Coote's wounds, though fatal, were only a few inches deep, and French's sword might have been cleaned of blood by thrusting it into the wet ground immediately after the wound was given. The share in the fray of the fire-eating Mohun, moreover, was not satisfactorily defined. He disappeared immediately after the encounter, and was subsequently acquitted even of manslaughter by the House of Lords.

neither of those women is sure that she's got her own."

"Do you mean," I said, "there was no possible means of distinguishing?"

"There wasn't a flea-bite to go by," answered Henry. "They had the same bumps, the same pimples, the same scratches; they were the same age to within three days; they weighed the same to an ounce; and they measured the same to an inch. One father was tall and fair, and the other was short and dark. The tall, fair man had a dark, short wife; and the short, dark man had married a tall, fair woman. For a week they changed those kids to and fro a dozen times a day, and cried and quarrelled over them. Each woman felt sure she was the mother of the one that was crowing at the moment, and when it yelled she was positive it was no child of hers. They thought they would trust to the instinct of the children. Neither child, so long as it wasn't hungry, appeared to care a curse for anybody; and when it was hungry it always wanted the mother that the other kid had got. They decided, in the end, to leave it to time. It's three years ago now, and possibly enough some likeness to the parents will develop that will settle the question. All I say is, up to three months old you can't tell 'em, I don't care who says you can."

He paused, and appeared to be absorbed in contemplation of the distant Matterhorn, then clad in its rosy robe of evening. There was a vein of poetry in Henry, not uncommon among cooks and waiters. The perpetual atmosphere of hot food I am inclined to think favourable to the growth of the softer emotions. One of the most sentimental men I ever knew kept a ham-and-beef shop just off the Farringdon Road. In the early morning he could be shrewd and business-like, but when hovering with a knife and fork above the mingled steam of bubbling sausages and hissing peas-pudding, any whimpering tramp with any impossible tale of woe could impose upon him easily.

"But the rummiest go I ever recollect in connection with a baby," continued Henry after a while, his gaze still fixed upon the distant snow-crowned peaks, "happened to me at Warwick in the Jubilee year. I'll never forget that."

"Is it a proper story," I asked, "a story fit for me to hear?"

On consideration Henry saw no harm in it, and told it to me accordingly.

He came by the 'bus that meets the 4.52. He'd a handbag and a sort of hamper: it looked to me like a linen-basket. He wouldn't let the Boots touch the hamper, but carried it up into his bedroom himself. He carried it in front of him by the handles, and grazed his knuckles at every second step. He slipped going round the bend of the stairs, and knocked his head a rattling good thump against the balustrade; but he never let go that hamper—only swore and plunged on. I could see he was nervous and excited, but one gets used to nervous and excited people in hotels. Whether a man's running away from a thing, or running after a thing, he stops at a hotel on his way; and so long as he looks as if he could pay his bill one doesn't trouble much about him. But this man interested me: he was so uncommonly young and innocent-looking. Besides, it was a dull hole of a place after the sort of jobs I'd been used to; and when you've been doing nothing for three months but waiting on commercial gents as are having an exceptionally bad season, and spoony couples with guide-books, you get a bit depressed and welcome any incident, however slight, that promises to be out of the common.

I followed him up into his room, and asked him if I could do anything for him. He flopped the hamper on the bed with a sigh of relief, took off his hat, wiped his head with his handkerchief, and then turned to answer me.

"Are you a married man?" says he.

It was an odd question to put to a waiter, but coming from a gent there was nothing to be alarmed about.

"Well, not exactly," I says—I was only engaged at that time, and that not to my wife, if you understand what I mean—"but I know a good deal about it," I says, "and if it's a matter of advice——"

"It isn't that," he answers, interrupting

me; "but I don't want you to laugh at me. I thought if you were a married man you would be able to understand the thing better. Have you got an intelligent woman in the house?"

"We've got women," I says. "As to their intelligence, that's a matter of opinion; they're the average sort of women. Shall I call the chambermaid?"

"Ah, do," he says. "Wait a minute," he says; "we'll open it first."

He began to fumble with the cord, then he suddenly lets go and begins to chuckle to himself.

"No," he says, "you open it. Open it carefully; it will surprise you."

I don't take much stock in surprises myself. My experience is that they're mostly unpleasant.

"What's in it?" I says.

"You'll see if you open it," he says: "it won't hurt you." And off he goes again, chuckling to himself.

"Well," I says to myself, "I hope you're a harmless specimen." Then an idea struck me, and I stopped with the knot in my fingers.

"It ain't a corpse," I says, "is it?"

He turned as white as the sheet on the bed, and clutched the mantelpiece. "Good God, don't suggest such a thing," he says; "I never thought of that. Open it quickly."

"I'd rather you came and opened it yourself, Sir," I says. I was beginning not to half like the business.

"I can't," he says, "after that suggestion of yours—you've put me all in a tremble. Open it quick, man; tell me it's all right."

Well, my own curiosity helped me. I cut the cord, threw open the lid, and looked in. He kept his eyes turned away, as if he were frightened to look for himself.

"Is it all right?" he says. "Is it alive?"

"It's about as alive," I says, "as anybody'll ever want it to be, I should say."

"Is it breathing all right?" he says.

"If you can't hear it breathing," I says, "I'm afraid you're deaf."

You might have heard its breathing outside in the street. He listened, and even he was satisfied.

"Thank Heaven!" he says, and down he plumped in the easy-chair by the fireplace. "You know, I never thought of that," he goes on. "He's been shut up in that basket for over an hour, and if by any chance he'd managed to get his head entangled in the clothes——I'll never do such a fool's trick again!"

"You're fond of it?" I says.

He looked round at me. "Fond of it," he repeats. "Why, I'm his father." And then he begins to laugh again.

"Oh!" I says. "Then I presume I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Coster King?"

"Coster King?" he answers in surprise. "My name's Milberry."

I says: "The father of this child, according to the label inside the cover, is Coster King out of Starlight, his mother being Jenny Deans out of Darby the Devil."

He looks at me in a nervous fashion, and puts the chair between us. It was evidently his turn to think as how I was mad. Satisfying himself, I suppose, that at all events I wasn't dangerous, he crept closer till he could get a look inside the basket. I never heard a man give such an unearthly yell in all my life. He stood on one side of the bed and I on the other. The dog, awakened by the noise, sat up and grinned, first at one of us and then at the other. I took it to be a bull-pup of about nine months old, and a fine specimen for its age.

"My child!" he shrieks, with his eyes starting out of his head. "That thing isn't my child. What's happened? Am I going mad?"

"You're on that way," I says, and so he was. "Calm yourself," I says; "what did you expect to see?"

"My child," he shrieks again; "my only child—my baby!"

"Do you mean a real child?" I says, "a human child?" Some folks have such a silly way of talking about their dogs—you never can tell.

"Of course I do," he says; "the prettiest child you ever saw in all your life, just thirteen weeks old on Sunday. He cut his first tooth yesterday."

The sight of the dog's face seemed to madden him. He flung himself upon the basket, and would, I believe, have strangled

the poor beast if I hadn't interposed between them.

"'Tain't the dog's fault," I says; "I daresay he's as sick about the whole business as you are. He's lost, too. Somebody's been having a lark with you. They've took your baby out and put this in—that is, if there ever was a baby there."

"What do you mean?" he says.

"Well, Sir," I says, "if you'll excuse me, gentlemen in their sober senses don't take their babies about in dog-baskets. Where do you come from?"

"From Banbury," he says; "I'm well known in Banbury."

"I can quite believe it," I says; "you're the sort of young man that would be known anywhere."

"I'm Mr. Milberry," he says, "the grocer, in the High Street."

"Then what are you doing here with this dog?" I says.

"Don't irritate me," he answers. "I tell you I don't know myself. My wife's stopping here at Warwick, nursing her mother, and in every letter she's written home for the last fortnight she's said, 'Oh, how I do long to see Eric! If only I could see Eric for a moment!'"

"A very motherly sentiment," I says, "which does her credit."

"So this afternoon," continues he, "it being early-closing day, I thought I'd bring the child here, so that she might see it, and see that it was all right. She can't leave her mother for more than about an hour, and I can't go up to the house, because the old lady doesn't like me, and I excite her. I wish to wait here, and Milly—that's my wife—was to come to me when she could get away. I meant this to be a surprise to her."

"And I guess," I says, "it will be the biggest one you have ever given her."

"Don't try to be funny about it," he says; "I'm not altogether myself, and I may do you an injury."

He was right. It wasn't a subject for joking, though it had its humorous side.

"But why," I says, "put it in a dog-basket?"

"It isn't a dog-basket," he answers irritably; "it's a picnic hamper. At the last moment I found I hadn't got the face to carry the child in my arms: I thought of what the street-boys would call out after me. He's a rare one to sleep, and I thought if I made him comfortable in that he couldn't hurt, just for so short a journey. I took it in the carriage with me, and carried it on my knees; I haven't let it out of my hands a blessed moment. It's witchcraft, that's what it is. I shall believe in the devil after this."

"Don't be ridiculous," I says, "there's some explanation; it only wants finding. You are sure this is the identical hamper you packed the child in?"

He was calmer now. He leant over and examined it carefully. "It looks like it," he says; "but I can't swear to it."

"You tell me," I says, "you never let it go out of your hands. Now think."

"No," he says, "it's been on my knees all the time."

"But that's nonsense," I says; "unless you packed the dog yourself in mistake for your baby. Now think it over quietly. I'm not your wife, I'm only trying to help you. I sha'n't say anything even if you did take your eyes off the thing for a minute."

He thought again, and a light broke over his face. "By Jove!" he says, "you're right. I did put it down for a moment on the platform at Banbury while I bought a *Tit-Bits*."

"There you are," I says; "now you're talking sense. And wait a minute; isn't to-morrow the first day of the Birmingham Dog Show?"

"I believe you're right," he says.

"Now we're getting warm," I says. "By a coincidence this dog was being taken to Birmingham, packed in a hamper exactly similar to the one you put your baby in. You've got this man's bull-pup, he's got your baby; and I wouldn't like to say off-hand at this moment which of you's feeling the madder. As likely as not, he thinks you've done it on purpose."

He leant his head against the bed-post and groaned. "Milly may be here at any moment," says he, "and I'll have to tell her the baby's been sent by mistake to a Dog Show! I daresn't do it," he says, "I daresn't do it."

"DON'T TRY TO BE FUNNY ABOUT IT," HE SAYS; "I'M NOT ALTOGETHER MYSELF, AND I MAY DO YOU AN INJURY."

"Go on to Birmingham," I says, "and try and find it. You can catch the quarter to six and be back here before eight."

"Come with me," he says, "you're a good man; come with me. I ain't fit to go by myself."

He was right; he'd have got run over outside the door, the state he was in then.

"Well," I says, "if the guv'nor don't object——"

"Oh! he won't, he can't," cries the young fellow, wringing his hands. "Tell him it's a matter of a life's happiness. Tell him——"

"I'll tell him it's a matter of half a sovereign extra on to the bill."

I says. "That 'll more likely do the trick."

And so it did, with the result that in another twenty minutes me and young Milberry and the bull-pup in its hamper were in a third-class carriage on our way to Birmingham. Then the difficulties of the chase began to occur to me. Suppose by luck I was right; suppose the pup was booked for the Birmingham Dog Show; and suppose by a bit more luck a gent with a hamper answering description had been noticed getting out of the 5.13 train; then where were we? We might have to interview every cabman in the town. As likely as not, by the time we did find the kid, it wouldn't be worth the trouble of unpacking. Still, it wasn't my cue to blab my thoughts. The father, poor fellow, was feeling, I take it, just about as bad as he wanted to feel. My business was to put hope into him; so when he asked me for about the twentieth time if I thought as he would ever see his child alive again, I snapped him up shortish.

"Don't you fret yourself about that," I says. "You 'll see a good deal of that child before you've done with it. Babies ain't the sort of things as gets lost easily. It's only on the stage that folks ever have any particular use for other people's children. I've known some bad characters in my time, but I'd have trusted the worst of 'em with a wagon-load of other people's kids. Don't you flatter yourself you're going to lose it! Whoever's got it, you take it from me, his idea is to do the honest thing, and never rest till he's succeeded in returning it to the rightful owner."

Well, my talking like that cheered him, and when we reached Birmingham he was easier. We tackled the station-master, and he tackled all the porters who could have been about the platform when the 5.13 came in. All of 'em agreed that no gent got out of that train carrying a hamper. The station-master was a family man himself, and when we explained the case to him, he sympathised and telegraphed to Banbury. The booking-clerk at Banbury remembered only three gents booking by that particular train. One had been Mr. Jessop, the corn-chandler; the second was a stranger, who had booked to Wolverhampton; and the third had been young Milberry himself. The business began to look hopeless, when one of Smith's newsboys, who was hanging around, struck in—

"I see an old lady," says he, "hovering about outside the station, and a-hailing cabs, and she had a hamper with her as was as like that one there as two peas."

I thought young Milberry would have fallen upon the boy's neck and kissed him. With the boy to help us, we started among the cabmen. Old ladies with dog-baskets ain't so difficult to trace. She had gone to a small second-rate hotel in the Aston Road. I heard all particulars from the chambermaid, and the old girl seems to have had as bad a time in her way as my gent had in his. They couldn't get the hamper into the cab, it had to go on the top. The old lady was very worried, as it was raining at the time, and she made the cabman cover it with his apron. Getting it off the cab they dropped the whole thing in the road; that woke the child up, and it began to cry.

"Good Lord, Ma'am! what is it?" asks the chambermaid, "a baby?"

"Yes, my dear, it's my baby," answers the old lady, who seems to have been a cheerful sort of old soul—leastways, she was cheerful up to then. "Poor dear, I hope they haven't hurt him."

The old lady had ordered a room with a fire in it. The Boots took the hamper up, and laid it on the hearthrug. The old lady said she and the chambermaid would see to it, and turned him out. By this time, according to the girl's account, it was roaring like a steam-siren.

"Pretty dear!" says the old lady, fumbling with the cord, "don't cry; mother's opening it as fast as she can." Then she turns to the chambermaid—"If you open my bag," says she, "you will find a bottle of milk and some dog-biscuits."

"Dog-biscuits!" says the chambermaid.

"Yes," says the old lady, laughing, "my baby loves dog-biscuits."

The girl opened the bag, and there, sure enough, was a bottle of milk and half

a dozen Spratt's biscuits. She had her back to the old lady, when she heard a sort of a groan and a thud as made her turn round. The old lady was lying

"IT 'S A BABY, MA'AM," SAYS THE MAID.

stretched dead on the hearthrug—so the chambermaid thought. The kid was sitting up in the hamper yelling the roof off. In her excitement, not knowing what she was doing, she handed it a biscuit, which it snatched at greedily and began sucking. Then she set to work to slap the old lady back to life again. In about a minute the poor old soul opened her eyes and looked round. The baby was quiet now, gnawing the dog-biscuit. The old lady looked at the child, then turned and hid her face against the chambermaid's bosom.

"What is it?" she says, speaking in an awed voice. "The thing in the hamper?"

"It 's a baby, Ma'am," says the maid.

"You're sure it ain't a dog?" says the old lady. "Look again."

The girl began to feel nervous, and to wish that she wasn't alone with the old lady.

"I ain't likely to mistake a dog for a baby, Ma'am," says the girl. "It's a child—a human infant."

The old lady began to cry softly. "It's a judgment on me," she says. "I used to talk to that dog as if it had been a Christian, and now this thing has happened as a punishment."

"What's happened?" says the chambermaid, who was naturally enough growing more and more curious.

"I don't know," says the old lady, sitting up on the floor. "If this isn't a dream, and if I ain't mad, I started from my home at Farthinghoe two hours ago with a one-year-old bulldog packed in that hamper. You saw me open it; you see what's inside it now."

"But bulldogs," says the chambermaid, "ain't changed into babies by magic."

"I don't know how it's done," says the old lady, "and I don't see that it matters. I know I started with a bulldog, and somehow or other it's got turned into that."

"Somebody's put it there," says the chambermaid; "somebody as wanted to get rid of a child. They've took your dog out and put that in its place."

"They must have been precious smart," says the old lady; "the hamper hasn't been out of my sight for more than five minutes, when I went into the refreshment-room at Banbury for a cup of tea."

"That's when they did it," says the chambermaid, "and a clever trick it was."

The old lady suddenly grasped her position, and jumped up from the floor. "And a nice thing for me," she says. "An unmarried woman in a scandal-mongering village! This is awful!"

"It's a fine-looking child," says the chambermaid.

"Would you like it?" says the old lady.

The chambermaid said she wouldn't. The old lady sat down and tried to think, and the more she thought the worse she felt. The chambermaid was positive that if we hadn't come when we did the poor creature would have gone mad. When the Boots appeared at the door to say there was a gent and a bulldog downstairs inquiring after a baby, she flung her arms round the man's neck and hugged him.

We just caught the train to Warwick, and by luck got back to the hotel ten minutes before the mother turned up. Young Milberry carried the child in his arms all the way. He said I could have the hamper for myself, and gave me half-a-sovereign extra on the understanding that I kept my mouth shut, which I did.

I don't think he ever told the child's mother what had happened—leastways, if he wasn't a fool right through, he didn't.

Owl Ewings, the Stonebreaker

By J. J. Britton.

ONE rather warm autumn day, I, being upon a small wheel excursion, was walking with my machine up the short, sharp pitch of hill that leads to one of our most picturesque Midland villages. As I reached the top I heard the clink of a stonebreaker's hammer, and looking round, saw "Owl Ewings" at his professional labour.

On a corner patch of ground at the junction of two roads, where in olden days the licensed highway robber used to dart in spider-fashion upon the traveller and demand his toll, was a large, heterogeneous heap of stones, pebbles waterworn and rolled into shape by the rush of prehistoric seas, fragments of lias, sandstone, and other rocks, and by its side a smaller heap of shaped "road metal."

Sitting between these, on an inverted box, was a "rugged son of the soil" at work with his hammer. I wiped my forehead, for my late exertion had heated me, and the sun still possessed much power, though the green glory of the trees about showed here and there the brown banners of submission to inexorable fate.

"Good morning!" I said, as I pulled out my faithful briar-pipe and stuffed it with Cavendish.

Owl Ewings lifted his head sideways and gave me an inarticulate grunt by way of greeting.

He was evidently a "character." Once, no doubt, he had been a splendid figure of a man, but was then bent sadly from the shoulders.

His face, still handsome, was shaven, though bristly with the Friday's accumulation of white stubble. The nose and mouth were well shaped, and as he took off his professional wire goggles, I saw that his rather prominent eyes were bright and almost black. His countenance bore that air of melancholy resignation to a hard lot which one so often sees in the old faces of rustic England. He lighted up, however, when I spoke to him, and took out from his clothes somewhere a black stump of a pipe, which he held up with a

sort of pathetic appeal. I responded with a handful of my tobacco, and thereby instantly won his heart.

As he lighted his pipe and gave himself up to the enjoyment of the cheap luxury, I examined him more closely. His brown drugget coat, if coat it could be called, was a mere "thing of shreds and patches"; his sinewy neck, of the colour of coffee-grounds, was wound round by a wisp of red cotton handkerchief. His hands were large, and had once evidently been powerful, but the fingers were crooked and distorted, no doubt by rheumatism, and when he moved it was with an effort, as if his lower limbs were a burden to him.

He was an old man, but the thin wisps of hair that showed under his grotesque and broken hat were nearly black.

After a grateful look at me through his blue cloud of tobacco, and a grunted "Thank ye, Mister," he put on his eye-goggles again, raked a few stones together from the larger heap, and, with a few deft taps of his hammer, broke them up into fragments.

"Nice light work for you," I said.

"Loight," he grunted. "Well, not so loight, ayther, Mister — 'ood you try it now?"

"Yes," I replied, with a sudden ambition; "let me try my hand at it."

He grinned a little, sardonically, and reaching out for his spare hammer, pushed a small heap of stones towards me, and went on with his toil.

I hammered and hammered away at my stones manfully, but with little effect. I did not know the right knack of tapping them as he did, and while I was breaking up my five or six pebbles with much toil and labour, he had completely finished quite a little heap with seemingly no trouble at all.

"Ah," I said, "it's no use my trying, I see. Every man to his own work."

"Ay," he grunted, "you was never brought up to it. It comes o' practice—but it bean't so aisy."

I took out my flask bottle, with its supply of whisky and milk, with which I always travel, poured some out into the cup, and offered it to him. He shook his head at it.

"Never takes no milk now," he said. "I bain't a teetotaler."

In vain I explained to him that the milk was "laced" with spirit.

"Oi could drink a drop o' beer, now," he observed wistfully.

"All right," I said, and looked round. The "Shoulder of Mutton" was only a few yards. "Come and have a pot there."

He shuffled painfully to his feet and followed me. The beer was produced, and he drank it, bobbing me his thanks in a silent fashion.

"Oi 've got my work to do," he said as we went out to his heap again. The beer had put new life into him, for he raked down his stones quickly together and smote them with a will, just turning each of them over once with the hammer, and then—crack! the blow smote exactly upon the right spot (which I could never find out), and the stones fell to pieces. I managed to extract by jerks a few facts of his "short and simple annals" as he worked on.

Age? Well — 74 — 75 — didn't justly know — never kept no count — been a hard worker all his life—began, as usual, scaring crows and helping in farm work—born in the Union — never knew his father — mother — *she* drank — had no brothers or sisters as he knowed on. Had been married, had a family—all dead but two. Yes, he lived by himself—couldn't do field work now: bin laid up with rheumatiz off and on many years. Had a bad spell three months ago. No, he need not work so hard: his childer wanted to keep him—good boy, good girl—but he wouldn't be kep' so long as he could arn someut. Squire was good to him, and parson, and the ladies. Why did he wear them goggles? To save his eyes from splinters—some stones flies dreadful, some don't fly at all. He reached a water-worn pebble. "This sort flies, and they be like needles—cuts a man's eye out. No, stonebreakers ain't in work all the year round; they mostly breaks the stones in spring and in November." He was working early this year, as they were wanted

badly. How was he paid? Well, they paid either by the yard or by the ton. It was all piecework. The "foreign" stones that was bought by the ton was paid for by the ton. He was paid by the yard. What could he make at it? Well, one shilling or one shilling and sixpence a day if he stuck to it. No, that 's not bad pay, but it don't last, you see.

There were very few other things he could do at his age, but he got along somehow, praise the Lord! Did he ever find any curious stones among the heap? Well, now and then he did—"fossils" they called 'em—he 'd got beer for them now and then. "Snakes like that theer you see," and he reached out a very fair specimen of a small Ammonite—and shell-stones like. Here he picked up one. Rum things have been found, he 'd heard, in stone heaps. Heard tell of a man as found a dead babby in his heap one day, and he heard of another as found a bag of money, silver and copper and one gold sovereign, buried among the stones. Yes, he would like to find *that*—didn't want no babbies! Wanted a new coat, did he? Well, he had two good new coats at 'ome; Squire giv him one, and Mrs. Brown giv him one, but he was more comfortabler loike in his owd 'un, and he didn't want to wear them out, you see. Much obliged to

HE PREFERRED TO LIVE BY HIMSELF IN A COTTAGE OF HIS OWN.

A PAIR OF GLOVES!

me, but he couldn't do much talking, he 'd got his work to finish. Must arn his week's money and keep out of the "'ouse," you know. "So good-day to you."

I took the hint and parted from this sturdy, bruised, yet not broken specimen of an old English rustic, with not a little respect for his resolute independence of character. I gave him a few coppers, and thanked him for what I had learned of the art and mystery of stonebreaking, taking with me the Ammonite and the fossil-shell.

After my appetising lunch of fine home-cured bacon and delightful poached eggs, washed down with capital ale, I made a few inquiries about my old friend, whose name I then learned. My good opinion of the poor old fellow was not undeserved. "A good old man," I was told, "rather too independent; his son and daughter, who lived in two villages not far off, would gladly take care of him, but he preferred to live by himself in a cottage of his own, and insisted upon working whilst he was able. Was always a steady man, a good churchman, too—and a Conservative," as my informant told me with a smile. "A little bit too independent, perhaps; for he couldn't expect to be as he had once been. Had goodish clothes given him, but would go about as I saw him—just like an old scarecrow. Couldn't be far short of eighty, and had been doubled up with rheumatism and really very ill lately."

I left the village, and regret to say that I never saw the good old man again.

The next year, being in the place, I inquired after him. I was sorry, indeed, to find that his days were over. He had insisted upon working at the stones one desolate, bleak day in March (not where I had seen him, but about half a mile away in a lonely part of the road), and being missed as the sleety, miserable night fell in, was found lying upon his face across his hammer, stiff and dead, with a powdering of snow covering his poor worn-out body and hiding his patched raiment; his long life's hard work over for ever.

THE "FINNAN HADDIE."

WHAT IT IS, AND WHERE IT COMES FROM.

"A FINNAN Haddie"—Do you know what that is? Surely the nicest fish that is landed on our shores. Finnan Haddock may not have been so celebrated in song as the "Caller Herrin'," but surely they are as renowned as those for their toothsome delicacy! And *delicacy*, I say advisedly, is their true note. Their odour may be powerful and, in some degree, unpleasing—well, so is that of the *durian*, most delicious of fruits: so is that of the *petit Camembert*, most exquisite of cheeses: and the taste of a genuine Finnan yellow-fish will leave no after-soil on the palate; while, as for its odour, *that* will fade away before, or, let us rather say, blend harmoniously into the perfume of a cup of Mocha.

PORTLETHEN, WITH THE FAMOUS VILLAGE OF FINDON IN THE DISTANCE.

But there are haddocks and haddocks, and though the cognomen of "Finnan" be applied generically to many such, yet few there are that have a specific right to it. Once I foregathered with a benighted Southron, who proceeded to expound the name according to his lights, as thus: "Finnan? Ah, yes!—means *fishy*, I suppose. From *fins*, you know." Quite as intelligent a derivation, by the way, as many that pass muster for philology. "Finnan," however, is nothing more or less than the local pronunciation of Findon, the name of a little sea-coast village between Stonehaven and Aberdeen, where the method of preserving the fish now practised, or imitated, all round our coasts was first invented. The manner of its invention, or discovery, if tradition be true, was of the same kind, if not so startling, as that of roast pig. Generation after generation of fisherfolk had gone on curing the haddocks as their forefathers had done, salting and packing them away with every care to preserve, so far as possible, their semi-transparent whiteness; but at last it fell upon a day that one of the sheds caught fire, involving in its destruction a stack of peat that was piled against it; and, lo! the fish that were brought away out of the smoke and débris were found to have acquired an unexpected colour and quite a new flavour. Some of the older and more conservative

fishers were for throwing them away, or, at least, reserving them strictly for home consumption; but the younger and more progressive insisted on offering them for sale in Aberdeen, where they met with amazing and instructive appreciation and a demand for more. But though this legend was told me with great authority, I am unashamed to say I have no faith in its truth. The practice of preserving food by smoking it is far too universal for any popular, unscientific development of it to be of anything like modern origin; and my own belief is that the peaty flavour is as primitively inherent in Finnan haddies as it is in Mountain Dew.

It is not peat alone, however, that produces the true, delicate Finnan flavour. Sawdust is burnt with it, and not every kind of sawdust will do. That from birch would blacken the fish; pine sawdust would give them a taste of tar; and so the utmost care must be taken to use only that which comes from the working of softer and whiter wood, such as beech and sycamore. In the north and west of Scotland fires of such woods as birch and pine are used, often without any peat at all, and the product is, consequently, inferior in flavour. At Findon the sawdust was first used to quicken the peat fire and make its smoke more dense, and then it was found to improve the fish.

Another reason for the superiority of the Findon fish to the commoner sorts so generally sold under their name — a superiority shared in this respect by almost all haddocks from the small coast fisheries—lies in their being taken on lines, not in trawl-nets. Netted fish come from the water in a smothered mass, limp and flabby; whereas the hooked fish are alive till taken into the boat, receive more careful handling, and are still crisp and firm when put to smoke. Hence the haddocks turned out in large quantities from the factories in Aberdeen and other towns, which are supplied by trawlers, although most carefully and skilfully prepared, are at best but a good imitation of the original yellow-fish.

Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as a Finnan haddie nowadays; for in the village of Findon not one deep-sea fisherman remains, and it is some years since the last of them betook themselves to Aberdeen and Stonehaven. The yellow-fish industry is now centred in the neighbouring villages of Portlethen and Dunnies, Findon being inhabited by agricultural labourers, with a few "longshore" salmon-fishers. The salmon fishery is a very good one, and brings a rent of £300 or £400 a year to the Crown. Some of the salmon-boats are kept in the old harbour of Findon, and some in a cove nearer to Portlethen, called "the Muckle Strand"; and in this cove the large boats, or yawls, in which the Portlethen men go to the herring fishery, are hauled up high and dry for the autumn and winter months. These herring-boats are of thirty or forty tons register; and one of them, with all its permanent outfit, will cost between three and four hundred pounds, of which two hundred goes to the carpenter, and the remainder for rigging and fishing-gear. There are now six of these boats belonging to Portlethen, together with fourteen "winter boats" used in the haddock fishery. Nine of these latter register from ten to fifteen tons: the rest are much smaller.

Findon itself lies high on a hill, nearly a mile away from the seashore; and so it was always a matter of considerable labour to convey the fish from the boats to the houses. Portlethen is built just on the edge of the low cliffs that here form the coast-line, and that, a few miles further south, rise much higher and present a magnificently rugged and precipitous face to the sea; and this situation, together with the convenience of a railway-station, probably accounts for the distinctive trade of the former village having become transferred to the latter.

The "winter harbour" of Portlethen is just below the village. It is a narrow creek in the rocks, deep enough for the boats to enter at all states of the tide, and has the reputation of being the safest and easiest of access from the sea on this part of the coast. A good path, ending on a gravelly bank with a steep flight of steps, leads from the village to the strand;

and as soon as the fishing-boats come in, the women and girls hasten down this to meet them. First of all they receive the lines, which the men have brought back coiled in flat, shallow baskets, which they call "skulls"; and these they carry off at once to the houses, quickly returning for heavier burdens. Meanwhile the men bring the fish to land in wooden boxes, and sort them into heaps upon the shingly beach, the take of each boat being shared equally by its crew, who (except the boys) are its joint owners. Haddocks form the principal part of each heap; but there are also generally a fair number of cod, codling, whiting, and flounders, and occasionally fish of other sorts. When the women come down again, each brings her "creel"—the large basket so familiar to our eyes in pictures of the Scotch fishwives—and bears away her share of the fish on her back. The whole business is conducted with great rapidity, and in ten or fifteen minutes after the arrival of a boat its crew and cargo will be comfortably housed in Portlethen. Then the haddocks are prepared for curing, and in front of almost every cottage you may see a whole family assembled round a heap of fish, cleaning them and splitting them open. This done, they hang them in rows upon the movable laths of a rack in the "smoke-house," and when this is fully charged, kindle the fire beneath them.

WOMEN CARRYING THE FISH UP THE CLIFFS AT PORTLETHEN.

A smoke-house forms an appurtenance of every cottage. It is a hut about eight or ten feet square—sometimes longer—by about six to eight feet high, with a large chimney in the roof at one end, the whole built of wood. The fire is made on the floor underneath the chimney, and the rack for the fish rises from about three feet above the hearth. One of the women sits by it, watching the process carefully, regulating the supply of peat and sawdust (the latter being shaken on every now and

WATCHING FOR THE BOATS FROM THE TOP OF THE CLIFFS AT PORTLETHEN.

then by handfuls), and moving the laths of the rack about, so that every fish may receive an even share of heat and smoke. In about three hours small haddocks (those less than eight inches long are counted *small*), and in four hours large ones, have become thoroughly impregnated with the smoke; and, with hardly an appreciable shrinkage or shrivelling, have taken that rich golden-brown colour that is one of the signs of a true Finnan fish.

The lines, meanwhile, have been taken from the baskets and carefully festooned on stout bars, stuck horizontally in any convenient place—generally a hole in the cottage wall—to be overhauled for repairs. Baiting is the next operation. The line is placed in a tub, and a woman or girl sits on a low seat, with this on one side and one of the shallow baskets on the other. Before her is a vessel containing the baits—mussels and small crabs—and on this rests a board, on which she works, passing the line rapidly from the tub into its basket. All is ready then for the next night's fishing.

The homes of the Portlethen fisherfolk seem all built upon much the same model, and stand in row behind row, all facing seawards. There are about seventy houses, only forty or so, however, being inhabited. Inside, they are kept exquisitely clean, as is everything connected with the preparation of the haddies; but outside, one's nostrils are only too often assailed by "ancient and fish-like smells," the sea-gulls being the only scavengers, so far as the remains of their natural diet are concerned. Each house has one large room (*Scottice*, "butt") for everyday use, into which the outer door opens, and at one end of it is a smaller one ("ben") for use on state occasions. At the other end is the fireplace, a hearth with a hooded mantel and a wide chimney, specially designed for burning peat; and along one side of the room is the dresser, on which are arrayed the accumulations of years and generations in the way of crockery. Plates, dishes, cups, mugs, and especially jugs, of the most gorgeous hues and startling patterns, seem to line the wall from floor to ceiling. On one dresser

Photo by B. MacGregor.

PREPARING THE HADDOCKS.

I counted no less than four-and-twenty jugs; and close by them was an odd-looking set of octagonal plates, each printed with the same text of Scripture—a particularly gruesome and funereal one. It was in this house that the good wife proudly exhibited to me her "golden wedding teapot," a Britannia metal one, the gift of her numerous descendants, from which she treated me to an excellent cup of tea. Her husband, evidently the "G.O.M." of Portlethen, is a hale and hearty octogenarian, six feet four in height, and still takes an occasional turn in the boats.

HOUSE WHERE THE FISH ARE SMOKED.

Every house has a corner of the "butt" boxed off to make the principal bed-place, access to which is obtained by climbing, as into a "berth" on board ship. The less important members of the family sleep in the attics, which are large, reaching them by a sort of movable staircase or ladder. For postal and other purposes, each house in a fishing village is numbered—a matter of great practical convenience where almost all the occupiers bear the same surname, and often the same Christian name also.

BARRINGTON MACGREGOR.

INTERIOR OF A FISHERMAN'S COTTAGE AT PORTLETHEN.

HAIL · MERRY · MERRY ·
CHRISTMASTIDE ·

LADY BARBARITY.

A ROMANTIC COMEDY.

By J. C. SNAITH.

CHAPTER I.

DEPLORES THE SCARCITY OF MEN.

TO deny that I am an absurdly handsome being would be an affectation. Besides, if I did deny it, my face and shape are always present to reprove me. Some women I know—we call each other friends—who happen to possess an eyebrow, an elbow, an impertinence, a simper, or any other thing that is observable, I have seen to cast their eyes down at a compliment, and try to look so modest, too, that one could tell quite easily that this missish diffidence was a piece of art, since it sat so consciously upon 'em, it could not possibly be nature. But furnished as I am with a whole artillery of charms, sure they need no adventitious blushes for their advertisement; indeed, they are so greatly and variously sung that it is quite a common thing for the poets to make an ode or sonnet of 'em every night, and a ballad every morning. The late poor little Mr. Pope was so occupied at times in comparing my eyes to Jupiter or the evening star that I was fain to correct him for 't, on the pretext that the heavenly bodies might not like it, they being such exalted things, whilst my Lady Barbarity was but a humble creature in a petticoat. Therefore, if you would know the graces of my person, I must refer you to the poets of the age; but if you would seek the graces of my mind, in this history you shall discover them, for I could not make it wittier if I tried. I have heard the young beaux speak of certain women of their acquaintance as being as justly celebrated for their wit as for their beauty, but have yet to hear the old ones say this, since they know that wit and beauty is as rare a combination as is loveliness and modesty. This history will tell you, then, that my wit is in proportion to my modesty.

I returned from town with a hundred triumphs, but my heart intact. The whirl of fashion had palled upon me for a season. I was weary of the fame I had created in St. James's and the Mall, and I retired to my northern home in the late January of '46. Sweet High Cleeby, cradle of my joyous girlhood, house of romance and these strange events I now relate, let me mention you with reverence and love! Yet our ancestral seat is a cold and sombre place enough, wrapped in ivy and grey ghostliness. The manor is folded in on every side by a shivering gloom of woods, and in winter you can hear them cry in company with those uneasy souls that make our casements rattle. 'Tis dreary as November with its weed-grown moat, its cawing rooks, its quaint gables of Elizabeth, and its sixteenth-century countenance, crumbling and grim. Besides, it occupies a most solitary spot on the bare bosom of the moors, many a mile from human habitation—a forsaken house indeed, where in the winter time rude blasts and the wind-beaten birds are its customary visitors. But the brisk north gales that fling the leaves about it, and scream among the chimneys late at night, had no sooner whipped my cheeks than my blood suddenly woke up and I began to rejoice in my return. The morning after my arrival, when I carried crumbs to the lawn in the hope of an early robin, a frost-breath stung my lips, and at the first

bite of it, sure, methinks, I am tasting life at last. Ten months had I been regaled in town with the cream of everything that is, but it seemed that I must resort to my dear despised old Cleeby for those keen airs that keep the pulses vigorous. London is fine comedy, but in ten months the incomparable Mr. Congreve loses his savour, even for a sinner. Ombre was indeed a lively game; the play adorable; Vauxhall entertaining; wholesale conquest most appetising to feed one's vanity upon; while to be the toast of the year was what not even the Psalm-book of my dearest Prue would venture to disdain. To be courted, flattered, and applauded by every waistcoat west of Temple Bar, beginning with the K——g's, was to become a mark for envy, and yet to stand superior to it in oneself. But now I was tired of playing "Lady Barbarity" to coats and wigs and silver-buckled shoes. This is the name the beaux had dubbed me with, "because," said they, "you are so cruel."

It is true that I wore a claw. And if I occasionally used it—well, my endurance was abominably tried, and I will confess that mine is not the most patient temper in the world.

The truth is that I was very bitter, having sought ten months in London for a Man, when the Pink of England was assembled there, and had had to come away without having found so rare a creature. I had encountered princes; but the powder in their wigs, and buckles of their shoes, were the most imposing parts of their individuality. I had looked on lesser gentlemen; but the correct manner in which they made a leg was the only test you might put upon their characters. I congratulate myself, however, that I made some little havoc with these suits of clothes. Therefore, Barbara became Barbarity, and I sustained this parody as fully as I could. They said I was born without a heart. Having gaily tried to prove to them how sound this theory was, I purchased the choicest string of pearls, and the most delicate box of bonbons money could obtain, and returned to dear High Cleeby, January 22, 1746, with my aunt, the dowager, in a yellow-coloured chaise.

The following morning I went to pay my devoir to my lord, who took his chocolate at eleven o'clock in his private chamber. Now I have always said that the Earl, my papa, was the very pattern of his age. He was polished to that degree that he seemed a mirror to reflect the graces of his person and his mind. Lord knows! in all his life 'twas little enough he said, and perhaps still less he did. There is not a deed of his that is important; nor hath he left a solitary phrase or sentiment in which his memory may be embalmed. 'Twas ill-bred, he used to say, for a man to endeavour to outshine his fellows, and to step out of the throng that is his equal in manners and in birth. And indeed he did not try; but in spite of that, I am sure he was one of the most considerable persons of his time by virtue of the very things he did not do, and the speeches that he did not utter. It was his privilege, or his art perhaps, to win the reputation of a high intelligence, not because he had one, but because it was a point with him to appreciate keenly its exercise in those who were so liberally furnished. I found him this morning seated at the fire, sipping his chocolate from a low table at his side, and one foot was tucked up on a stool, and bandaged for the gout as usual. On my entrance, though, and despite his complicated posture, he rose at once, and bowing as deeply as though I were the Queen, he implored me to confer the honour of my person on his chair, and limped across the rug to procure another for himself. When we were seated and the Earl fixed his glasses on, for he was very near-sighted at this time, he quizzed me for at least a quarter of a minute, ere he said—

"Why, Bab, I think you are getting very handsome."

I admitted that I was.

"And do you know that I have heard such a tale of you from town, my pretty lady? You have turned the heads of all the men, I understand."

"Men!" said I, "suits of clothes, papa, and periwigs!"

"Well, well," says he in his tender tone, and bowing, "let us deal gently with their lapses. 'Tis a sufficient punishment for any man, I'm sure, to be stricken with your poor opinion. But listen, child, for I have something serious to say."

Listen I did, you can be certain, for though I had known my papa, the Earl, for a considerable time, 'twas the first occasion that I had heard him mention serious matters. And as I pondered on the nature of the surprise he had in store, my eyes fell upon an open book, beside his tray of chocolate. It was a Bible. This caused me to look the more keenly at the Earl, and I saw that in ten months ten years had been laid upon his countenance. Even his powder could not hide its seams and wrinkles now, crows' feet had gathered underneath his eyes, and his padded shoulders were taken with a droop that left his stately coat in creases.

"If I exercise great care," says he, with a smiling deliberation, "old Paradise assures me that I yet have time enough to set my temporal affairs in order. And you, my dearest Bab, being chief part of 'em, I thought it well to mention this immediately to you. As for my spiritual affairs, old Paradise is positive that my soul is of so peculiar a colour that he recommends it to be scrubbed without delay. Thus I am taking the proper steps, you see."

He laid his hand upon the Bible.

"'Tis no secret, my dearest Bab," he said, "that Robert John, the fifth Earl, your papa, never was an anchorite. He hath ta'en his fill of pleasure. He hath played his hazard, and with a zest, both late and early; but now the candles sink, you see, and I believe they've called the carriage." And again he laid his hand upon the Bible.

'Twas a very solemn moment, and his lordship's words had plunged me in the deepest grief, but when he laid his hand upon that Testament a second time, it was as much as I could do to wear a decent gravity. For he was a very old barbarian.

"You see, child," he continued, "that many years ago I took a professional opinion on this point. The Reverend Joseph Tooley, chaplain to the late lord, your grandpapa (I never felt the need for one myself), was always confident that there was hope for a sinner who repented. He used to say that he considered this saving clause a very capital idea on the part of the Almighty, as it permitted a certain degree of license in our generous youth. In fact, I can safely say that in my case it has been a decided boon, for my blood appears to be of a quality that will not cool as readily as another's; indeed, it hath retained its youthful ardours to quite a middle age. Highly inconvenient for Robert John, fifth Earl, I can assure you, child, but for this most admirable foresight on the part of Heaven." The faint smile that went curling round the condemned man's mouth was delicious to perceive. "For my idea has ever been to run my course and then repent. Well, I have now run my course, therefore let us see about repentance. I am about to moderate my port, and resign the pleasures of the table. My best stories I shall refrain from telling, and confine myself to those that would regale a bishop's lady. But I want you, my charming Bab, to be very affectionate and kind towards your poor old papa; be filial, my love—extremely filial, for I will dispense—I've sworn to do it—with the lavish favours your angelic sex have always been so eager to bestow upon me. Yes, for my soul's sake I must forbid 'em. But Lord, what a fortitude I shall require!" Here this ancient heathen lifted up his eyes and sighed most killingly. "I am reading two chapters of the Bible daily, and I have also engaged a private chaplain, who starts his duties here on Monday week. But I think I'd better tell your ladyship"—this with a wicked twinkle—"that he is fifty if he's a day, and with no personal graces to recommend him. I was very careful on those points. For a young and comely parson where there's daughters means invariably a *mésalliance*, and I prefer to risk the permanent welfare of my soul than a *mésalliance* in my family."

"You appear, my lord," says I, flashing at him, "to entertain a singularly

high opinion of my pride, to say nothing of my sense."

"Tut, my dear lady, tut!" says his lordship, wagging a yellow finger at me. "I 've made a lifetime's study of you dear creatures, and I know. You can no more resist an unctuous and insidious boy in bands and cassock than your tender old papa can resist a pair of eyes. Oh, I've seen it, child, seen it in a dozen cases—dam fine women too! And their deterioration has been quite tragical. Faith, a parson, where there's women, is a most demoralising thing."

"'Pon my soul, my lord," says I, in my courtliest manner, and adroitly misreading the opinion he expressed, "your own case is quite sufficient to destroy that theory, for you, my lord, are not the least ecclesiastical."

"Faith, that's true," says he, and the old dog positively blushed with pleasure; "but had it been necessary for me to earn a livelihood I should certainly have gone into the Church. And while we are on matters theological, I might say that I do believe that the strict practices will cheat Monsieur le Diable of my soul, as was my hope from the beginning."

At this my lord could say no more. He burst into such a peal of laughter at his lifelong agility in this affair that the tears stepped from his eyes and turned the powder on his cheeks to paste.

Now I ever had allowed that the Earl, my papa, was the greatest man of my acquaintance. But it was not until this hour that I gauged the whole force and tenacity of his character. That a man should accept the sentence of his death so calmly, and thereupon prepare so properly to utilise his few remaining days in correcting the errors of his life, showed the depth of wisdom that was in his spirit; for he whose worldly business had been diplomacy now placed its particular genius at the service of his soul, that he might strike a bargain, as it were, between Heaven and the Prince of Darkness as to its eternal dwelling-place.

"Howbeit, this is simply of myself," says he, when recovered of his mirth, "and it is of you, child, that I desire to speak. Before I go I must see you reasonably wed: beauty and high blood should be broken in and harnessed early, else it is prone to flick its heels and run away. Now, Bab, you have all the kingdom at your feet, they tell me. 'Tis a propitious hour; seize it, therefore, and make yourself a Duchess with a hundred thousand pounds. And further, you have ever been my constant care, my pretty Bab, and I shall not be content unless I leave you at your ease."

This consideration touched me.

"My lord," says I, "I thank you for these tender thoughts. I fear I must die a spinster, though. For I will not wed a clothes-pole; I will not wed a snuff-box. A Man is as scarce, I vow, as the Philosopher's Stone. So you must picture me, papa, an old maid of vinegar aspect, whose life is compounded of the nursing of cats and the brewing of caudles. Conceive your brilliant Bab, the handsomest wretch in the realm, who hath all the kingdom kissing her satin shoe, reduced to this in her later years! For I'll warrant me there is not a Man in London."

"Why, what is this?" cried out my lord, his eyebrows rising in surprise. "Is there not the Duke of G——, with his town and country houses? Is he not a Privy Councillor? Hath he not the Garter? Hath he not a rent-roll, and would he not make a Duchess of you any day you please?"

"My lord," I answered sadly, "I am unhappily cursed with a keen nose for a fool."

He looked at me and smiled.

"He is a Duke, my dear. But Madam is a woman, therefore let me not attempt to understand her. But there is the Earl of H——, and the Hon A——, and Mr. W——; indeed, every bachelor of station, lands, and pedigree in town"

"Of which I am bitterly aware," I sighed. "But I require a man, my lord, not a name and a suit of clothes"

The delightful old barbarian did not apprehend my meaning, I am sure; but the secret of his reputation lay in the fact that he never let the world know that there

was a subject in earth or heaven that he did not understand. When a topic travelled beyond the dominion of his mind, he preserved a melancholy silence, and contrived to appear as though the thing was too trivial to occupy his thoughts. But he changed the conversation at the earliest opportunity. The word "love" was to him the most mysterious monosyllable in the world. Wherefore he proceeded to speak about my bills, and said, in his charming way, that he did not mind how much they did amount to if I exhibited a mastery in the art of spending with grace and elegance.

"Now I see there is a yellow chaise," said he, "and a yellow chaise I consider a trifle bourgeois, although my taste is perhaps a thought severe. A purple chaise, or vermilion even, hath a certain reticence and dignity, but yellow is enough to startle all the town."

"True, papa," says I, with animation, "and I chose it for that purpose. I adore display; I must be looked at twice; I must perish, I suppose, if the fops did not quiz me in the most monstrous manner every time I took the Mall. When I die, let it be done to slow music, and I mean to have a funeral at the Abbey if I can. Why, do you know, Sir, that the first country town I entered in this wondrous chaise, a tale was got about that the Empress of All the Russias had arrived? 'Twas a moment in my life, I can assure you, when I danced lightly from that vehicle, and threw smiles to the mob that kept the entrance to the inn. Pomp and circumstance are the blood of me. Dress me in ermine that I may become a show, and provoke huzzahs in every city! And if I must have a man, my lord, let him be a person of character and ideas to cheer me when I'm weary." I ended in a peal of mirth.

"Hum! character and ideas." My lord scratched his chin with a face of comical perplexity. "Would not position and a reasonable pin-money be still more apposite to your case, my dearest person? And anyway," said he, "may I be in my grave ere my daughter Bab marries anywise beneath her. Character and ideas!"

"Amen to that, my lord!" cries I, with a deal of fervour.

Thereupon I left the Earl to his light refection and his piety. My heart was heavy with the knowledge of his approaching end; but there was still a period in which I might enjoy the inimitable charm of his society. Passing from his chamber I encountered my aunt upon the stairs. The briskness of her step and the animation of her face alike surprised me, as the dowager usually required nothing short of a cow, a mouse, or a suspicion of unorthodoxy to arouse her.

"Do not delay me, Barbara," she said, brushing past me. "I must see the Earl immediately."

I did not venture to impede her with my curiosity, for my aunt is a dreadful engine when once she is set in motion.

Coming to the foot of the stairs, however, I chanced to stray into the reception-parlour to find a comfit-box I had mislaid.

"My dear Lady Barbara!" A great voice hailed me as soon as my face had appeared within the door.

Raising my eyes, I saw that I was in the presence of a town acquaintance, Captain Grantley. A look assured me that he was here, not in the social capacity of a friend, but in pursuance of his military duties, inasmuch that he wore the red coat of his regiment, and was furnished with a full accoutrement. Greetings exchanged, he said: "Lady Barbara, I am here to interview the Earl on a matter of some gravity. Nothing less, in fact, than that the Marshal at Newcastle is transmitting one of the prisoners lately ta'en, and a very dangerous and important rebel, to Newgate, and as the straightest way is across your moors, I am come to gain the Earl's permission to billet eight men and horses on him for this evening."

"I have no doubt he will grant it readily," says I, "for are we not aware, my dear Captain, that my papa, the Earl, is the most hopeless Hanoverian in the world?"

"Yet permit me to say, Madam," says the Captain, "that a lady of your sense

and penetration I should judge to be quite as hopelessly correct as is her father."

'Twas a soldier's way of turning compliments, you will observe, and of so coarse and ill-contrived a nature that I could not resist a reprimand.

"'Tis the most palpable mistake, Sir," I replied; "for utterly as Captain Grantley and my father are in the right, I, Sir, am as utterly in error. For, Captain, I would have you know that I am a very rebel, and have shed many a tear for Charlie."

I smartly beat the carpet with my boot, and gave my head its most indignant altitude. This exhibition of sentiment was but the fruit of my natural contrariety, however, as I certainly never had shed a tear for Charlie, and was not likely to. Indeed, I had not a care for politics whatever, and for my life could not have said whether Sir Robert Walpole was a Tory or a Whig. But it amused me mightily to see the deep dismay that overtook the Captain, while he tried to gauge the magnitude of the error of which I had attainted him so falsely. And observing how tenderly my rebuke was felt, I was led to recall some town matters in a London drawing-room in connection with this gentleman. And considering all things appertaining to the Captain's case, it was not remarkable that I should arrive at the conclusion that though it might be true enough that he was ostensibly arranging for the billets of men and horses for the night, he had also made this business the occasion of a visit to Barbara Gossiter, to whom he had been upon his knees in a London drawing-room.

CHAPTER II.

THE REBEL APPEARS.

We continued to talk with aimless propriety, until the Captain fetched suddenly so huge a sigh out of the recesses of his waistcoat that it called for an heroic repression of myself to wear a proper gravity of countenance.

"Sir, you are not unwell, I hope?" says I with perturbation.

He saw at once the chance provided for him, and laying his hand profoundly on his heart, was on the point, I do not doubt, of making one more declaration of his undying passion, when the entrance of my aunt curtailed the scene abruptly, and robbed me of the entertainment I had planned.

My aunt conducted the Captain to the Earl, and an hour later that officer went forth to his commander with the permission of my father to lodge the soldiers at Cleeby for a night. It was in the evening, at seven o'clock, that the prisoner was brought. I did not witness his arrival, as I happened to be dressing at that time, yet none the less I felt an interest in it, for, to say the least, a real live rebel savours of adventures, and those are what the tame life of woman seldom can provide. The Captain, having installed his men in the servants' part, was good enough to come and sup with us, and was able in a measure to enliven the tedium of that meal. The gentlemen talked politics, of course, and I was able to gather from their words that the Pretender Charles was already in a full retreat, and that his army was like to be presently scattered on the earth.

"He'll be flying for his precious life, Sir, over hill and moor with our redcoats on his heels," the Captain says, with an enthusiasm that made his face sparkle in the candle-light. And I thought this ardour so well adorned him that he appeared to a prettier advantage as a soldier than as a man of fashion.

Somehow I could not dismiss a certain interest that their military conversation had aroused. Besides, the present circumstances had a novelty, as to-night we were actually involved in the stress of war.

"A rebel must be a very dangerous person, I should fear," I said; "even the sound of rebel hath a spice of daring and the devil in it."

"Highly dangerous," says the Captain.

"Captain, do you know," I said, seized with a desire, "that as I have never seen a rebel, I should dearly like to have a peep at one of these desperate creatures. 'Twould be an experience, you know;

besides, when a fresh species of wild animal is caught, all the town is attracted to its cage."

"Madam, I would not deny you anything"—the Captain bowed—"but you have only to look into the mirror to behold a rebel of the deepest dye."

"But not a dangerous one," I smiled.

"Ah, dear lady," said the Captain, with one hand straying to his heart, "'tis only for us men to say how dangerous you are."

"Grantley," says the Earl, my papa—and I wish this generation could have seen how elegant he was, even in his age—"if every rebel was as dangerous a one as Madam is, there would be a change of dynasty mighty soon." Afterwards, we had picquet together; but, wearying of the game, I reminded the Captain of my wish. Without more ado, he put me in a hood and cloak—the night being dark and keen, and threatening to snow—and took me to the prisoner on his arm. We bore a lantern with us, otherwise nothing had been visible, for the moon had not appeared yet. The poor rebel we found reposing on straw in one of the stables, but with even less of comfort than is allowed to horses. One of the troopers had mounted guard outside the door, his bayonet fixed, and himself leaning on the panel. He saluted us, and looked as cordial as his rank allowed; but his strict figure, with grim night and naked steel about it, sent a shiver through my wraps. You read of war in histories, and think it adventurous and fine; but when cold bayonet looks upon you from the dark, and you know that it is there to hold some defenceless person to his doom, the reality is nothing like so happy as the dream.

The Captain set back the wooden shutter, and held the light up high enough for me to peer within. There the rebel was, with gyves upon his wrists; whilst a rope was passed through the manger-ring, and also through his manacles. Thus he was secured strictly in his prison, but his fetters had length enough to permit him to stretch his miserable body on the straw that was mercifully provided. He had availed himself of this, and now lay in a huddle in it fast asleep. At the first glance I took him to be precisely what he was, a young and handsome lad, moulded slightly with an almost girlish tenderness of figure, his countenance of a most smooth and fair complexion, without a hair upon it, while to read the kind expression of his mien, he was, I'm sure, as gentle as a cherubim.

When the Captain laid the keen light fully on him he was smiling gently in his sleep, and, I doubt not, he was dreaming of his mother or his lady.

"Why, Captain!" I exclaimed, with an indignant heat that made my companion laugh, "call you this a dangerous rebel? Why, this is but a child, and a pretty child withal. 'Tis monstrous, Captain, thus to maltreat a boy. And surely, Sir, you may release the poor lad of these horrid manacles?"

My voice thus incautiously employed aroused the sleeper, so immediately that I believe he almost caught the import of my speech. At least, he suddenly shook his chains and turned his head to face the thread of lantern-light. Our eyes encountered, and such a strong power of honest beauty prevailed in his that my brain thrilled with joy and pity for their loveliness, and here, for the first time in my all-conquering career, my own gaze quailed and drooped before another's. Its owner was but a dirty, chained, and tattered rebel, whose throat rose bare above his ragged shirt, and whose mop of hair seemed never to have known a law for the best part of its years; a vagabond, in fact, of no refinement or propriety; yet when his bright, brave eyes leapt into mine like flame, the sympathetic tears gushed from me, and I was fain to turn away. The Captain divined my agitation, perhaps because my shoulders shook, or perchance he saw my cheeks a-glistening, for he let the lantern down and led me to the house in a most respectful silence. Yet every step we traversed in the darkness, the star-like look of that unhappy lad was making havoc of my heart.

When we were returned to the brightness of the candles, and I had thrown

aside my cloak and hood and had recommenced the game, I turned towards the Captain to inquire—

"Captain, I suppose there will be many years of prison for that poor lad?"

"Dear me, no!" the Captain said; "he is to be interrogated at the Tower, which will merely take a day or two, and then it's Tyburn Tree."

"What! They mean to hang him?" says I in horror.

"Yes, to hang him," says the Captain.

"But he's so young," I said; "and he looks so harmless and so innocent. They will never hang him, Captain, surely?"

"I think they will," the Captain said; "and wherefore should they not? He is a very arrant rebel; he has conducted the business of the Prince in a most intrepid manner, and he further holds a deal of knowledge that the Government have determined to wring from him if they can."

"Ah me!" I sighed, "it is a very cruel thing."

For here his lovely glance returned upon me, and it made me sad to think of it and his bitter doom. And at least this lad, even in ignominious tatters and captivity, contrived to appear both handsome and impressive—which is a point beyond all the fops of London, despite their silks and laces and their eternal artifice.

"Anyway," I said, "this rebel interests me, Captain. Come, tell me all about him now. Has he a birth, Sir?"

"Not he!" the Captain said. "Merely the son of a Glasgow baker, or some person of that character."

The Captain, who had, of course, been born, said this with a half-triumphant air, as though this was a *coup-de-grâce*, and had therefore killed the matter. And I will confess that there was a shock to the web of romance I was weaving about this charming, melancholy lad. Even I, that had a more romantic temper than the silliest miss at an academy, felt bound to draw the line at the sons of bakers.

"But at least, Captain," I persisted with, I suppose, the tenacity of my sex, "you can recall some purple thread in his disposition or behaviour that shall consort with the poetic colour in which my mind hath painted him? He must be brave, I'm sure? Or virtuous? Or wise? But bravery for choice, Captain; for a deed of courage or a noble enterprise speaks to the spirit of us women like a song. Come, Captain, tell me, he is brave?"

"He is a baker's son, my Lady Barbara."

"I heard once of a chimney-sweeper who embraced death in preference to dishonour," was my rejoinder. "Must I command you, Captain?"

"The whim of Madam is the law of every man that breathes," says the soldier, with a not discreditable agility. "And as for the courage of your rebel, the worst I can say of it is this: he hath been told to choose between death and the betrayal of his friends. He hath chosen death."

"Bravo!" was the applause I gave the boy; "and now that you have proved this pretty lad to be worthy of a thought, I should like his name."

"He is called Anthony Dare," the Captain said.

"A good name, a brave name, and far too good to perish at Tyburn in the cart," says I, whilst I am sure my eyes were warmly sparkling.

The Captain and his lordship laughed at this fervour in my face, and were good enough to toast the dazzling light that was come into it.

Now in the matter of this rebel certain odd passages befel, and I am about to retail the inception of them to you. One thing is certain in reviewing these very strange affairs from the distance years have given them. It is this, that in 1746, in the full meridian of my beauty and renown, my lively spirit was in such excess that 'twas out of all proportion to my wisdom. A creature whose life is a succession of huzzahs hath never a reverend head nor one capable of appreciating consequences. Therefore you are not to betray surprise when you are told that I had no sooner bade my aunt and the gentlemen good evening, towards eleven of the clock, than I gave the rein to mischief, and set about to have a little sport. Every step I ascended

to my chamber my mind was on that condemned rebel in the stable with the gyves upon his wrists. I felt myself utterly unable to dismiss the look he had given me, and yet was inclined to be piqued about it too. For you must understand that his eyes had infringed a right possessed by those of Barbara Gossiter alone. But the more I thought about this lad, the less I could endure the idea of what his doom must be. Might not an effort be put forth on his behalf? To make one might be to extend the life of a fellow-creature, and also to colour the dull hues of mine own with a brisk adventure, for, Lord, what a weary existence is a woman's! In the act of turning the lamp up in my bed-room I came to a decision, and half a minute afterwards, when my maid, Mrs. Polly Emblem, appeared to unrobe me and to dress my hair, she found me dancing round the chamber in pure cheerfulness of heart, and rippling with laughter also, to consider how I proposed to cheat and to befool half a score right worthy persons, amongst whom were Captain Grantley and the Earl, my father.

"Let me kiss you, my Emblem of lightness and despatch!" I cried to the Mistress of the Robes. "For to-night I am as joyous as a blackbird in a cherry-tree that hath no business to be there. I am going to be in mischief, Emblem." And to relieve my merry feelings, I went dancing round the room again.

Happily or unhappily—sure I know not which—this maid of mine was not one of those staid and well-trained owls whose years are great allies to their virtue, whom so many of my friends affect. One of these would, perhaps, have managed to restrain me from so hazardous a deed. Still, I'm not too positive of that, for I have an idea that when my Lady Barbarity was giddy with her triumphs and good blood, few considerations could have held her from an act which she at all desired to perform. Certainly Mrs. Polly Emblem was not the person to impose restraints upon her mistress in the most devious employ, being herself the liveliest soubrette you would discover this side the Channel, with a laugh that was made of levity, and who was as ripe for an adventure as the best.

The first thing I did was to post Emblem on the landing, that she might bring me word as soon as the candles were out below, and the gentlemen retired. Meanwhile I made some preparation. I stirred the waning fire up, and then went in stealth to an adjoining room and procured from a cupboard there a kettleful of water, some coffee, and a pot wherein to brew it. The water had just begun to hiss upon the blaze when Emblem reappeared with the information that the lights were out at last, and that the gentlemen had ascended to their chambers. I bade her brew a good decoction, while I rummaged several of the drawers in my wardrobe to discover a few articles highly imperative to my scheme. To begin with I took forth a potion in a packet, a powerful sedative that was warranted to send anything to sleep; the others consisted of a vizard, a hooded cloak, and last, if you please, a pistol, balls, and powder. These latter articles, I know, do not usually repose in a lady's chamber, but then my tastes always were of the quaintest character, and often formerly, when my life had been so tame that its weariness grew almost unendurable, I have taken a ridiculous delight in cleaning and priming this dread weapon with my own hands, and speculating on its power with a foolish but a fearful joy. Verily idleness is full of strange devices.

"Now, Emblem," says I, when the coffee was prepared, "let me see you put this powder in the pot, and as you always were an absent-minded sort of wench, 'twere best that you forgot that you had done so."

"Very good, my lady," Emblem says, with a wonderfully sagacious look. And immediately she had poured the contents of the packet in the coffee, I took up the pot and said, with an air of notable severity—

"Of course, this coffee is as pure as possible, and could not be doctored any way? I think that is so, Emblem?"

"Oh, Lord, yes, Ma'am; it is, indeed!" cries Emblem the immaculate.

"Well," says I, "so soon as we can be positive that the gentlemen are abed, and at their ease in slumber's lap, the fun shall get afoot."

We sat down by the hearth for the thereabouts half an hour, that they might have ample time to attain this Elysian state. Later I wrapped the admirable Emblem up the very model of a plotter, and despatched her to the sentry on guard at the stable-door, with the compliments of her mistress and a pot of coffee to keep the cold out.

"For I'm sure, poor man," I piously observed, "it must be perishing out there in a frosty, wintry night of this sort."

"It must, indeed, my lady," Emblem says, with the gravity of a church; "and had I not better wait while he drinks it, Ma'am, and bring the empty pot back? And had I not better put my carpet slippers on, and steal out carefully and without committing the faintest sound when I unbolt the kitchen door?"

"Emblem," cries I, dealing her a light box on the ears, "to-night I will discard this darling of a gown I'm wearing. To-morrow it is yours."

Faith, my Emblem ever was a treasure, if only because she was not subject ever to any bother in her soul. But when she had gone upon her errand to the soldier at the stable-door, and I was left alone with my designs, for the first time meditation came, and a most unwelcome feeling of uneasiness crept on me. There was a certain danger in the thing I was determined to attempt; but then, I argued, the pleasure that any sport affords must primarily spring from the risks involved in its pursuit. That is, unless one is a Puritan. Her greatest enemy has never accused my Lady Barbarity of that, however. Yet my mind still ran upon that grim guardian of the tight-kept rebel, and again I saw the night about him, and his fixed bayonet glaring at me through the gloom. Then for the second time that evening did I convince myself that adventure in the fairy-books and Mr. Daniel Defoe is one thing, but that at twelve o'clock of a winter's night their cold and black reality is quite another. But here the imps of mirth woke up and tickled me, till again I fell a-rippling with glee. They proudly showed me half-a-score right worthy men nonplussed and mocked by the wit of woman. 'Twould make a pretty story for the town; and my faith! that was a true presentiment. But the long chapter that was in the end recited to my dear friends of St. James's I would 'a paid a thousand pounds to have remained untold. But just now the mirth of the affair was too irresistible, and I laughed all cowardice to scorn. Besides, I remembered the wondrous gaze of poor Mr. Anthony Dare, that sweetly handsome youth, that desperate rebel, that chained and tattered captive, whose fate was to be a dreadful death upon the tree. I remembered him, and although pity is the name that I resolutely refuse to have writ down as the motive for this merry plot, as all the world knows that I never had a heart in which to kindle it; but remembering that lad, I say, straight had I done with indecision, for I sprang up smartly, with a rude word for the King; and I make bold to declare that she who pulled the blinds aside an instant later, to gaze into the night, was the most determined rebel that ever grinned through hemp.

(To be continued.)

·Christmas·
"Forth to the wood did merry men go
To gather in The Misseltoe."
Now youths & maidens' cheeks are red
Laughing their lips jaunty their tread
Hopes in their fluttering bosoms grow
As they reach toward the Misseltoe
Married or single bound or free
Yield to the season merrily!
Christmas stays not. Kiss ere he go!
Under the druid Misseltoe
BERTHA NEWCOMBE

WOMEN-DUELLISTS.

By COLONEL G. W. WILLOCK.

TWO well-known pictures by Bayard, entitled "Une affaire d'honneur" and "La Réconciliation," depicting a duel between women, bring to mind Virgil's famous question regarding the highly incensed Juno: "Tantæne cœlestibus animis iræ?" and one is tempted to reply in Thomas Ingoldsby's words—

All might observe by her glance fierce and stormy
She was stung by the *spretæ injuria formæ*.

During the sixteenth century such hostile meetings actually did take place at the French Court, where it was quite fashionable for women to be past masters in the art of fencing, and where, no doubt, insults offered to slighted beauty frequently did inspire heavenly minds with such resentment, and were not seldom the causes of these affairs of honour.

A story is told of the famous and beautiful Ninon d'Enclos, who, stung by the *spretæ injuria formæ*, donned manly attire and publicly slapped the face of a young noble who had affronted her. There was not the slightest suspicion that this most deadly insult had been dealt by a woman's hand. So swords were drawn and crossed on the spot, and after a few rapid *tac-à-tac* passes had been exchanged, Ninon, a consummate swordswoman, made a fresh *boutonnière* in the gay satin doublet of her opponent, and gave him a sharp wound in the shoulder.

The sixteenth century was the golden age of the sword, and the slightest quarrel was referred to the arbitration of *l'arme blanche*. An atmosphere of duelling pervaded all society, especially at the French Court; and in order to show to what excess this passion was carried, we borrow one or two extracts from the author of "Cold Steel": "Amongst the men of that time it was common for the seconds to fight as well as the principals, and in some cases as many as six or seven were engaged on each side, and the sword-experts of the period held that, if a man disposed of his own immediate opponent, it was the depth of baseness for him not to go to the assistance of his friends when hard pressed. The idea of two to one being scarcely fair does not seem to have occurred to them. This custom caused the fights to assume an especially sanguinary character. When the affair was over, it was usual for the victors, after attending to the wounded of their own party, to collect all the weapons that were lying about on the ground, and to carry them off as evidence of their own success; about those fallen on the other side they gave themselves no concern whatever."

The sway of the courtly rapier was supreme in those days. The following is what an old French writer says about it—"In society the position of the sword was remarkable, its aspect was brilliant, its manners were courtly, its habits were punctilious, its connections patrician. Its very vices were glittering; it bore itself haughtily as a victor and arbitrator."

At this epoch the rapier was at its greatest beauty. The hilts, both cross and cup shaped, were often perfect gems of art, and the long, narrow, cut-and-thrust blade gave the weapon a most elegant appearance. Fashion at one time caused men to carry rapiers of such extravagant length that one is puzzled to know

A FENCING LESSON.

Reproduced by the kind permission of Mrs. S. E. Waller from the Original Picture by her, which appeared in the Royal Academy a few years ago.

how they managed to draw them. This, however, was only a passing mode, for the rapier of reasonable length is a truly formidable weapon. The rapier and dagger were sometimes used together, *vide* Shakspere—

> HAMLET. What is his weapon?
> OSRICK. Rapier and dagger.
> HAMLET. That 's two of his weapons.

The rapier and buckler, and also the rapier and cloak, were employed together. These additions were held with the left hand, and used to ward off thrusts directed against the left side; but as the art of fencing was perfected, men discarded these additional aids, and Scott tells us that—

> Trained abroad his arms to wield,
> Fitzjames's blade was sword and shield.

The rapier must never be confounded with the small-sword, as the modern duelling-sword, or *epée de combat*, is styled. This is a common mistake in England, where, in the papers, one often reads an announcement to the effect that a duel with rapiers has or is going to take place on the Continent. The modern *epée de combat* is not the rapier, the place of the latter arm having been entirely usurped by its still more deadly successor—the small-sword, a weapon which can be used with much greater precision. A duel with rapiers is almost as much out of date as a duel with bows and arrows would be.

Long before the sixteenth century, however, women had shown that skill in the use of arms was not by any means an exclusive monopoly of the male sex. At the British Museum, in the Mausoleum Room, there is a frieze, seventeen slabs of which represent the combats of the Greeks and Amazons. The remains of the tomb of Mausolius are also to be seen in the same room, and Pliny tells us that the magnificent edifice that supported this tomb was encircled by a frieze richly sculptured in high relief, and representing a battle of Greeks and Amazons. In the Phigaleian Room two sides of the relief represent the invasion of Greece by the Amazons. There is also part of a sarcophagus, representing some of the labours of Hercules, including his encounter with the Amazon Andromache. Very little is really known of these truly formidable women; but there must have been ground for all these legends concerning them. To judge by the friezes at the British Museum these warrior-women seem to be quite, if not more than quite, holding their own. "When Greek meets Greek, *then* comes the tug of war," but, apparently, when Greek met Amazon it was a still more serious affair!

In Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" we read that patrician women at the great public displays used to fight, fully armed as gladiators, in the arena; and in our own days the King of Dahomey had a regiment of Amazons as body-guard. Every member of this *corps-d'élite* (being negresses, we cannot speak of them as fair members!) was obliged to wear—probably as a charm—the skull of a man whom she had killed in battle.

COLLECTOR OF THE PORTE.

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

Author of "The Mystery of Choice," "The Red Republic," etc.

I will grow round him in his place,
Grow, live, die looking on his face,
Die, dying clasp'd in his embrace.

TENNYSON.

IN winter the Porte is closed, the population migrates, the Collector of the Porte sails southward. There is nothing left but black rocks sheathed in ice where icy seas clash and splinter and white squalls howl across the headland. When the wind slackens and the inlet freezes, spotted seals swim up and down the ragged edges of the ice, sleek, restless heads raised, mild eyes fixed on the turbid shallows.

In January, blizzard-driven snowy owls whirl into the pines and sit all day in the demi-twilight, the white ptarmigan covers the softer snow with winding tracks, and the white hare, huddled in his whiter "form," plays hide and seek with his own shadow.

In February the Porte-of-Waves is still untenanted. A few marauders appear, now and then a steel-grey panther from the north frisking over the snow after the white hares, now and then a stub-tailed lynx, mean-faced, famished, snarling up at the white owls who look down and snap their beaks and hiss.

The first bud on the Indian-willow brings the first inhabitant back to the Porte-of-Waves, Francis Lee, superintendent of the mica quarry. The quarrymen follow in batches; the willow-tassels see them all there; the wind-flowers witness the defile of the first shift through the pines.

On the last day of May the company's flag was hoisted on the tool-house, the French-Canadians came down to repair the rusty narrow-gauge railroad, and Lee, pipe lighted, sea-jacket buttoned to the throat, tramped up and down the track with the lumber detail, chalking and condemning sleepers, blazing spruce and pine, sounding fish-plate and rail, and shouting at intervals until the wash-outs were shored up, windfalls hacked through, and land-slide and boulder no longer blocked the progress of the company's sole locomotive.

The First of June brought sunshine and black flies, but not the Collector of the Porte. The Canadians went back to Sainte Isole across the line, the white-throated sparrow's long, dreary melody broke out in the clearing's edge, but the Collector of the Porte did not return.

That evening Lee, smoking his pipe on the headland, looked out across the sunset-tinted ocean and saw the white gulls settling on the shoals and the fish-hawks soaring overhead with the broad red sunglint on their wings. The smoke of a moss smudge kept the flies away, his own tobacco-smoke drove away care. Incidentally both drove Williams away—a mere lad in baggy bluejeans, smooth-faced, clear-eyed, with sea-tan on wrist and cheek.

"How did you cut your hand?" asked Lee, turning his head as Williams moved away.

"Mica," replied Williams briefly. After a moment Williams started on again.

"Come back," said Lee; "that wasn't what I had to tell you."

He sat down on the headland, opened a jack-knife, and scraped the ashes out of his pipe. Williams came slowly up and stood a few paces behind his shoulder.

"Sit down," said Lee.

Williams did not stir. Lee waited a moment, head slightly turned, but not far enough for him to see the figure motionless behind his shoulder.

"It's none of my business," began Lee, "but perhaps you had better know that you have deceived nobody. Finn came and spoke to me to-day. Dyce knows it. Carrots and Lefty Sawyer know it—I should have known it myself had I looked at you twice."

The June wind blowing over the grass carried two white butterflies over the cliff. Lee watched them struggle back to land again; Williams watched Lee.

"I don't know what to do," said Lee, after a silence; "it is not forbidden for women to work in the quarry as far as I am aware. If you need work and prefer that sort, and if you perform your work properly, I shall not interfere with you. And I'll see that the men do not."

Williams stood motionless; the smoke from the smudge shifted west, then south.

"But," continued Lee, "I must enter you properly on the pay-roll; I cannot approve of this masquerade. Finn will see you in the morning; it is unnecessary for me to repeat that you will not be disturbed."

There was no answer. After a silence Lee turned, then rose to his feet. Williams was weeping.

Lee had never noticed her face; both sun-tanned hands hid it now; her felt hat was pulled down over the forehead.

"Why do you come to the quarry?" he asked soberly. She did not reply.

"It is men's work," he said; "look at your hands! You cannot do it."

She tightened her hands over her eyes; tears stole between her fingers and dropped, one by one, on the young grass.

"If you need work—if you can find nothing else—I—I think, perhaps, I may manage something better," he said. "You must not stand there crying — listen! Here come Finn and Dyce, and I don't want them to talk all over the camp." Finn and Dyce came toiling up the headland with news that the west drain was choked. They glanced askance at Williams, who turned her back. The sea-wind dried her eyes; it stung her torn hands too. She unconsciously placed one aching finger in her mouth and looked out to sea.

"The dreen's bust by the second windfall," said Dyce, with a jerk of his stunted thumb toward the forest. "If them sluice props caves in, the timber's wasted."

Finn proposed new sluice-gates; Lee objected, and swore roundly that if the damage was not repaired by next evening he'd hold Finn responsible. He told them he was there to save the company's money, not to experiment with it; he spoke sharply to Finn of last year's extravagance, and warned him not to trifle with orders.

"I pay you to follow my directions," he said; "do so, and I'll be responsible to the company; disobey, and I'll hold you to the chalk-mark every time."

Finn sullenly shifted his quid and nodded; Dyce looked rebellious.

"You might as well know," continued Lee, "that I mean what I say. You'll find it out. Do your work, and we'll get on without trouble. You'll find I'm just."

When Dyce and Finn had shuffled away toward the coast, Lee looked at the figure outlined on the cliffs against the sunset sky—a desolate, lonely little figure in truth.

"Come," said Lee; "if you must have work, I will give you enough to keep you busy; not in the quarry, either—do you want to cripple yourself in that pit? It's no place for children, anyway. Can you write properly?" The girl nodded, back turned toward him.

"Then you can keep the rolls—duplicates and all. You'll have a room to yourself in my shanty. I'll pay quarry wages."

He did not add that those wages must come out of his own pocket. The company allowed him no secretary, and he was too sensitive to suggest one.

"MY NAME IS HELEN PINE."

"I don't ask you where you come from or why you are here," he said, a little roughly. "If there is gossip, I cannot help it." He walked to the smudge, and stood in the smoke, for the wind had died out, and the black flies were active.

"Perhaps," he hazarded, "you would like to go back to—to where you came from? I'll send you back."

She shook her head.

"There may be gossip in camp."

The slightest movement of her shoulders indicated her indifference. Lee relighted his pipe, poked the smudge and piled damp moss on it.

"All right," he said, "don't be unhappy; I'll do what I can to make you comfortable. You had better come into the smudge to begin with."

She came, touching her eyes with her hands, awkward, hesitating. He looked gravely at her clumsy boots, at the loose toil-stained overalls.

"What is your name?" he said without embarrassment.

"My name is Helen Pine." She looked up at him steadily; after a moment she repeated her name, as though expecting him to recognise it. He did not; he had never before heard it, as far as he knew. Neither did he find in her eager, wistful face anything familiar. How should he remember her? Why should he remember? It was nearly six months ago that, snow-bound in the little village on the Mohawk, he and the directors of his company left their private Pullman car to amuse themselves at a country dance. How should he recollect the dark-eyed girl who had danced the "fireman's quadrille" with him, who had romped through a reel or two with him, who had amused him through a snowy evening? How should he recall the careless country incident—the corn-popping, the apple race, the flirtation on the dark, windy stairway? Who could expect him to remember the laughing kiss, the meaningless promises to write, the promises to return some day for another dance and kiss? A week later he had forgotten the village, forgotten the dance, the pop-corn, the stairway, and the kiss. She never forgot. Had he told her he loved her? He forgot it before she replied. Had he amused himself? Passably. But he was glad that the snow-ploughs cleared the track the next morning; for there was trouble in Albany and lobbying to do, and a rival company was moving wheels within wheels to lubricate the machinery of honest legislation.

So it meant nothing to him—this episode of a snow blockade; it meant all the world to her. For months she awaited the letter that never came. An Albany journal mentioned his name and profession. She wrote to the company, and learned where the quarry lay. She was young and foolish and nearly broken-hearted; so she ran away. Her first sentimental idea was to work herself to death, disguised, under his very eyes. When she lay dying she would reveal herself to him and he should know too late the value of such a love. To this end she purchased some shears to cut her hair with; but the mental picture she conjured was not improved by such a sacrifice. She recoiled her hair tightly, and bought a slouch hat, too big. When, arrived at the quarry, she saw him again, she nearly fainted from fright. He met her twice face to face, and she was astounded that he did not recognise her. Reflection, however, assured her that her disguise must be perfect, and she awaited the dramatic moment when she should reveal herself—not dying from quarry toil, for she did not wish to die now that she had seen him. No, she would live—live to prove to him how a woman can love—live to confound him with her constancy. She had read many romances. Now, when he bade her follow him to the headland, she knew she had been discovered; she was weak with terror and shame and hope. She thought he knew her; when he spoke so coolly, she stood dumb with amazement; when he spoke of Finn and Sawyer and Dyce, she understood he had not penetrated her disguise, except from hearsay, and a terror of loneliness and desolation rushed over her. Then the impulse came to hide her identity from him—why, she did not know. Again that vanished when he called her

to come into the smoke. As she looked up at him, her heart almost stopped; yet he did not recognise her. Then the courage of despair seized her, and she told her name. When at length she comprehended that he had entirely forgotten her — forgotten her very name—fright sealed her lips. All the hopelessness and horror of her position dawned upon her—all she had believed, expected, prayed for, came down with a crash.

As they stood together in the smoke of the smudge she mechanically laid her hand on his sleeve, for her knees scarcely supported her.

"What is it? Does the smoke make you dizzy?" he asked. She nodded; he aided her to the cliff's edge, and seated her on a boulder. Under the cliff the sunset light reddened the sea. A quarryman, standing on a rock, looked up at Lee and pointed seaward.

"Hello!" answered Lee, "what is it? The Collector of the Porte?" Other quarrymen, grouped on the coast, took up the cry; the lumbermen, returning from the forest along the inlet, paused, axe on shoulder, to stare at the sea. Presently, out in the calm ocean, a black triangle cut the surface, dipped, glided landward, dipped, glided, disappeared. Again the dark point came into view, now close under the cliff where thirty feet of limpid water bathes its base.

"The Collector of the Porte!" shouted Finn from the rocks. Lee bent over the cliff's brink. Far down into the clear water he followed the outline of the cliff. Under it a shadowy bulk floated, a monstrous shark, rubbing its length softly as if in greeting for old acquaintance' sake. The Collector of the Porte had returned from the south.

II.

The Collector of the Porte and the Company were rivals; both killed their men, the one at sea, the other in the quarry. The Company objected to pelagic slaughter, and sent some men with harpoons, bombs, and shark-hooks to the Porte; but the Collector sheered off to sea, and waited for them to go away.

The Company could not keep the quarrymen from bathing; Lee could not keep the Collector from Porte-of-Waves. Every year two or three quarrymen fell to his share; the Company killed the even half-dozen. Years before, the quarrymen had named the shark; the name fascinated everybody with its sinister conventionality. In truth, he was Collector of the Porte—an official who took toll of all who ventured from this Porte, where nothing entered from the sea save the sea itself, wave on wave, and wave after wave.

In the superintendent's office there were two rolls of victims—victims of the quarry and victims of the Collector of the Porte. Pensions were not allowed to families of the latter class; so, as Dyce said to Dyce's dying brother, "Thank God you was blowed up, an' say no more about it, Hank."

There was, curiously enough, little animosity against the Collector of the Porte among the quarrymen. When June brought the great shark back to the Porte, they welcomed him with sticks of dynamite, but nevertheless a weird sense of proprietorship, of exclusive right in the biggest shark on the coast, aroused in the quarrymen a sentiment almost akin to pride. Between the shark and the men existed an uncanny comradeship, curiously in evidence when the Company's imported shark-destroyers appeared at the Porte.

"G'wan now," observed Farrely, "an' divil a shark ye'll get in the wather, me bucks! Is it sharks ye'll harpoon? Sure th' Company's full o' thim."

The shark-catchers, harpoons, bombs, and hooks retired after a month's useless worrying, and the men jeered them as they embarked on the gravel-train.

"Dhrop a dynamite shtick on the nob av his nibs!" shouted Farrely after them—meaning the President of the Company. The next day, little Cæsar l'Hommedieu, indulging in his semi-annual bath, was appreciated and accepted by the Collector of the Porte, and his name was added to the unpensioned roll in the office of the Company's superintendent, Francis Lee.

Helen Pine, sitting alone in her room, copied the roll, made out the duplicate,

erased little Cæsar's name from the pay-roll, computed the total back pay due him, and made out an order on the Company for $10.39. Then she rose, stepped quietly into Lee's office, which adjoined her own room, and silently handed him the order.

Lee was busy, and motioned her to be seated. Dyce and Finn, hats in hand, looked obliquely at her as she seated herself and leaned on the window-ledge, face turned towards the sea. She heard Lee say: "Go on, Finn"; and Finn began again in his smooth, plausible voice—

"I opened the safe on a flat-car, an' God knows who uncoupled the flat. Then Dyce signalled go ahead, but Henderson, he sez Dyce signalled to back her up, an' the first I see was that flat hangin' over the dump-dock. Then she tipped up like a seesaw, an' slid the safe into the water—fifty-eight feet sheer at low tide."

Lee, pale about the lips, said quietly—"Rig a derrick on the dump-dock, and tell Kinny to get his diving kit ready by three o'clock."

Finn and Dyce exchanged glances.

"Kinny, he went to Bangor last night to see about them new drills," said Finn defiantly.

"Who sent him?" asked Lee angrily. "Oh, you did, eh?"

"I thought you wanted them drills," repeated Finn.

Lee's eyes turned from Finn to Dyce. There was, in the sullen faces before him, something that he had never before seen, something worse than sinister. He recognised it instantly. The next moment he said pleasantly—"Well, then, tell Lefty Sawyer to take his diving kit and be ready by three. If you need a new ladder at the dump-dock, send one there by noon. That is all, men."

When Finn and Dyce had gone, Lee sprang to his feet and began to pace the office. Once he stopped to light his pipe; once he jerked open the top drawer of his table and glanced at a pair of heavy Colt's revolvers lying there, cocked and loaded. He sat down at his desk after a while and spoke, perhaps half unconsciously, to Helen, as though he had been speaking to her since Finn and Dyce left.

"They're a hard crowd, a tough lot, and I knew it would come to a crisis sooner or later. Last year they drove the other superintendent to resign, and I was warned to look out for myself. Now they see that they can't use me, and they mean to get rid of me. How dared the messenger unlock the safe before I was notified!"

She turned from the window as he finished; he looked at her without seeing the oval face, the dark questioning eyes, the young rounded figure involuntarily bending toward him.

"They tipped that safe off the dock on purpose," he said; "they sent Kinny to Bangor on a fool's errand. Now Sawyer's got to go down and see what can be done. I know what he'll say. He'll report the safe broken and one or two cash-boxes missing, and he'll bring up the rest and wait for a chance to divide with his gang."

He started to his feet and began to pace the floor again, talking all the while—

"It's come to a crisis now, and *I'm* not going under—if anyone should ask you! I'll face them down; I'll break that gang as they break stone! If I only knew how to use a diving kit—and if I dared—with Dyce at the life-line——"

Half an hour later Lee, seated at his desk, raised his pale face from his hands and, for the first time, became conscious that Helen sat watching him beside the window.

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked, with an effort.

She held the order out to him; he took it, examined it, and picking up a pen, signed his name.

"Forward it to the Company," he said; "Cæsar's family will collect it quicker than the shark collected Cæsar."

He did not mean to shock the girl with cynicism; indeed, it was only such artificial indifference that enabled him to endure the misery of the Porte-of-Waves—misery that came under his eyes from sea and land: interminable, hopeless, human woe.

What could he do for the lacerated creatures at the quarry? He had only his salary. What could he do for families made destitute? The mica crushed and

HE DROPPED TO THE BLEACHED BOARDS WITH A HOWL OF DISMAY.

cut and blinded; the Collector of the Porte exacted bloody toll in spite of him. He could not drive the dust-choked, half-maddened quarrymen from their one solace and balm, the cool, healing ocean; he could not drive the Collector from the Porte-of-Waves.

"I didn't mean to speak unfeelingly," he said. "I feel such things very deeply."

To his surprise and displeasure she replied: "I did not know you felt anything."

She grew scarlet after she said it; he stared at her steadily.

"Do you regard me as brutal?" he asked sarcastically.

"No," she said, steadying her voice; "you are not brutal; one must be human to be brutal."

Conscious of the epigram he looked at her half angrily, half inclined to laugh.

"You mean I am devoid of human feeling?"

"I am not here to criticise my employer," she answered faintly.

"Oh—but you have."

She was silent.

"You said you were not aware that I felt anything. Criticism is implied, isn't it?" he persisted with boyish impatience.

She did not reply.

He thought to himself—"I took her from the quarry, and this is what I get." She divined his thought, and turned a little pale. She could have answered—"And you sent me to the quarry—for the memory of a kiss." But she did not speak.

Watching her curiously, he noticed the grey woollen gown, the spotless collar and cuffs, the light on her hair like light on watered silk. Her young face was turned toward the window. For the first time it occurred to him that she might be lonely. He wondered where she came from, why she had sought Porte-of-Waves among all places on earth, what tragedy could have driven her from kin and kind to the haunts of men. She seemed so utterly alone, so hopelessly dependent, so young, that his conscience smote him, and he resolved to be a little companionable toward her, as far as his position of superintendent permitted. True, he could not do much; and whatever he might do would perhaps be misinterpreted by her, certainly by the quarrymen.

"A safe fell off the dock to-day," he said pleasantly, forgetting she had been present at the announcement of the disaster by Finn and Dyce. "Would you like to see the diver go down?"

She turned toward him and smiled.

"It might interest you," he went on, surprised at the beauty of her eyes; "we're going to try to hoist the safe out of fifty-odd feet of water—unless it is smashed on the rocks. Come down when I go at three o'clock."

As he spoke his face grew grave, and he glanced at the open drawer by his elbow, where two blue revolver-barrels lay shining in the morning light.

At noon she went into her little room, locked the door, and sat down on the bed. She cried steadily till two o'clock; from two until three she spent the time in obliterating all traces of tears; at three he knocked at her door and she opened it, fresh, dainty, smiling, and joined him, tying the strings of a pink sunbonnet under her oval chin.

III.

The afternoon sun beat down on the dump-dock, where the derrick swung like a stumpy gallows against the sky. A dozen hard-faced, silent quarrymen sat around in groups on the string-piece; Farrely raked out the fire in the rusty little engine; Finn and Dyce whispered together, glowering at Lefty Sawyer, who stood dripping in his diving-suit while Lee unscrewed the helmet and disentangled the lines.

Behind Lee, Helen Pine sat on a pile of condemned sleepers, nervously twisting and untwisting the strings of her sunbonnet.

When Sawyer was able to hear and to be heard, Lee listened, tight-lipped and hard-eyed, to a report that brought a malicious sneer to Finn's face and a twinkle of triumph into Dyce's dissipated eyes.

"The safe is smashed an' the door open. Them there eight cash-boxes is all that I

can see." He pointed to the pile of steel boxes, still glistening with salt water, and already streaked and blotched with orange-coloured rust.

"There are ten boxes," said Lee coldly; "go down again."

Unwillingly, sullenly, Lefty Sawyer suffered himself to be invested with the heavy helmet; the lines and tubes were adjusted, Dyce superintended the descent, and Finn seized the signal-cord. After a minute it twitched; Lee grew white with anger; Dyce turned away to conceal a grin.

When again Sawyer stood on the dock and reported that the two cash-boxes were hopelessly engulfed in the mud, Lee sternly bade him divest himself of the diving-suit with reasonable celerity.

"What you goin' to do?" asked Finn, coming up.

"Is it your place to ask questions?" said Lee sharply. "Obey orders, or you 'll regret it!"

"He's goin' down himself," whispered Dyce to Sawyer. The diver cast a savage glance at Lee, and hesitated.

"Take off that suit!" repeated Lee.

Finn, scowling with anger, attempted to speak, but Lee turned on him and bade him to be silent.

Slowly Sawyer divested himself of the clumsy diving-suit; one after the other he pushed the leaden-soled shoes from him. Lee watched him with mixed emotions. He had gone too far to go back now—he understood that. Flinching at such a moment meant chaos in the quarry, and he knew that the last shred of his authority and control would go if he hesitated. Yet, with all his heart and soul, he shrank from going down into the sea. What might not such men do? Dyce held the life-line. A moment or two of suffocation!—would such men hesitate? Accidents are so easy to prove, and signals may be easily misunderstood. He laid a brace of heavy revolvers on the dock and smiled.

As Dyce lifted the helmet upon his shoulders, he caught a last glimpse of sunlight and blue sky and green leaves—a brief vision of dark, brutal faces—of Helen Pine's colourless frightened face. Then he felt himself on the dock ladder, then a thousand tons seemed to fall from his feet, and the dusky ocean enveloped him.

On the dump-dock silence reigned. After a moment or two Finn whispered to Sawyer; Dyce joined the group; Farrely whitened a bit under his brick-red sunburn and pretended to fuss at his engine.

Helen Pine, heart beating furiously, watched them. She did not know what they were going to do—what they were doing now with the air-tubes. She did not understand such things, but she saw a line suddenly twitch in Dyce's fingers, and she saw murder in Finn's eyes.

Before she knew what she was doing she found herself clutching both of Lee's revolvers.

Finn saw her and stood petrified; Dyce gaped at the levelled muzzles. Nobody moved.

After a little while the line in Dyce's hand twitched violently; Finn started and swore; Sawyer said distinctly, "Cut that line!"

The next instant she fired at him point-blank, and he dropped to the bleached boards with a howl of dismay. The crack of the revolver echoed and echoed among the rocks; a silence that startled followed. Presently, behind his engine, Farrely began to laugh; two quarrymen near him got up and shambled hastily away.

"Draw him up!" gasped the girl, with a desperate glance at the water.

Finn, the foreman, cursed and flung down his lines, and walked away cursing.

"Take the lines, Noonan!" she cried breathlessly. "Dyce, pull him up!"

When the great blank-eyed helmet appeared, she watched it as though hypnotised. When, dragging his leaden feet, Lee stumbled to the dock and flung one of the two missing cash-boxes at Dyce's feet, she grew dizzy, and her little hands ached with their grip on the heavy weapons.

Sawyer, stupid, clutching his shattered forearm, never removed his eyes from her face; Dyce unscrewed the helmet, shaking with fright.

"There, you lying blackguard!" gasped Lee, pointing to the recovered cash-box, "take them all to my office, where I'll settle with you once and for all! I'll find the other to-morrow!"

Nobody replied. Lee, flushed with excitement and triumph, stripped off his diving-dress before he became aware that something beside his own episode had occurred. Then he saw Lefty Sawyer, bedabbled with blood, staring with sick, surprised eyes at somebody—a woman, who sat huddled on a heap of sun-dried sleepers, sun-bonnet fallen back, cocked revolver in either hand, and in her dark eyes tears that flowed silently over her colourless cheeks.

He glared at Dyce.

"Ask *her*," muttered Dyce doggedly.

He turned toward Helen, but Farrely, behind his engine, shouted: "Faith, she stood off th' gang, or the breathin' below wud ha' choked ye! Thank the lass, lad, an' mind she's a gun whin ye go worritin' the fishes for the coompany's cash-box!"

* * * *

That night Lee made a speech at the quarry. The men listened placidly. Dyce, amazed that he was not discharged, went back to nurse Sawyer, a thoroughly cowed man. Noonan, Farrely, and Phelan retired to their shanty and got fighting drunk to the health of the "colleen wid the gun"; the rest of the men went away with wholesome convictions concerning their superintendent that promised better things.

"Didn't fire Dyce—no, he didn't," was the whispered comment.

Lee's policy had done its work.

As for the murderous mover of the plot, the plausible foreman, Finn, he had shown the white feather under fire and he knew the men might kill him on sight. It's an Irish characteristic under such circumstances.

Lee walked back from the quarry, realising his triumph, recognising that he owed it neither to his foolhardy impulse, nor yet to his mercy to Dyce and Sawyer. He went to the house and knocked at Helen's door. She was not there. He sat alone in his office, absently playing with pen and ruler until the June moon rose over the ocean and yellow sparkles flashed among the waves. An hour later he went to the dock, and found her sitting there alone in the moonlight.

She did not repulse him. Her innocent hour had come, and she knew it, for she had read such things in romance. It came. But she was too much in love, too sincere, to use a setting so dramatic. She told him she loved him; she told him why she had come to the Porte-of-Waves, why she had remembered the kiss and the promise. She rested her head on his shoulder and looked out at the moon, smaller and more silvery now. She was contented.

Under the dock the dark waves lapped musically. Under the dock Finn, stripped to the skin, plunged silently downward for the last cash-box, trusting to sense of touch to find the safe.

But what he found was too horrible for words.

"Hark!" whispered Helen; "did you hear something splash?"

Lee looked out into the moonlight; a shadow, a black triangular fin, cut the silvery surface, steered hither and thither, circled, sheered seaward, and was lost. Then came another splash, far out among the waves.

"The Collector of the Porte," said Lee; "he is making merry in the moonlight."

THE STORY OF A SHADOW.

EUGÉNIE—DAUGHTER OF SPAIN; EMPRESS OF FRANCE; EXILE IN ENGLAND.

THE Senate opened its eyes in amazement; it listened courteously, and at first a trifle incredulously; then it punctuated the speaker's oration with applause — for Napoleon, the "Emperor of the French by the grace of God and the will of the People," was on his feet, making a declaration of surrender to the young Spaniard, Señorita Eugenia de Guzman. "I come, gentlemen," he said, "to announce that I have preferred the woman whom I love, whom I respect, to one who is unknown, and whose alliance would have advantages mingled with sacrifices." He had laid his heart and hand at the feet of some proud Princesses, but they had all turned their heads the other way, sceptical of the permanence of the position into which he had clambered. The Emperor was not in the least discomfited. On the contrary, here lay his hope of popularity in this throbbing new kingdom of his. "The alliance which I contract," said his Majesty, "is not in accordance with the

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE WITH HER COURT AT THE HEIGHT OF HER POWER.
From the Painting by Winterhalter, now in the Empress's possession at Farnborough.

traditions of ancient policy—and therein lies its advantage." He frankly avowed himself a *parvenu*: he was even proud of the fact; and that went to the hearts of his faithful subjects who had been Citizens but yesterday, scornful of the baubles of a peerage. The Emperor felt encouraged by his reception, and he proceeded to paint the portrait of his best beloved—

She who has been the object of my preference is of princely descent. French in heart, by education, and the recollection of blood shed by her father in the cause of the Empire, she has, as a Spaniard, the advantage of not having in France a family to whom it might be necessary to give honours and fortune. Endowed with all the qualities of the mind, she will be the ornament of the throne. In the days of danger she would be one of its courageous supporters. A Catholic, she will address to Heaven the same prayers with me for the happiness of France. In fine, by her grace and goodness she will, I firmly hope, endeavour to revive in the same position the virtue of the Empress Josephine [his own grandmother]. On better knowing her whom I have chosen, you will agree that on this occasion, as on some others, I have been inspired by Providence.

This remarkable speech was delivered on

Photo by Levitsky, Paris.

THE EMPRESS IN 1856.

Jan. 22, 1853. That day week, Napoleon had made Eugenia de Guzman Empress of France.

I call the career of Eugénie the Story of a Shadow from no caprice, for out of her seventy years of life she has lived only

Photo by Disdéri, Paris.

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE'S MOTHER (NÉE MARIE KIRKPATRICK).

seventeen (1853-70) as a potent entity. The day she went with Napoleon III. to Notre Dame meant the beginning of her public life. Until then she had been nobody but a very beautiful woman: the stormy day in 1870 that she crossed the Channel meant the end of her public career. Since then she has been a lonely exile among us, surrounded, it is too true, by a mimic Court, but taking no active share in our life or that of France. Indeed, the atmosphere of exile is strong in her blood. Her mother's father, William Kirkpatrick, who died the year that our Queen came to the throne, had had to leave his native Scotland for his creed. He was a cadet of an old family that had reigned at Closeburn, in Dumfriesshire, for three centuries. The Kirkpatricks had vigorously opposed the House of Hanover, and for following Prince Charlie one of them was beheaded (1747). This victim's grandson (the future Empress's grandfather) had consequently

NAPOLEON III. IN 1852.
From the Painting by Sir William Ross, R.A.

gone to Malaga, in Spain, where he could follow his religion with complete freedom. He applied his Scotch

Photo by Levitsky, Paris.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL AS A BOY.

prudence to building up an export wine and fruit business; he gratified his pride of birth by marrying the daughter of a nobleman (the Baron de Grivegnée). One of his daughters married the Count de Montijo. The Count himself, a representative of the great family of de Guzman, was (originally) a stranger in a strange country, for his ancestors had come from Genoa. The Count, who died in 1839, had fought against us in the Peninsular War, losing his eye at the battle of Salamanca. Thus, with a father and a grandfather strongly anti-English, it is a strange irony that has made the ex-Empress seek refuge on our shores; all the more so, in view of the fact that Sir John Burgoyne, who brought the fugitive Empress across the Channel in his yacht, had also fought against her father in the Peninsula.

Eugénie's early life is wrapped in mystery, which the fiction-mongers have fabled over. Born at Granada in 1829, she spent *her* childhood at Madrid, and was educated at Toulouse. The Countess of Montijo and her two daughters (Eugénie and the future Duchess of Alba) seem to have led a wandering life. One thing is certain—Eugénie was wonderfully beautiful. Fragile and spirituelle, she has been described as having "the head of a princess, set on the shoulders of a goddess." Then her unforgettable violet eyes enchanted everybody. Indeed, there is a rumour of two French officers once having fought a duel over her when she was only fifteen. Certain it is that the day she met Louis Napoleon she absolutely captured him.

Born in 1808, the future Emperor was at once the nephew and the stepson of Napoleon I., for his father, Louis Napoleon, who had been given the kingdom of Holland, was the great Emperor's brother, and had married Hortense Beauharnais, the step-daughter of the Emperor, who stood sponsor to the infant Napoleon III. Before he met Eugénie the young Prince had seen life; he had taken part in the revolution of Italy (during which his brother died), and had had to fly to England. He then

Photo by Disdéri, Paris.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL AS ONE OF THE GUARDS.

retired to the Castle of Ahrenenberg, in Thurgau, where he wrote three books between the years 1832 and 1835, including his Manual on Artillery. In 1836 he made an unsuccessful attempt to seize the fortress of Strasburg, and was banished to the United States. He ultimately found his way to London, where he published, just sixty years ago, his book "Idées Napoléoniennes." But Letters did not suffice to absorb his resistless energy. In 1840 he landed at Boulogne with some followers, but was captured and sent to rot in the lonely prison of Ham, on the bleak moor ninety miles north-east of Paris. As everybody knows, he declined to die, for after six years of imprisonment he calmly walked out of the prison one May morning

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.
From the Painting by Winterhalter.

(1846) in the garb of a joiner, with a plank on his shoulder, and in a few days he was back again, for the third time, in London.

Photo by Levitsky, Paris.

NAPOLEON III.

The rest is familiar. He was in Paris again in 1848; he was soon President of the Republic that had risen on the ashes of Louis Philippism; and on Dec. 2, 1852, he was proclaimed "Emperor of the French, by the Grace of God and the Will of the People."

This was a daring record for a man little more than forty. His next step was even more wonderful; for, to the consternation of Europe, he married Eugenia de Guzman. Where and how they met remains a mystery. According to some it was at one of Lord Combermere's balls in London in the winter of 1847, when Napoleon was in hiding here. Madame Carette, the Empress's reader, assures us that it was at a ball at the Elysée in 1852, the Emperor giving her a simple gold ring when he asked her hand. He was on the eve of the great *coup d'état*, and assured the beautiful Spaniard—"Fortune will smile on me, because it will lead me to you." So she went back to Spain for a time, bearing as a talisman a pin mounted with brilliants and emeralds, which she had won at a lottery organised by the Emperor at Compiègne, and which she always wore till the death of the Prince Imperial, when she gave it to the Duchess de Mouchy. Another legend tells that a Spanish gipsy had whispered to her, while she was yet a girl, that she would marry a monarch; and sure enough, at the age of four-and-twenty she became Empress of France.

The young Empress was a popular success from the first. What though the Princesses of the old reigning houses had sniffed at Napoleon? What though the wiseacre diplomats had shaken their heads? What if the old French aristocracy stood aloof? The "people," by whose "will" Napoleon had proclaimed himself Emperor, were mightily pleased; for there was a fine flavour of romance about the marriage, and she capped her capture by requesting the Municipality to devote to charity the £25,000 which it had meant to spend on a diamond for her, while out of the Emperor's gift of £10,000 she gave £4000 for the endowment of a

Photo by Mathieu-Deuche.

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE CROWNED.

women's college. Then she began to make the rest of Europe accept her. In April 1855, as the guest of Queen Victoria, she made a triumphal entry into London, when Napoleon was presented with the Freedom of the City. Three times had the Emperor been in London—an exile. On this day (his fourth visit) he was proud in the possession of the Garter, our ally in the Crimea, the husband of the most beautiful woman in Europe. "We shall take back to France," said the Emperor on that occasion, "the lasting impression, made on minds thoroughly able to appreciate it, of the imposing spectacle which England presents, where Virtue on the Throne directs the destinies of a country under the empire of a liberty without danger to its grandeur." Virtue (and Victoria) still occupy that throne, increasing in real grandeur with the passing of the years; but what of the Empress of the French?

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL IN 1876.

The great Exhibition held late in the same year formed the next point in her triumphant ascent, for she managed to get the Queen and Prince Consort to the capital. She ruled France as Regent during the absence of the Emperor in the Italian Expedition of 1859, and in the following year she made a triumphal progress through Central France and Savoy, visiting Algeria, on the northernmost rim of the great continent where her boy was to die for England just twenty years later. Finally, the French Empire under the new régime was recognised on every side by the year 1867, when the King of Prussia (who was yet to be crowned Emperor of Germany at Versailles itself), the Emperor of Austria, and the Czar Alexander II., gladly became the guests of Napoleon III. and his superb consort. In 1869 the Empress added additional interest to the unveiling of the monument of Napoleon I. in Corsica, and in the autumn of the same year she was present at the opening of the Suez Canal, returning home through Egypt and Turkey, honoured on every hand.

Within a year, Eugénie had fallen as rapidly as she had risen. The Emperor had set out with her only child, the Prince Imperial, to fight the Prussians. "It is my war," said the Empress—at least, some chroniclers will have it so—as she watched the troops go off to the front, and she again assumed the Regency in her husband's absence. This time her cares were increased by the absence of her boy, "le petit Prince," who had such a strange admixture of Italian, French, Spanish, and Scotch blood in his veins. From his father, the silent dreamer, the lad had inherited a meditative mind. To his Spanish mother he was indebted for that impetuosity which sent him to Zululand. The lad, brought up with Louis Conneau, the son of the doctor who had helped his father to escape from Ham, had been nurtured on mimic militarism, for he had had a cadet regiment of his own while a mere child. How proud his mother was of him that August day in 1870 when she received the telegram from the Emperor before Saarbruck—

Louis has received his baptism of fire. He showed admirable coolness. He kept a ball

which fell quite near him [carving his initials on it on the spot]. Some of the soldiers wept on beholding him so courageous and calm.

The young Prince—he was just fourteen—also made a sketch of the battle during the action. Then came the quick succession of disasters, ending in Sedan, when the Emperor penned that famous letter to the victor—

Sir (my brother),—Not having been able to die in the midst of my troops, it only remains for me to place my sword in the hands of your Majesty. I am your Majesty's good brother.—NAPOLEON.

Napoleon was a prisoner (for the fourth time in his life); Paris was writhing in an agony of impotent rage; and the beautiful Regent was besieged in the Tuileries, with her ladies huddled round her in fright. At last, on Sunday afternoon (Sept. 4), as the Extreme Left went off to the Hôtel de Ville to bury the Empire and raise the Republic, Eugénie, on the advice of Prince Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador, resolved to bolt. At four o'clock in the afternoon she managed to slink out of the Palace by a wicket gate that led to the Place St. Germain Auxerrois, and, with no change of clothes, without money and without food, she was smuggled into a cab, accompanied by the faithful Madame le Breton. Only a street urchin had noticed her, but his cry "L'Impératrice!" passed unheeded. That was the last of the Tuileries that Eugénie saw as Empress of the French.

The next four days were spent in a wracking race for life or death. Her *cocher* took her to two houses in turn, only to find the owners away from home. Thus denied the assistance of her own subjects, the flying Empress turned for help to America, in the person of Dr. Evans, the famous dentist, who died recently. But his hospitality could prove of little avail ultimately, so the Empress had to be smuggled out of Paris altogether. After infinite trouble and a weary journey of two days and three nights, she managed to reach the coast, arriving at Deauville, near Trouville, in a Normandy peasant's cart, on Sept. 6. America had helped her so far; now she turned to the England on which her grandfather had turned his back a century before.

It so happened that Sir John Fox Burgoyne (whose statue you may know in a corner of Carlton House Terrace) was waiting at Deauville with his trim little yacht, the *Gazelle* (50 ft. long and of 40 tons burden), to convey his wife to England on her return journey from Switzerland. The fugitive Empress was introduced to Sir John, who had fought against her father sixty years before, and he agreed, as a gallant gentleman must have done, to take her across the Channel. That was on the afternoon of Sept. 6. As if aware of the momentous nature of the crisis, a wild hurricane swept the Channel that evening. England will never forget the storm, for in the early hours of the next morning (the 7th) H.M.S. *Captain* capsized in the Bay of Biscay, and with her went down Sir John Burgoyne's only son, Captain Burgoyne, V.C., the commander of Coles's ill-fated invention. Sir John was to save one life for the loss of another. Was ever such irony? He had crossed the path of the Bonapartes before, for he had represented England at the interment of Napoleon II. in the Invalides twelve years previously. He never recovered the loss of his son, dying thirteen months later, on Oct. 7, 1871.

Ignorant of the fate of the *Captain*, Sir John and his illustrious guest set sail four hours after the disaster—at seven o'clock on the morning of Sept. 7, when the storm had abated. Even then the gay *Gazelle* had a terrible passage, and it was not till half-past three on the following morning—after twelve hours on the passage—that the yacht reached Ryde. The Empress got a few hours' rest at the York Hotel there, and then took the train to Hastings, where her son had arrived with three officers from Ostend on the previous day. What a different landing in England from the one which the Empress had had fifteen years before, when she came as the guest of our Queen! Eugénie, in short, had once more become a Shadow; and since then she has been the guest—never the citizen—of England.

But Eugénie was only beginning her troubles; for though she was soon settled

at Camden Place, Chislehurst, where her husband joined her early in the new year (March 1871), and though the Queen befriended her immediately, she saw all her possessions slip from her one by one. In 1872 her precious jewels were scattered by the hammer for £50,000. Six months later (Jan. 9, 1873) her husband succumbed to the deadly disease which had cut off his father and Napoleon I.; and on June 1, 1879, her beloved son, the Prince Imperial, was butchered by the Zulus.

The career of the young Prince, born to such high hopes, was very melancholy. When his father died and was buried with such ceremony, the enthusiastic Frenchmen who came to the funeral had shouted as the youth passed, "Vive l'Empereur!" "Non, mes amis," said the boy sadly, "l'Empereur est mort. Vive la France!" And so he grew up quite English. He had had an English governess when he was a little boy, and he went to Woolwich (1872-4), where he took a high place as an artillery cadet. Out of a class of thirty-four, he came out seventh, topping the list for horsemanship. It is interesting to remember that when at Woolwich he saw a great deal of the Duke of Connaught, whose recent appearance at the French military manœuvres must have brought back many memories of the young Bonaparte who might have become Napoleon IV. The Duke had been set up as his model, for when "le petit Prince" was born, Napoleon III. had written to our Queen: "All my hope is that my dear son may resemble dear little Prince Arthur. I hope my son will inherit my feelings of affectionate esteem for the great English nation." The Prince Imperial was not permitted to join the English Army, in view of the unpleasantness which might have been aroused in

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL LUNCHING THE "SOLDIERS" OF HIS MINIATURE REGIMENT AFTER THE MANŒUVRES IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, NOVEMBER 30, 1860.

France; but a lad of his temperament could not rest, and so he went out as a volunteer to Lord Chelmsford, "to see [wrote the Duke of Cambridge] as much as he can of the army camping in Zululand."

The rest is familiar history. On June 1 (1879) he was as dead as Napoleon I. Madame Carette has given us a pathetic account of how the news was conveyed to his mother. At eight o'clock on the morning of June 19 a messenger arrived from the Queen with the sad news, which had been whispered in the London clubs the night before, and it fell to the faithful Duc de Bassano, who had been Grand Chamberlain to Napoleon III., to tell the Empress. The Empress swooned away, and it was thought she was dying, so that her priest, the Abbé Goddard, was sent for. But she did not die. On returning to consciousness she said, "I cannot die. My life will be prolonged a hundred years!" Within a year she was off to South Africa, to see the spot where he fell; and by a curious irony she sailed (as the "Comtesse de Pierrefond") on board a steamer called the *German*. But for the German, her boy would never have been in Zululand at all. She was accompanied by the Marquis de Bassano (son of the Duke) and by the Prince's two English servants. On her way home she visited lonely St. Helena (July 12, 1880), where the greatest Napoleon of all had died fifty-nine years before—and died, too, like the Napoleon who might have been the Fourth, under the English flag. She brought away with her some cuttings from the willow that had waved over Bonaparte; and to-day they flourish at Farnborough, whither she went after leaving Chislehurst.

In St. George's Chapel, Windsor, itself, our Queen erected a white marble monument to the Prince, with the words—

The well-beloved youth, the comrade of our soldiers, slain in the African war, and thence carried to the tomb of his father, Queen Victoria embraceth as her guest, in this holy domicile of Kings, represented in white marble as he is.

On one side of the tomb you read the following inscription (in French) from the Prince's will—

I shall die with a feeling of profound gratitude for Her Majesty the Queen of England, for all the Royal Family, and for the country in which during eight years I have received so cordial a hospitality.

At Farnborough the Empress has held her mimic Court with a fine stateliness which has ever reminded the world that, though an exile, she is really not one of ourselves. The days of her splendour are constantly recalled for her by Winterhalter's picture of the ladies of her Court. Here she has gathered together relics of the First Napoleon, and here she has built the gorgeous mausoleum in memory of her husband. What a satire, that the England which shivered at the name of Napoleon I. should shelter the remains of Napoleon III!

And so the Shadow lives on, perchance to the hundred years which she foresaw twenty years ago. It is a stately old lady, somewhat troubled by rheumatism, like the humblest of her old subjects; intensely lonely, intensely proud, with all the hauteur of a noble Spaniard; flitting from Farnborough to her beautiful villa at Cap Martin, and now, again, to Balmoral on a visit to the Queen, or to see her goddaughter Princess Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg, the youngest of the Queen's grandchildren. Of recent years the Empress has even been seen kneeling in Notre Dame, though *Le Figaro* no longer cares to chronicle the event. Her life has been full of little ironies; for it is strange to find this lonely old woman the devoted friend of Queen Victoria, who would never have come to the throne if William Kirkpatrick, her grandfather, had had his way. But that is so long, long ago; and these two Queens have forgotten everything in the fact that each of them has lost so much that she cherished. R. S. MICHEL.

THE SUMMER CHRISTMAS.

A DUTCH STORY.

By MAARTEN MAARTENS.

IT is an old story, forgotten long ago, I think, in that quiet corner of the world which saw it happen. A touching story it has always seemed to me, and strangely quaint; but that, perhaps, may only be because to me its memory remains indissolubly blended with recollections of the place in which I used to hear it told me, because the soft voice of the teller must ever be to me the music of the tale. For me alone is this: why should I seek, then, to intrude it upon others? To them it will be a passing incident, printed, paid for (a tenth part of a sixpence), sliced between two others, yawned over for five minutes, and forgot. But to me it is the changeless Nowel, the young anthem of the angels around the cradle of the Saviour of the world. And again I hear my mother speaking, in the wainscot chamber with the painted panels, in the half light of the fire-logs and her face, hear her telling, with a voice like distant church-bells, all the story, how it happened, with but little alteration, many winter evenings, almost word for word. The voice is stilled. The winter evenings were long and cold and dark. They are longer now.

I said the story is an old one. That must be true. For one thing, there are no Counts Edelstam in Holland now; the family has died out, and the simple customs among which they lived are also dead or dying. All this I know. Yet to me the story is so fresh and new it might occur to-morrow. The oldest thing in a man's life (and they say it is the last) is the memory of his mother—daughters may forget: however that be, thank God! to this eternal soul—a-flutter round the flame betwixt two shadows—come some few thoughts that remain untinged by time.

* * * *

It was on a winter evening that Magda von Malitz arrived at Stamsel—a bitter winter evening, cold and dark as this. The old Count had been expecting her since sunset. The carriage, sent to meet her at the post-house, should have brought her back three hours ago. He sat in the wainscot chamber, where the painted panels are, wondering if some accident could possibly have befallen the horses. The suggestion troubled him. He rang for Peter.

"Peter, do you think that anything can have happened to — the young Baroness?"

"I do not think so, Mynheer the Count."

"And why not, pray?" asked the old gentleman testily.

"Oh! if you wish it, of course, Mynheer the Count."

Count Edelstam took snuff. He used to be a long time about taking snuff.

"Travelling is not so dangerous——" began the old servant, who never spoke unless spoken to, except when he thought he had gone too far.

"*What?*" His master stopped, amazed, with uplifted pinch.

"As it used to be, I was going to say."

"That is true. Now, when I went to Paris"—the old gentleman snuffed, shook

his head, and waited—"yet that was before the Revolution!" He presented his mull to the servant, a thing he never did by daylight.

"Your Nobleness could not go now," said Peter.

"Peter, you presume. Mind your own business," replied the Count with vivacity. For that subject was a sore one, as will readily appear.

"Still, I wish she had arrived," said the Count.

"So she has," said the servant.

"What on earth do you mean?" said the Count.

"I hear the carriage in the courtyard," said the servant.

"Then why the devil can't you speak?" said the Count.

"I did not wish to presume," said the servant.

"You are the curse of my life," exclaimed the Count, running out into the hall.

"And its blessing," said, preparing to follow, the servant.

Magda von Malitz was being ushered up the marble steps from the great doorway. She was very young, with a lot of fair hair, and big blue eyes. She must have looked charming under her travelling-hood.

She dropped a deep curtsey to the stately old gentleman, her uncle, in the cloud of white hair (was it powdered?) and splendid lace ruff. He took her by the hand with a few words of greeting, and led her into the parlour.

"You are like your mother," he said, lifting the lamp-shade to gaze at her. "Why did she go all the way to Austria? It is too far."

"The foot goes where the heart leads it, my uncle," said Magda, and dropped another curtsey.

"Tut, tut. Well, she died there; it is seven years ago."

"Eight years, my uncle," said Magda.

"Tut, tut. You mustn't contradict me. Nobody contradicts me here."

Magda dropped another deep curtsey. There must lie little satisfaction, she reflected, in pretending to be right. But she only said—

"And where is my Uncle Robert, Uncle Charles?"

"Your Uncle Robert is away," replied Uncle Charles. And he coughed a great deal, and cleared his throat, and choked.

"Away?"

"And why not, pray?" said the old gentleman sharply.

"My mother had told me you always lived together, that was all," she answered, with eyes full of innocent surprise; "six months here at Stamsel, six months at Bardwyk, four miles off."

"It is four and a half," said Count Edelstam.

"And she had never known you two days apart. I have often heard her say that. When, please, is he coming back?"

"You ask too many questions, my niece," replied the Count. "You are a stranger here. You could ask questions for ever. My housekeeper will show you to your apartment. After that, pray come down and have some supper."

"Forgive me," she said, "I hardly feel myself a stranger. I used to hear about you and Uncle Robert every day while mother was alive."

He solemnly kissed her on the forehead.

"You will be happy here, I trust," he said. "We will do everything to make you happy. It is a quiet place, but so is Bardwyk; and neither of them is quieter than your convent of Plauensee."

"I am happy to be rid of school. I am happy to be here," said Magda, departing under care of Vrouw Slomp.

The old Count turned abruptly to his servant. "Now that is very strange, is it not?" he said, "that she should begin by asking after Robert."

"Not so very strange, if your Nobleness comes to consider. Evidently the young lady knows more of what happened before than of what has occurred in the last six years."

"Well, go and live with my brother Robert," replied Count Charles inconsequently.

"As your Nobleness pleases. Shall I send you my brother Paul?"

The one old man looked in the other's imperturbable face. Then they both had

snuff; and while they were enjoying it, Magda came back. Her hair was all about her brow in curls and ringlets; her dark frock, high-waisted, after the fashion of the period, suited the trimness and slimness of her graceful figure. She was all dimples and sweetness and smiles.

"Now to prove that I am no stranger," she said gaily, "I will tell you about that snuff-box, Uncle Charles, which you have got in your hand. It has a stag chased on top of it, silver-gilt, with two rubies for eyes."

"Dear, dear, it is time you came home," he said, laughing. "Yet, my dear, you were never in the Netherlands before."

"Still, they are home," she answered gravely. "I never knew my Austrian father: my mother has been dead so long. Brabant has always seemed my fatherland; mother wished me to think so. She never tired of telling me about her life before her marriage. Uncle Charles, I was so sorry you could not have me a month earlier, before Christmas. I should have liked, above all things, to be present at the 'Peace-making.' I had been looking forward to it. Of course my Uncle Robert was here for that?"

"My dear, I must go and wash my hands for supper," said Uncle Charles, and he hastily beat a retreat. From one of the panel-chamber's many gloomy corners old Peter came forward into the shaded light.

"Young Freule," he said, "you will excuse me, but the name of your Uncle Robert is never mentioned in this house."

"Why, Peter," cried the girl, "whatever do you mean? And where is Paul?"

"Paul, an't please your Nobleness, has gone with Count Robert to Bardwyk; they live there always now. Six years ago our masters quarrelled: they have never met or spoken since."

"Quarrelled?"

"It came on about a journey—quite unexpectedly, as one may say. They had always been the best of friends, though very different characters. My master is quick and kind-hearted. Count Robert is slow—but la! he's kind-hearted too."

"I know," said the girl impatiently; "but the quarrel! What quarrel?"

Old Peter peered out of his little grey eyes. "Your Nobleness knows a deal," he said. "They'd been planning their journey for months, but they always squabbled about it. Count Robert, he wanted to go to Paris; he'd never been out of the country at all. Count Karel had been, as a young man, with me thirty-nine years ago come next June, and he wouldn't go again, for the one place he'd been to was Paris. La! what a time we had in Paris! It was just before the outbreak of the great Revolution; 'tis a wonder I'm here to tell the tale!" That was Peter's stereotype expression at this stage of his story. You were now expected to request further details.

"They quarrelled!" said the Freule, speaking as in a dream.

Peter knit his bushy eyebrows. "After what we had gone through, I cannot be surprised at my master's decision," he said.

"But there was no revolution six years ago in Paris! Revolutions are done."

"There might have been," said Peter emphatically; "any time. The people that did what the French did in '89—do you know what they did to the Dauphin?"

"Yes," said the girl softly.

"Dear, dear, they shouldn't teach young ladies such things. And to thousands of innocent women! No wonder Count Karel will never go to Paris again. Now, *he* wanted to visit London! Count Robert refused to hear of London, because the English have taken the Cape of Good Hope."

"That, also, I can understand," remarked Magda.

"They had frequently quarrelled about the matter, amicably, as we fancied, but one evening, suddenly, they grew violent. They were rude to each other." Old Peter's voice dropped to a whisper. "Words fell between them—in fact, in the presence of us servants, they called each other names. I should not tell you, but that it is necessary you should understand. It is not the quarrel, it is *that* which one cannot forgive the other. Each refused to apologise; both were in

fault. Count Robert left for Bardwyk that night with my brother. There has been no communication between the two houses since."

"But the Peace-making!" cried Magda, the tears in her eyes. "Surely they must meet at the Peace-making!"

"Hush! I hear my master's step! Neither has been present at the Peace-making, Freule, since the Christmas before the quarrel!"

At this juncture Count Karel entered, and, offering his hand, led Magda to the supper-table. The soft light of the candles fell from massive candlesticks: there were glittering glass and snowy napery and simple fare. They ate almost in silence, with formal question and answer about the journey. It was only when the oranges and walnuts were put on the table that Count Karel said what he wanted to say.

"It has been arranged," he began, looking down on the crackers he was carefully adjusting, "that you will spend six months of the year with me and six at Bardwyk. I shall ask you to leave for Bardwyk on the 31st of June. Meanwhile, please let us avoid the subject."

She laid her head upon the table-cloth and sobbed.

"Don't," said Count Karel; his voice trembled.

"I—I can't help it. Please forgive me. It is so different from the home-coming I had expected."

"You cannot miss anything. You had never seen either of us, Magda!"

"I—I know. But I have loved you both ever since I can remember. Mother taught me to. And she said your love for each other was the blessing of the neighbourhood. It had taught you to institute the Peace-making . . ."

"Silence!" said Count Karel, in a voice of thunder. Its tones rang through the lonely house. Old Peter crept up anxiously and peeped through the door.

That was the end of Magda's first evening at Stamsel. Many days and evenings followed—cold, quiet, comfortable, uniformly dull. At least they got *dull* when she realised their uniformity. A silence hung over the house—a beautiful old house, full of art-treasures, many of the present Lord's collecting. Everything was in absolute order under Peter's most absolute rule. The housekeeper was a nonentity. Magda was a guest. In the clockwork machinery of the house no hitches occurred, except such as the master occasionally provoked. Count Karel's temper was quick. He believed in, although he detested, scolding. He even scolded Peter. Peter ruled him with a rod of iron.

"The house is silent," said Magda ruefully. She obtained, by not asking for it, permission to drive over to Bardwyk from time to time. The latter was a smaller edifice, a tiny castle, still more valuably furnished, not with art-curios, but with beautiful sixteenth-century furniture in its original place. Nothing much lay between the two properties but a stretch of bleak Brabant country, dotted over with stunted trees. Connected with each place was a ragged village: here and there a stray house lay lost. Half-way stood the church, in almost desolate loneliness, with the dwelling-house of the priest.

And so Magda got to know her Uncle Robert. He very much resembled his elder brother, but in a quieter way: there was not the eagle flash of the eye; there was a stronger, squarer chin. Count Robert was a bookworm, perfectly content among county histories, local and provincial and familial chronicles, oddities and quiddities, notes and queries, intellectual parings and fringes, and rubbish of every sort. He liked his niece to sit by him, working tapestry. "But I miss my billiards!" he exclaimed one day, suddenly, looking up from van Leeuwen's "Batavia Illustrata." She did not ask him to explain the "but," or the aggressive denial in his tone. "Do you play billiards, Magda?"

"No, Uncle Robert: they did not teach us in the convent," replied Magda demurely, bending over her work.

"My dear, they were very right. When you come here you must learn to play at billiards, and also at backgammon."

"Uncle Charles and I play backgammon of evenings," said Magda. "He plays beautifully."

"H'm—but not with proper caution. Backgammon, of all games, requires caution."

"Does it?"

"I shall prove to you that it does when we play together. My dear, it wants a long time till the 31st of June."

"This is the 17th of April," was Magda's only answer.

His pride prevented his asking her whether she looked forward to the transmigration, yet he would have given a good deal to know.

"It is time for me to go home," said Magda. That final word invariably annoyed him. But he quietly rang the bell and asked for the Freule's carriage.

Old Paul stood in the doorway, a stouter replica of Peter, with a redder nose and whiter hair.

"An't please your Nobleness," said Paul, "Thys cannot drive the Freule back to-night." Thys was the Stamsel coachman.

"It does not please my Nobleness at all," replied Count Robert. "Pray, what is the matter with Thys?"

"Thys has been suddenly taken ill," said Paul, with a grin and a side glance towards the Freule.

"Drunk, of course," said the Count with quiet triumph.

"An't please your Nobleness, no," said Paul, with still greater satisfaction.

"Then what *is* the matter? Out with it!"

"I hardly like to tell before the Freule," said Paul, with beaming face and fidgety feet. "I am not at all sure that the Freule will approve. But to speak the truth, Mynheer the Count, there's been a fight between Thys of Stamsel and one of our Bardwyk men, and Thys has been beaten all to pieces."

"Which of our men?" asked old Count Robert, buried in "Batavia Illustrata."

"Red-headed Joris, the stable-boy."

"The rogue ought to be ashamed of himself." Count Robert's head suddenly emerged from the book. "You will not give him a gold piece, Paul; do you hear? I will not have it."

Magda had risen. "No one need ask what the quarrel was about," she said sadly.

"My dear, it is only natural that servants should stick up for their masters."

"And the masters?" She looked him full in the face. His eyes fell. "I can drive myself home to-night," she said. "But I very much fear this will prevent my ever coming again."

Her uncle followed her. "You can have a boy from here," he said. "Magda, listen. You are right. Tell your uncle that I much regret this incident, and that Thys (whom I have always liked, but that is neither here nor there) shall have every care and comfort. Nothing more, child—do you hear? and nothing less. Good night!"

She drove back with an exultant Bardwyk boy behind her. Her heart, by nature light, was very heavy. At the pastorage-house, half-way, she paused, and going in, sat down by the old priest's side.

"You love them as much as I," she said.

"Boy and man," replied the old priest meekly, "I have known them fifty years."

"How long ago is it, reverend father, that they instituted the 'Peace-making'? Tell me all about it; you have never told me before."

"Child, I think I have told you everything. It was twenty years ago, when your mother, who was so much younger than they, married and went to live in Austria. Your mother, as you know, did not marry early; she had long kept house for them. When she was gone, they said—and I think they were right—there seemed to be many more fights and squabbles among the people. We Brabanders are always a quarrelsome race, at Kermesses and feasts and funerals, and we love a law contention or a long-drawn family feud. Your mother—God rest her gentle presence—had somehow been a Messenger of Peace. She would go into the cottages and bid the men—and the women!—shake hands. Then, when she was gone and

the fights and contentions grew continuous, your uncles and myself—yes, my dear, I had a share in it [he smiled]—we started the Christmas Peace-making. Once a year, at the Holy Feast of Peace and Goodwill, after the Midnight Mass of the Nativity, we hold a little special service, full of 'Blessed are the Peace-makers,' and we sing the Angels' Song. It is very short and simple. The Bishop gladly gave permission. And then, ere it is over, they who will shake hands before the altar: some I call by name; with many I have spoken previously; with some I reason, even on the altar-steps. Ah, my dear, it used to be a beautiful service"—the old man sighed heavily—"shedding an especial glory over our Christmastide."

"But it still takes place!"

Father Cordes sighed again. "It still takes place. What will you have? The manorial pew stands empty on that day. On all other occasions Count Robert goes to a strange church, across the moor! The whole countryside knows of the quarrel. The influence of your uncles is gone. On more than one occasion in former years Count Karel, rising in his seat, has *commanded* some resolute wrong-doer to make atonement. And now? Let quarrel who quarrel will. Their masters hate each other. Faithful Thys of Stamsel lies at Bardwyk with a broken head." Tears came into the old priest's voice.

"I have done what I could," he said presently; "I have reasoned, I have pleaded. God alone can touch hearts. I am growing very feeble. Freule, my earthly pilgrimage is nearly over. I often feel that I could die in peace if I could see my masters reconciled."

"You will see them reconciled," said Magda suddenly.

"God grant it." She rose.

"Ask Him. Ask Him often," she said.

"I have asked Him every day."

"Then how can it not happen? But ask that it may happen now, dear father, before another Christmas comes."

"It must, if I am to see it—on earth," said the father thoughtfully.

She left him without another word, for she could not have spoken it.

Count Karel was fortunately inclined to take a favourable view of the affray. His natural sweetness came to his assistance, for he was one of those people who are permanently sorry they have taken offence. So he waited till the assurance that his coachman's injuries were anything but dangerous (and honestly earned), and then he even went so far as to smile. "Give the boy from Bardwyk a pot of beer," he said to Peter, "and see that he has some food before he goes back." He turned in the doorway. "What boy is it?" he added.

"One of Kotter's, the gamekeeper's, Mynheer the Count."

"Well, that's a good litter. I'm glad Count Robert has taken him on. But, my dear Magda, I should say you had better give up going across for the present."

"In all things, dear uncle, I shall do as you think fit."

It took Robert three weeks to write and ask if his niece might pay him another visit. He would not apply direct to her, that being contrary to his ideas of etiquette; so at last he sent a note: "Count Robert presents his compliments to Count Karel," his logical mind forbidding him to use the phrase "Dear Brother." When she came, "I have missed you *very* much," he said, and sat and read his folio for the rest of the afternoon.

Driving along the untidy road, between the scraggy poplars, she came across the doctor; and she stopped to inquire after Father Cordes, who seemed more feeble than ever of late.

"What will you have?" said the doctor coolly. "The man is nearly eighty. He will live through the summer, I should say; but in any case the autumn damps will kill him."

"That is very sad," remarked the Freule.

"Sad? If you saw what I see in one day, young lady, you would alter your ideas of grief."

"I was thinking of something else," replied the girl, to the doctor's annoyance, and she drove on through the mild May dampness, with grey thoughts in the gathering grey.

"Your uncle is well, I presume?" said Count Karel, when they met at the five-o'clock dinner.

"He had a cold."

"He was always subject to colds. He does not pay proper attention to draughts. I merely inquire because, unless his health is equal to the exertion, you could not go to stay with him, dear Magda, in June."

"Do you find me very exhausting?" inquired Magda, with a smile.

"I? Far from it. But a guest in a little household like Robert's must cause considerable commotion. Peter manages everything admirably: I should hardly have the same confidence in Paul. And Robert is a bookworm. My dear, if I thought you would not be quite comfortable there, I should not allow you to go." He looked anxious: this reflection had frequently been troubling him of late.

"Dear uncle, let us go there together," she said, trembling. He did not answer at all, but in the middle of dinner, in his nervousness, took snuff.

"I met the doctor," she began presently, unable to bear the silence any longer. "He says that Father Cordes cannot live through the autumn."

"Doctors always say that," replied Count Karel incontinently. But his mouth twitched.

"He certainly is very old and feeble."

"I shall go and see him to-morrow, and tell him about my vinery. I am in hopes he will have, this year again, a bunch of grapes on the longest day." Count Karel spoke with unconcealed vainglorious-ness; in those days that was a great achievement. Count Karel loved his greenhouse.

Next morning he went and told the priest, and the old man answered: "Count Karel, I thank you kindly. But, oh, 'tis a branch of olive you should bring me first of all." The Lord of the Manor walked home in a rage, but several days elapsed before he remarked to Magda: "Yes, undoubtedly, Father Cordes is not very well just now. It is probably a passing indisposition."

"Poor, dear old man," said Magda.

"He is not so very old. He is not yet eighty." A long pause. "True, you are eighteen."

"Uncle, supposing the doctor were right. Supposing the father were not to get better." Magda stood looking out of window. "Supposing he were to meet my mother, and—and—uncle, my mother never *knew*."

"How dare you?" exclaimed Count Karel, and walked out of the room.

"You are right in so far," said Count Robert two days later. "I have much respect for your judgment, Magda; for a woman's it is singularly sound. My brother has never sufficiently considered the importance of even your least significant actions, with an eye to the peasantry around. It is a mistake I have often pointed out to him, when we were—in the habit of conversing. Now this subject you have occasionally referred to, of our living together or separately—in itself it is a matter of slight signification (we have two houses)—but it has its exceedingly objectionable side."

"I am so glad to hear you say that, dear uncle," said Magda fervently.

The old man blinked his eyes. "I am alluding," he explained hastily, "to the Christmas Peace-making. Viewed with an eye to the Peace-making, it is illogical, absurd. I have often thought that. It is absurd. Now supposing I was present, by accident, at the Peace-making, from a simple consciousness of absurdity I should have to get up and take Karel's hand."

"You would forgive?" she panted.

"My dear, you are not as reasonable as I expected. No. Before my servant my brother called me 'an idiot.' To accept that epithet would be to render my position untenable."

"Paul! He is deaf. I am sure he never heard it. Have you asked him?"

"It is not a subject one discusses with one's servant," said Count Robert stiffly.

She came up to him with an arch imperiousness and rang the little hand-bell by his side.

"My dear, you forget yourself!"

"Trust me," she said pleadingly, "not to do that."

And when Paul came in—"Paul," she began, "I think you have omitted——"

"I beg your pardon, Freule," interposed the old servant promptly. "I can't hear what you say."

"To do something I asked you the other day," shouted the Freule.

"I never heard you. I'm getting deafer. But I was always deaf. What was it, Freule?"

"Paul," interrupted Count Robert suddenly. "The last time I conversed with my brother, did you happen to hear what passed?"

Magda cast the old servant, who adored her, a quick glance of intelligence.

"Not a word, Mynheer the Count," said Paul. "How could I? Why, that's but six years ago. I was quite as deaf then as now."

"You may go," said Count Robert calmly. "My dear, I was under the impression that we shouted. I am glad we spoke like gentlemen. Perhaps it was not as much of a quarrel as we thought. Still, he was very rude to me. I can never forgive him. But I admit that the Christmas Peace-making has become ridiculous. I miss my billiards, Magda; I hope you will develop an aptitude for the game. It is a logical game. I wish July was here; I am looking forward to your coming."

Magda went back to her Uncle Charles. She found him in a state of exultation. He had just secured, by chance, from an itinerant pedlar a rare piece of genuine old Delft. He lingered in front of his show-cases, and she observed that he especially attracted her attention to the acquisitions of the last half-dozen years. "It is a pity," he said, more to himself. "Robert was a very fair judge of a curio. Now you, Magda, you do your best, dear; you do your very best."

"Uncle Karel," said Magda, "in a few weeks I shall be going to Bardwyk for good."

"Till the 31st of December," corrected the Count, with annoyance. "I cannot help it. I am exceedingly vexed. I shall miss you most dreadfully. Do not agitate me, Magda. I am the elder; you cannot expect me to take the first step."

"The second?" begged the girl, with her arm round his neck.

"Nor the second. He called me an idiot before my servant. Me, the head of the family—no man would stand that."

"But, dear uncle," said Magda, half-laughing. "You called him an idiot too!"

"In the *second* place, Magda, I called him an idiot, most certainly. I was right. He was an idiot. As far as that goes, we were both idiots."

"In that case, dear uncle, you, with your natural perspicacity—forgive your little niece; Uncle Robert is so deliberate, so logical, but he is very much slower in coming to a conclusion than you—you, with your quickness, your keenness of perception, I am sure you would have realised the situation, would have expressed your opinion of it, much sooner than he."

"Dear me, there is something in that!" said Count Charles. "You think I must have been the first to discover he was an idiot?"

"I am sure of it," replied Magda demurely, and kissed her uncle's hand.

Count Charles took a few steps up the drawing-room, and down again. "In any case I refuse to consider the matter before Christmas," he said. "I refuse absolutely; do you understand? It would be unfair to your Uncle Robert, who has a right to your six months alone with him. It would be *mean*. I do not think I have ever done a mean thing. He would say that was my motive. I refuse absolutely. You will particularly oblige me by not mentioning the subject again."

"You will particularly oblige me," said Uncle Robert, next week, "by not mentioning the subject again. I should have no objection to a satisfactory settlement with Charles *pro formâ*, though I cannot forget that he erroneously mistook me for an idiot. But I have always resolved that any such form of reconciliation should take place exclusively at Christmas-tide, at the Peace-making. That ceremony I consider the only *raison d'être* of a truce.

Our example, I understand, has had the most disastrous effects. The whole neighbourhood is in a more lawless and quarrelsome condition than it ever was before. And no wonder. Logic, after all, rules the world, though short-sighted philosophers deny it. The Peace-making has gone to ruin. There are families that have quarrelled for years. But for us to restore it, personally, as we could do, for ever, would be humiliating in the extreme. Of late, my dear, I have thought it all out. We have no further choice; we must either remain absurd or become contemptible. I should not object to the Peace-making; but it is for ever impossible. Take a book."

Magda went and told the priest, and they wept together. "In no case shall I see their reunion!" sighed Father Cordes. "My days on earth are numbered. I cannot live two months."

"I can do no more. I give it up," said Magda, weeping. "Let us speak of other things. There is one thing I have long been wanting to ask you to do for me, father. On the 17th of June is the anniversary of my mother's death. I want you to let us read a Mass for her and to hold a short commemoration service in this church of yours she loved so well."

"I will come myself," said the old man, trembling.

It was during the following night, in a dream, that the great thought came to Magda. Eagerly she went across to Bardwyk, and begged of Count Robert to come. "I loved her dearly," said Count Robert; "I cannot reasonably refuse to be present. Magda, you are a good girl, I would not hurt your feelings. However, I shall not sit in our chairs: you must see I have a seat on the opposite side of the chancel."

Magda stopped at the Pastorage, and held a long confabulation with the father. He blessed her at parting, his hand on her sunny young head.

"Your Uncle Robert coming?" said Uncle Charles. "Well, that shall not keep me from being present. We want such a peace-maker here as your mother, my dear. The long feud between two families at Bardwyk ended yesterday, Peter tells me, in a murder."

"God forgive the guilty," said Magda under her breath.

He glanced across at her quickly. "The father is failing fast," she said.

"He will outlive Robert and me," replied Count Edelstam testily; "but young people always think the old are going to die."

"He will never conduct another Christmas Peace-making," said Magda.

"We shall see when Christmas comes," replied the Count defiantly.

"When Christmas comes," repeated Magda, and she looked away into the pale blue sky. "When Christmas comes."

"You are pledged to reticence," said the Count meaningly, "till Christmas comes."

"Yes," answered Magda, "Christmas."

"When does Christmas come?" she suddenly exclaimed—"Wherever the Lord Christ, surely, is born into human hearts. Christmas! it is the Lord Christ's coming! It is his message of peace and his birth of goodwill!" She passed out into the summer night.

For the ensuing weeks she was busy in the little village church. She renovated it entirely with deft fingers, preparing its ornamentation as if for a festival. When the day approached, its altars shone bright with fresh gilding, new embroideries, a profusion of flowers. All the last afternoon she worked hard, admitting no one. Only Father Cordes sent her assistance. It had been her especial desire that the service should be held at the same solemn hour as the midnight Mass of Christmas Eve. She had conquered her uncles' opposition. "It was the time of my mother's death," she reminded them.

And thus, when the hour was come, the peasants, for miles around, crept through the balmy stillness of a soft midsummer midnight to the blazing portal of the little church. In his stall by the high altar, robed and shrouded, white with approaching dissolution, sat the hoary parish priest they had all known all their lives. And, opposite each other, on both sides of the

chancel, gazing neither right nor left, but at each other, sat the two Lords of the Manor, the old Counts Edelstam. Between them knelt my mother, thinking of *her* mother, praying, as the pure and loving pray for the pure and good. The humble little church was a splendour of lights and roses—white roses, the symbol of peace and of innocent grief. And lo! before the altar, in the place where all were accustomed to see it each December, was the presentment of the holy Nativity in the manger, the worship of the shepherds, and the princes, the song of the angels, the evangel of Peace.

There was nothing unusual in the service—the Mass for the Dead. It was not until quite towards the conclusion that the unexpected occurred. The old father got up from his seat, and, tottering, came forward. His broken voice rose shrilly, gaining in strength.

"Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be known as the children of God."

It was the little Christmas service of the Peace-making, falling in where it would have fallen, at the end of the Midnight Mass. When the customary brief allocution was reached, the old priest gasped for breath. In a few simple words he told his hearers that he would never keep Christmas with them again; he had grieved to see how dissensions had increased among them; the recent murder had filled all Christian souls with horror. Once more, before God called him away to his rest, he desired to hold amongst them the wonted festival. He had chosen this anniversary of the death of her to whom the institution owed its origin, the blessed Peace-maker that had long been called away from amongst their midst. "But the eternal Prince of Peace is here," said the father: in the utter silence his feeble words fell low. "He is here, and He is waiting for His birth in every heart. And His message is the same, my children, yesterday, to-night, and for ever, the message of forgiveness and goodwill."

As he ceased speaking, the simple village choir, but little disconcerted, raised the familiar chant of the Heavenly Host, and the whole congregation took it up. As the Christmas Anthem filled the building the two brothers left their places—none has ever distinguished who moved first—and silently crossed the chancel and grasped each other's hands.

The father stood, with arms uplifted, transfigured, upheld.

Out of the congregation, before any other could stir, two old men pushed their way to the front, and, below the chancel-steps, Paul and Peter embraced.

FEEDING TIME.

THE KING OF CLOWNLAND.

JOEY GRIMALDI AND SADLER'S WELLS.

I NEVER go up, or down, Pentonville Hill—and at one time this was part of my journey every day of my life—without taking off my hat as I pass what was once the burial-ground attached to St. James's Chapel, the old churchyard now used as a recreation-ground and resting-place for the poor children of Islington and Clerkenwell. For there, in that transformed God's Acre, rests Joey Grimaldi—one of, if not the greatest of clowns and pantomimists of the century; and close by him reposes his old friend, Charles Dibdin, the author of many of the pieces in which Grimaldi acted, making his audience roar with one side of the face and cry with the other, and the composer of nearly all the songs connected with Grimaldi's name. Of course I never saw Grimaldi act, since he died, a miserable and broken-hearted man, cursed with a bad son and almost alone in the world, on May 31, 1837, four years before I was born; but as a child my imagination was quickened with Grimaldi stories in the old Sadler's Wells days, thanks to many of my father's old friends, who were staunch patrons of the "aquatic theatre," as it was called, to visit which was a pleasant walk in summer-time over the fields from Hoxton. The old playhouse I remember well in the glorious days of Samuel Phelps, for here I saw "Hamlet" and many a Shaksperean play for the first time; and I doubt not in close propinquity to Master Charles Warner, who was accommodated with a seat in the orchestra every evening, whilst I was spellbound in the pit.

GRIMALDI.

Two things were impressed on my young mind in the arrangement of the theatre soon after Grimaldi had quitted the stage of life for ever. One was the orthodoxy of the proscenium, as may be seen from the pictures by George Cruikshank that illustrate this article, and the second was the solemn custom of never playing tragedy

at any theatre save on a green-baize carpet. The proscenium was to all intents a little house, and it was fascinating to a child to

GRIMALDI AS VANDERDECKEN IN "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN."

see on either side of the stage proper a little green door with brass knockers and handles, and over each door a window with lace curtains and a balcony with flower-pots on it. These proscenium doors were never used, except occasionally in pantomime for the purposes of the play; but no one dreamed of taking a call or of coming on to make a managerial speech except through these little doors, a survival, no doubt, of the Theatre of the Greeks, as you will see in Donaldson's remarkable book. The green-baize carpet was calculated to give the young playgoer a shudder, no matter if it were "Hamlet" or the "Iron Chest." We knew then that we were in for it, and that the fatal green baize would sooner or later be strewn with corpses.

The famous clown, Joey Grimaldi, came of an Italian pantomime and dancing stock. His grandfather, Giuseppe Grimaldi, was nick-named "Iron Legs," on account of his extraordinary leaps, which must have surpassed those of one Stead, who some years ago acquired an enormous reputation by leaping into the air and singing, I always thought idiotically, "A Cure! A Cure! A Cure! A Cure! Now isn't I a Cure!" One night old "Iron Legs," when acting in France, jumped so high that he broke the glass chandelier that hung over the stage proscenium doors; one of the glass-drops cut the Turkish Ambassador in the eye, and the pantomimist had to apologise. "Iron Legs" was originally dentist to Queen Charlotte, and he came to England in that capacity in 1760.

The first Grimaldi who appeared in England was the father of Joey, and being an admirable dancer, was in great request in society to teach minuets and cotillons. Eventually he was appointed ballet-master of Drury Lane Theatre and Sadler's Wells,

GRIMALDI AS THE CLOWN IN "HARLEQUIN AND FRIAR BACON."

with which he coupled the situation of primo-buffo. What an extraordinary combination! Almost as quaint as dentist and

GRIMALDI IN THE PANTOMIME OF "MOTHER GOOSE."
From a Print published in 1807.

dancer. But let the famous Boz (Charles Dickens) introduce our Joey—

On the 18th of December, 1779, the year in which Garrick died, Joseph Grimaldi, "Old Joe," was born in Stanhope Street, Clare Market, a part of the town then, as now, much frequented by theatrical people, in consequence of its vicinity to the theatres. At the period of his birth, his eccentric father was sixty-five years old, and twenty-five months afterwards, another son was born to him—Joseph's only brother.

Joe, from some erroneous information he had received, always stated he was born in Stanhope Street, Clare Market, Dec. 18, 1779; he mentioned this in his farewell address at Sadler's Wells, and again subscribed that date at the end of his autobiographical notes. He was in error. A reference to the baptismal register of St. Clement Danes proved he was born on Dec. 18, 1778, and that he was baptised as the son of Joseph and Rebecca on the 28th of the same month and year. From this entry it might be inferred that Joe was legitimate; but we are sorry to be compelled to record that he was not so. Rebecca was Mrs. Brooker, who had been from her infancy a dancer at Drury Lane, and subsequently, at Sadler's Wells, played old women or anything to render herself

GRIMALDI IN 1822.

generally useful. Mr. Hughes and others who well remember her describe her as having been a short, stout, very dark woman. The same baptismal register from 1773 to 1778 has been carefully inspected, but no mention occurs of Joe's only brother, John Baptist, or of any other of the Grimaldi family.

The child did not remain very long in a state of helpless and unprofitable infancy,

GRIMALDI IN 1828.

for at the age of one year and eleven months he was brought out by his father on the boards of Old Drury, where he made his first bow and his first tumble. The piece in which his precocious powers were displayed was the well-known pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe," in which the father sustained the part of the Shipwrecked Mariner, and the son performed that of the Little Clown. The child's success was complete; he was instantly placed on the establishment, accorded the magnificent weekly salary of fifteen shillings, and every succeeding year was brought forward in some new and prominent part. He became a favourite behind the curtain as well as before it, being henceforth distinguished in the green-room as "Clever Little Joe"; and Joe he was called to the last day of his life. In fact the stage clown has been to the pantaloon "Joey" ever since.

It was at Sadler's Wells that the boy-monkey nearly lost his life—

At Sadler's Wells he became a favourite almost as speedily as at Drury Lane. King, the comedian,

who was principal proprietor of the former theatre and acting manager of the latter, took a great deal of notice of him, and occasionally gave the child a guinea to buy a rocking-horse or a cart, or some toy that struck his fancy. During the run of the first piece in which he played at Sadler's Wells, he produced his first serious effect, which, but for the good fortune which seems to have attended him in such cases, might have prevented his subsequent appearance on any stage. He played a monkey, and had to accompany the clown (his father) throughout the piece. In one of the scenes the clown used to lead him on by a chain attached to his waist, and with this chain he would swing him round and round, at arm's length, with the utmost velocity. One evening, when this feat was in the act of performance, the chain broke, and he was hurled a considerable distance into the pit, fortunately without sustaining the slightest injury; for he was flung by a miracle into the very arms of an old gentleman who was sitting gazing at the stage with intense interest.

Sadler's Wells was so closely associated with the name and fame of Joey Grimaldi that a short story of the locality may be interesting. As in other spots about this part of London, the discovery of a mineral spring early attracted the seekers after health and amusement to the fields of Clerkenwell, and long before the time of Henry VIII. there was a building here to afford diversion to the water-drinkers. At the period of the Reformation this spring was stopped up by the authority of the State, in order, as was alleged, to check the impositions of the priests of the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, who extorted money from the people by making them believe that the virtues of the water proceeded from the efficacy of their prayers. The well being closed, the place declined, the amusements ceased, and the virtue of the waters grew out of remembrance. In the year 1663, one of the labourers employed by Mr. Sadler, a surveyor of the highways, discovered, as he was digging in the garden of his master, who had just built what he called "A Musick House," the celebrated well. Sadler was not long in turning the discovery to profitable account. Physicians of repute gave him their testimony of the value of the water, which had a strong ferruginous taste, resembling the mineral waters of Tunbridge and Shanklin, but not so strong a chalybeate. Hundreds of persons daily came to drink them, who were recommended to eat carraways while taking the waters, or to drink a glass or two of Rhenish or white wine, and smoke a pipe of tobacco, and for these visitors it was obvious some amusement might be advantageously provided. Accordingly, Sadler laid out his garden and planted it with flowers and shrubs, constructed a marble basin in the centre to receive the waters of the principal spring, and built a long room on the lawn, with a platform or stage at the end. He further engaged

GRIMALDI'S HOCK IN "THE SIXES," 1828.

posturers, tumblers, and rope-dancers, whose performances were generally in the open air, and without any expense to the visitors, unless they volunteered their sixpence apiece towards any favourite exhibition.

At this date we find a Mr. Pearson was "engaged to play on the dulcimer every summer evening at the end of the long walk," and a band was stationed on a shell-work rock to supply music for those who liked to dance; so that we may fancy our forefathers had found their medicinal water-drinking all the pleasanter for enjoying with it the diversions of a miniature Cremorne. These amusements, which were at first but a secondary, soon

became the principal inducement for the public to visit the "Musick House," and, thus encouraged, Mr. Sadler built a temporary theatre, which continued to prosper. In 1702 a new proprietor took possession of the house and grounds, and identified them with his own name as "Miles' Music House." The place now had an organ-loft and gallery, decorated in front with mythological pictures, and if "Ned Ward," of "The London Spy," may be trusted, was not always filled with the most reputable company. The great attraction at this time would seem to have been the man who performed the disgusting feat of eating a fowl alive. In the reign of George I. the old name of the place was restored, and the property fell into the hands of Francis Forcer, a musician and composer, who appears to have given a creditable vocal and instrumental concert, and who was the first to introduce rope-dancing as a prominent feature of the amusements. In the *Weekly Journal* of March 15, 1718, we read the following—

> Sadler's Wells being lately opened, there is likely to be a great resort of strolling damsels, half-pay officers, peripatetic tradesmen, tars, butchers, and others musically inclined.

The payment for the beverages consumed, and not for the entertainment provided, as is the case with "Les Ambassadeurs" at the singing cafés in the Champs Elysées, Paris, was obviously to evade the law, and it is of some significance that young Forcer, who now managed the concern, was a barrister; and in 1735 he is known to have petitioned Parliament for a license. When Forcer died, at an advanced age, in 1743, a person named Warren was his successor; and the following year Sadler's Wells was declared by a presentation from the Middlesex Grand Jury to be

GRIMALDI EXERCISES HIS RECRUITS IN THE PANTOMIME OF "HARLEQUIN'S JUBILEE."

a place injurious to public morals. The presentation ran thus: "The proprietors of the house and diversions called Sadler's Wells, adjoining to the New River Head, in or near Islington, late one Forcer's, now pretended to be opened and carried on by John Warren, within this county, where there is frequently a resort of great numbers of loose, disorderly people." The next proprietor was Mr. Rosoman, a builder, whose name still survives in the adjacent Rosoman Street, and in 1753 Sadler's Wells was opened by him with a regular license granted by the county magistrates, under the provisions of that very Act, the 25th of George II., which, then but newly passed, is now again, and ever will be, the subject of much attention. until it finally disappears from the Statute Book.

He soon after pulled down the old wooden building, and raised what we may consider the theatre of Phelps and Greenwood, which in August 1766 was declared completed. The admission was two shillings and sixpence to the boxes, one shilling to the pit, and sixpence to the gallery. An additional sixpence entitled the visitor to the boxes to have a pint of wine. Among the performers at that time was Giuseppe Grimaldi, popularly known as "Iron Legs," the grandfather of the afterwards famous clown Joseph Grimaldi. In 1775 James Byrne, the father of Oscar Byrne, was the harlequin here. He lived to be eighty-nine, and died in December 1845. From Rosoman the theatre descended to Mr. Arnold, who gave a share of the property to his son, and had also for a partner Thomas King, the comedian of Drury Lane, celebrated for his performance of Sir Peter Teazle, of which part he was the original

GRIMALDI'S KINDNESS TO THE GIANTS.

representative. Under his management, dating from 1772, the admission was raised to three shillings the boxes, one shilling and sixpence the pit, and one shilling the gallery, an extra sixpence still entitling the visitor to enjoy a pint of Port Mountain, Lisbon, or punch, while a shilling was required for an extra pint. In 1778 the prospects of the speculation looked so encouraging that the interior was reconstructed and embellished at some considerable expense, and the entertainments then began to assume a recognised dramatic character.

We have recently heard a great deal of "tank plays," and have admired the grand

naval spectacle at Earl's Court. But they were all anticipated at old Sadler's Wells in the days of Joey Grimaldi.

A very attractive feature for a summer theatre was introduced on Easter Monday, April 2, 1804. An immense tank was constructed under the stage, and filled up by a communication with the New River. In this was given a mimic representation of the Siege of Gibraltar. This proved a great success. Pieces with elaborate aquatic effects were produced. The tank

JOEY GRIMALDI'S CAPERS.

was of an irregular shape, about ninety feet long, and in some places twenty-four feet wide, the depth being something under five feet, but sufficient for men to swim in. The stage was drawn up by machinery, and there were pipes and engines at the side for the hydraulic supply. At the top of the theatre was another tank, fifteen feet square and five feet deep, for the purpose of producing waterfalls. For many years these entertainments preserved their popularity. Previous to these water-scenes, the drop-scene was let down for the last act of the piece. In the interval, the audience could plainly hear the water run into the tank, while gusts of air strongly agitated the act-drop, which was after a few minutes partly drawn up to allow the first edge of the rising platform free action upwards, as the great tank extended to within six feet of the footlights. Each of these aquatic scenes was the sensational climax of romantic drama wherein some fugitive villain dashed headlong into the water from a high rock or a bridge, followed by an avenger, between whom a desperate struggle and fight would take place. Each actor had, of course, his aquatic "double." In a piece called "Philip and his Dog," the child (a dummy) was thrown into the water by the scamp of the piece, and a famous dog, Bruin, leaped in after and saved it. Then the said villain, to escape justice and his pursuers, threw himself in, and afterwards in went the dog, who seized the murderer by the throat and drowned him.

"The Battle of the Nile" was a triumphant success. Real model ships, of about three feet each in length, sailed about the tank, and *L'Orient* was really blown up in first-rate style. The disastrous accident by which eighteen persons were killed by pressure, through a false alarm of fire during the performance, occurred on Oct. 15, 1807. A playbill of the date of Easter Monday, April 12, 1819, when the season began, announces Grimaldi as clown in the pantomime of "The Talking Bird," with a new song called "Hot Codlins," composed by Mr. Whittaker. In the following year, on Easter Monday, April 3, 1820, the theatre was opened under the management of Mr. Howard Payne, with a strong company, but with unprofitable results.

It has always been said that the five wonders of old-world pantomime were Joseph Grimaldi, John Bologna, James Barnes, Thomas Ellar, and Mrs. Parker. Grimaldi and Bologna, who were the heroes of the yarn of the cockney sportsmen who went down into the country to shoot partridges and pheasants, and blazed away into a congregation of harmless

pigeons, and were nearly imprisoned for their recklessness, were also closely associated with the success of the famous "Mother Goose" at Drury Lane on Boxing Night, Dec. 26, 1806. Everyone in the theatre predicted it would be a failure, and that once more Covent Garden would be able to crow over Drury Lane, Grimaldi, and all. Actors and actresses are notoriously the worst judges of the value of a play. Failures were prophesied for "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Honeymoon." At any rate, "Mother Goose" turned out trumps, though Grimaldi, notwithstanding his enormous success, always hated his part, and declared "it was the very worst he ever played."

GRIMALDI IN THE STREETS.

Grimaldi and Bologna, the harlequin, took a joint benefit on June 9, and the receipts amounted to £679 18s. On this occasion Grimaldi sang Dibdin's famous song, "The County Club," which had served so well at Sadler's Wells. One verse may be given to show the kind of comic song that went down at the beginning of the century—

Now we're all met here together
In spite of wind and weather,
To moisten well our clay.
Before we think of jogging
Let's take a cheerful noggin.
Where's the waiter? Ring away!
Bring the glees and the catches,
The tobacco, pipes, and matches,
And plenty of brown stout.
Get the glasses ere we start 'em,
Let's proceed *secundum artem*,
Let the clerk all the names read out.

Gentlemen of the Quizzical Society, please to answer to your names. Farmer Scriggins! Why I be here. Dr. Horse Leech! Here! Parson Paunch! Here! Tailor Tit! Here! [And so on for twenty more.] At last are you all assembled? All! all! all!

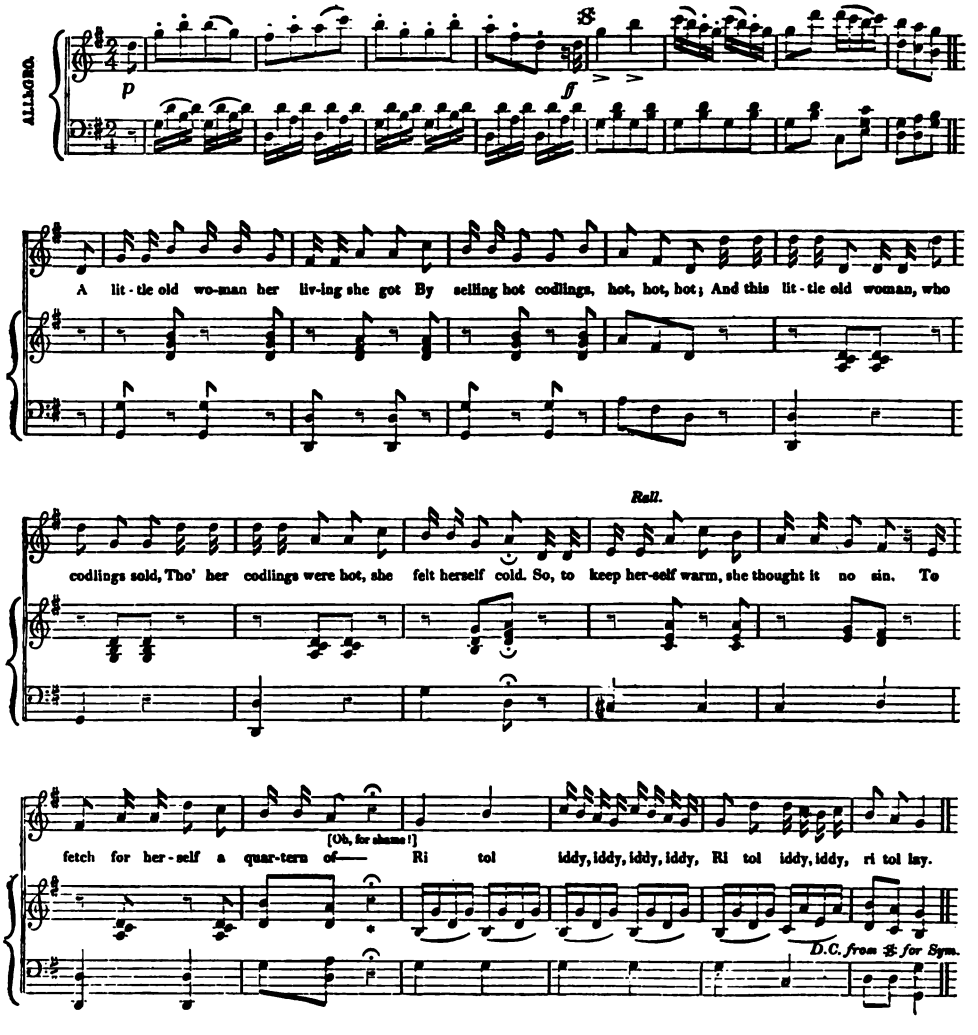
So here's to you, Mister Wiggins!
Here's to you, Master Figgins!
So put the beer about.

One note more about these pantomime songs. When I was a lad no pantomime was considered complete—nay, it would not be allowed to proceed, if the clown, when asked by the gallery, had refused to give them "Hot Codlings" or "Tippiti-witchet."

A little old woman her living she got
By selling hot codlings, hot, hot, hot; . . .
So, to keep herself warm, she thought it no sin,
To fetch for herself a quartern of ——

Whereupon the audience roared out the absent word *gin*. And the drama consists in a mischievous boy putting gunpowder into her charcoal stove, which used to be seen at each corner of a London street. Such famous clowns of old as Wieland and Flexmore, both brilliant pantomimists and

HOT CODLINGS.



This little old woman set off in a trot,
To fetch her a quartern of hot! hot! hot!
She swallow'd one glass, and it was so nice,
She tipp'd off another in a trice;
The glass she fill'd till the bottle shrunk,
And this little old woman they say got—
Ri tol, &c.

This little old woman, while muzzy she got,
Some boys stole her codlings, hot! hot! hot!
Powder under her pan put, and in it round stones;
Says the little old woman, 'These apples have [bones!'
The powder the pan in her face did send,
Which sent the old woman on her latter—
Ri tol, &c.

The little old woman then up she go,
All in a fury, hot! hot! hot!
Says she, 'Such boys, sure, never were known;
They never will let an old woman alone.'
Now here is a moral, round let it buz—
If you mean to sell codlings, never get—*
Ri tol, &c.

* In the last verse strike a very *ff* Chord at the Piano.

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humorists, Tom Matthews, Huline, Harry Boleno, and Harry Payne all knew "Hot Codlings." I heard it for the last time from the lips of poor Harry, but I doubt now if a gallery-boy in existence knows the old ditty. When that clever artist Chirgwin comes on the stage they call for "The Blind Boy," but "Hot Codlings" and "Tippitiwitchet" are things of the past. My old friend E. L. Blanchard unearthed an old song connected with Sadler's Wells and Joey Grimaldi. It was written by the father of "old Tom Greenwood," who was for many years the partner of Samuel Phelps. The song was called "The History of Sadler's Wells; or, a Chapter of Managers," and it went to the tune of Collins's "Chapter of Kings." I quote a few stanzas—

The merry Charles Dibdin then ruled the roast,
Who the family genius and talent could boast;
Of frolic and fun Nature furnished a stock,
And truly a chip he was of the old block.
And, barring all pother, not one or the other
Has written much better in turn.

Charles in council adopted his ancestors' plan,
Allowing a pint of old port to each man;
But not like their ancestors, morals were shrunk;
Modern dandies each night in the boxes got drunk.
And barring all pother, each Manager, brother,
With the audience got drunk in their turn.

Grimaldi, indignant, determined to reign,
But soon yielded the sceptre to young Howard Payne;
Yet somehow or other, his reign was cut short,
For management was not at all Yankee's forte.
And barring all pother, yet somehow or other,
Payne managed one season in turn.

Next Egerton rose, and dispelling the mist,
Determined fresh troops of the line to enlist;
Who appeared one and all, when he opened his plan,
And swore they would triumph or fall to a man.
And barring all pother, he, somehow or other,
Had a lease for three seasons in turn.

Grimaldi a second time took his degrees,
To whom little Williams had yielded the keys;
With voice, heart, and hand, each man joined in the cause,
And Joey enjoyed all his well-earned applause.
And barring all pother, Joe, Momus's brother,
Now governed the tank in his turn.

The farewell of any public favourite is pathetic enough, but I cannot conceive a more heartrending scene on the stage than the good-bye of a clown, broken down, unnerved, infirm, with the tears from his honest eyes coursing down the raddle of rouge, bismuth, and paint! Remember that Joey Grimaldi was not what could be called an old man. He was only fifty-eight when he died. But he had lived his life; he had lost his wife, the most affectionate partner and helpmate a man ever had; his son was killed in a drunken brawl in a public-house in Pitt Street, Tottenham Court Road; and when he said his last word on the stage, he had nothing to see before him "but a lonely, almost friendless life." The farewell benefit took place at Drury Lane on Friday, June 27, 1828. The announced bill ran thus, and the scene has been admirably described by Charles Dickens—

MR. GRIMALDI'S FAREWELL BENEFIT.
ON FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1828,
WILL BE PERFORMED
JONATHAN IN ENGLAND;
AFTER WHICH
A MUSICAL MELANGE.
TO BE SUCCEEDED BY
THE ADOPTED CHILD,
AND CONCLUDED WITH
HARLEQUIN HOAX,
IN WHICH MR. GRIMALDI WILL ACT CLOWN IN ONE SCENE, SING A SONG, AND SPEAK HIS
FAREWELL ADDRESS.

It was greatly in favour of the benefit that Covent Garden had closed the night before; the pit and galleries were completely filled in less than half an hour after opening the doors; the boxes were very good from the first, and at half-price were as crowded as the other parts of the house. In the last piece Grimaldi acted one scene, but being wholly unable to stand, went through it seated upon a chair. Even in this distressing condition he retained enough of his old humour to succeed in calling down repeated shouts of merriment and laughter. The song,

too, in theatrical language, "went" as well as ever; and, at length, when the pantomime approached its termination, he made his appearance before the audience in his private dress, amid thunders of applause. As soon as silence could be obtained, and he could muster up sufficient

JOEY'S DÉBUT INTO THE PIT AT SADLER'S WELLS.

courage to speak, he advanced to the footlights and delivered, as well as his emotions would permit, the following Farewell Address—

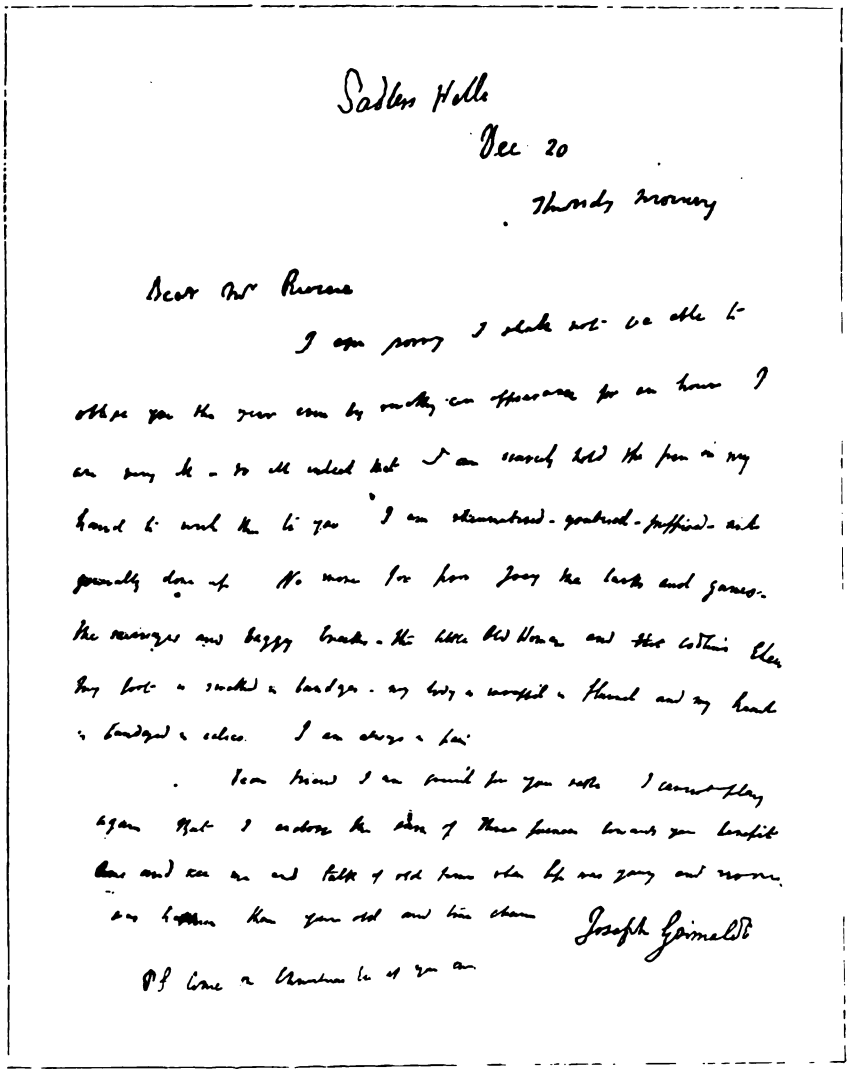
Ladies and Gentlemen,—In putting off the clown's garment, allow me to drop also the clown's taciturnity, and address you in a few parting sentences. I entered early on this course of life, and *leave* it prematurely. Eight-and-forty years only have passed over my head—but I am going as fast down the hill of life as that older Joe—John Anderson. Like vaulting ambition, I have overleaped myself, and pay the penalty in an advanced old age. If I have now any aptitude for tumbling, it is through bodily infirmity, for I am worse on my feet than I used to be on my head. It is four years since I jumped my last jump, filched my last oyster, boiled my last sausage, and set in for retirement. Not quite so well provided for, I must acknowledge, as in the days of my clownship, for then, I daresay some of you remember, I used to have a fowl in one pocket and sauce for it in the other.

To-night has seen me assume the motley for a short time—it clung to my skin as I took it off, and the old cap and bells rang mournfully as I quitted them for ever.

With the same respectful feelings as ever do I find myself in your presence—in the presence of my last audience—this kindly assemblage so happily contradicting the adage that a favourite has no friends. For the benevolence that brought you hither, accept, ladies and gentlemen, my warmest and most grateful thanks; and believe, that of one and all, Joseph Grimaldi takes a double leave, with a farewell on his lips and a tear in his eyes.

Farewell! That you and yours may ever enjoy that greatest earthly good—health—is the sincere wish of your faithful and obliged servant. God bless you all!"

It was with no trifling difficulty that Grimaldi reached the conclusion of this little speech, although the audience cheered loudly, and gave him every possible expression of encouragement and sympathy. When he had finished, he stood still in the same place, bewildered and motionless, his feelings being so greatly excited that the little power illness had left wholly deserted him. In this condition he stood for a minute or two, when Mr. Harley, who was at the side scene, commiserating his emotion, kindly



Sadlers Wells
Dec 20
Thursday Morning

Dear Mr Rivers

I am sorry I shall not be able to oblige you the year even by [illegible] appearance for an hour I am very ill — so ill indeed that I am scarcely hold the pen in my hand to work this to you I am rheumatised - gouttised - puffised - and generally done up. No more for poor Joey the larks and games - the [illegible] and baggy breeches - the little Old Woman and the [illegible] Elen My foot is swathed in bandages - my body is wrapped in flannel and my hand is bandaged in calico. I am always a pain.

Dear friend I am sincerely for your sake I cannot play again that I enclose the sum of three pounds towards your benefit [illegible] and see me and talk of old times when life was young and more was happiness than your old and true chum

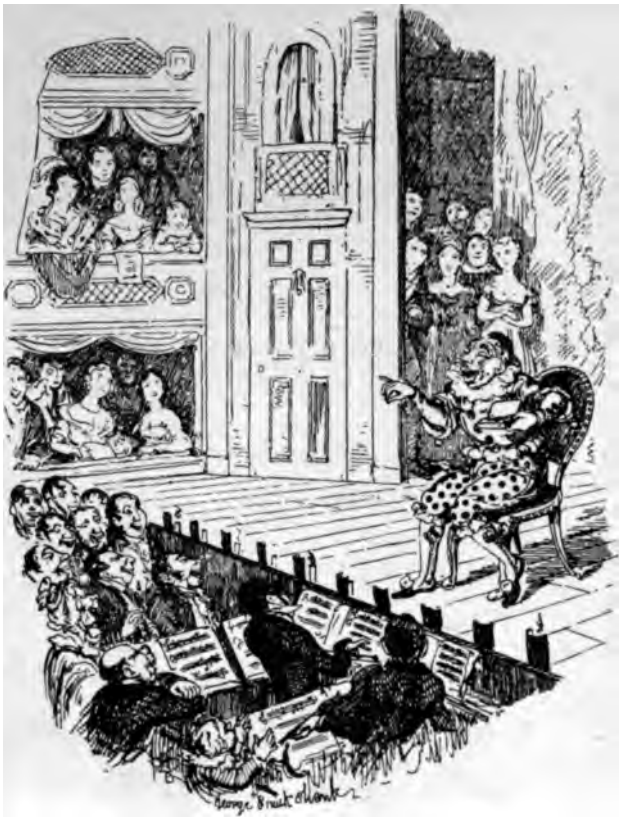
Joseph Grimaldi

P.S. Come on Christmas to [illegible]

A LETTER FROM GRIMALDI.

advanced and led him off the stage, assisted by his son.

Luckily for poor old Joey, he had been provident enough to subscribe to the excellent Drury Lane Fund, and he could thus claim an annuity of £100 a year. After this, Joey lingered on for some years. Broken in bodily health, and crippled from the exercise of his art, he found a home in Southampton Street, Pentonville, where he was carefully nursed by a good woman. Every evening, being accustomed to cheerful company, he would toddle to the Marquis of Cornwallis Tavern, in the street in which he lived, and as his infirmity grew upon him, the kindly publican, George Cook, used to fetch him every night and carry the poor old decrepit clown to and fro on his broad back. What an infinitely pathetic picture! One night, on parting, he said to Mr. Cook, "God bless you, my boy! I shall be ready for you to-morrow night." But he was not ready as he anticipated. He had died that night in his sleep, and his clowning was over for ever.



THE LAST SONG.

Many a year ago, before Tom Matthews and Harry Payne, the last of the old school of clowns, were dead, men who were artists as well as acrobats, who were actors as well as pantomimists, who possessed at once the pathetic as well as the humorous stop, I wrote fearing that pantomime was dead and the harlequinade over for evermore—

So a cheer for the past when its perfume is tost to us,
Grimaldi and Flexmore their spirits are free.
But the soul of Old Pantomime never is lost to us
When merry Tom Matthews lives down by the sea.
So in bumpers of port that is nutty and nourishing
Let us toast to their names and their deathless renown,
And in days when the last of the Paynes is still flourishing
Let us beg a reprieve for the Jolly Old Clown!

CLEMENT SCOTT.

JOCK AND SACCHARISSA.

By E. NESBIT and EDGAR JEPSON.

I THOUGHT of my aunt's money; I thought of the dullness of the country; and I looked at Jock.

"Take the little beast!" said Jock's master; and Jock, recognising the word beast, looked up politely from the scarlet and gold wreck of the second Turkish slipper.

I thought of my aunt's money—but Jock would certainly brighten the dullness of the country. My aunt's invitation afforded me a welcome escape from the post secured for me by the energy and enthusiasm of my friends. For a month, at least, I should not have to get up at five to assist at the birth of the *Evening Firefly*, which justifies its name by appearing practically with the milk. I adore the country, of course; but I hate its dullness. Life amid flowering meadows and green lanes ever seems to lack purpose, earnestness, effort. In teaching Jock not to eat Turkish slippers I should be pursuing that arduous path of life which I have always set before me; and, somehow, never trodden.

So I took Jock. He travelled down in the pocket of my ulster—warm wear for May—and clamoured at the critical moment of ticket-taking in smothered but insistent yelps for a ticket of his very own, which the guard pressed upon me, taking no denial.

Between Waterloo and Dipling he only ate a corner of my Gladstone bag and the less instructive leaves of my Bradshaw.

I had not thought it necessary to herald the arrival of a mere fox-terrier pup, and I don't know that it would have made any difference if I had, though my aunt seemed to think that it would; for I fail to see how the most courteous announcement of the dog's coming could have prevented his biting the butler in the leg—vigorously, and with a promptness which seemed inspired by personal enthusiasm. Nor could his engagement with the blind cat have been prevented, seeing that it took place during family prayers. And no one, I protest, could have foreseen or guarded against that business of the stuffed parrot.

However, we settled down—at least I did—and the days passed pleasantly enough. I was very careful to keep away from the house during the hours at which my aunt's friends called on her: the talk of the small gentry of the village runs on matters that do not touch my interest. My aunt did not entertain them in my honour, for in Dipling I have the worst of reputations—my habit of continuous smoking, my aversion from the respectable professions and the consequent lowness of my balance at the bank, the *Firefly* and all its words are abhorrent to my aunt; and she, good soul, has poured her sorrows into many sympathetic Dipling ears. Moreover, the services at the church are not of a kind I can bring myself to attend; and once I had been seen at a music-hall by a cousin of the Vicar's wife, who had visited it to learn what to avoid.

I was thus largely dependent on my own society and Jock's; and I think our companionship was not wholly unimproving to him. I taught him, waking the echoes of the large quiet house, to respect my boots; I taught him, with her heartfelt co-operation, to respect the blind

cat. I taught him that legs, either of tradesmen or domestic servants, were not the prescribed diet for small dogs. With a string and a switch, never paltering with humanitarian scruples, I taught him to follow — occasionally to heel. This lesson, the most frequent and the most difficult, engrossed us during the long walks we took through the beautiful country, so that the silver may-bushes and the golden buttercups, the green fern-fringed lanes and the dim woodland ways, left us almost equally unappreciative.

It was during one of these walks that we first met Saccharissa; and we met her on as many other walks as might be. I called her Saccharissa because she was so wonderfully sweet to look at—*belle à croquer*, as the French have it. She came to me a flutter of pink between the green hedges; she drew nearer the very spirit of spring incarnate in beautiful flesh; and she passed me as a dream passes. Her face had that ravishing complexion of the very tint of the wild-rose in the hedge, her eyes were of the blue of the speedwells on the bank. She left the country scene transformed and enchanted to my eye, invested with a meaning it had never before held in my mind. The necessity of calling Jock to heel compelled me to turn and observe the beautiful lines of her well-balanced figure, and her light, springy walk.

I passed her often, walking briskly over the cobble-stones of the village street, carrying a little basket, sauntering slowly along the lanes, her hands full of flowers; but she never gave me more than the corner of her eye, absolutely expressive of my place in the esteem of Dipling society.

The hope of meeting her played presently in my walks a part almost as important as the education of Jock. For five days, one after the other, I lay in ambush in the garden during calling hours; but Saccharissa never called. And each night I bewailed to Jock—always quite unsympathetic—the lost chance of meeting her in the lanes that day—twice instead of once.

Then one day Jock invented a new crime. He dashed upon a hapless chick, strayed from the last cottage in the village, before I knew what he was about—my eyes, greedy for pink, were set on the green lane ahead—had it, squawking, by the wing. I choked him off—he was very pleased and proud, and his mouth was full of feathers — bore him by the scruff of the neck to the hedge, ripped out a little switch, and began to make it clear to him that for practical and penal purposes a chicken is the same as a stuffed parrot.

He was in very fine voice—so fine, indeed, as to drown all other sounds, so that it was a shock of something more than surprise that I felt myself taken by the coat and shaken, and turning, looked into the flushed face and flaming eyes of Saccharissa.

"You brute! You cruel, wicked wretch! What are you doing? Loose the dog at once! Let it loose!" she panted.

I loosed the little brute, who fled to the covert of the ditch and whined there.

"How dare you?" she said—indeed, she almost sobbed it. "A great hulking man like you to beat a poor little dog like that!"

She stopped a moment, breathing quickly, and before I could protest, she went on: "I've always been told it; and now I see it's true: wicked men are always cruel! There ought to be a law to punish such fiends! And—and I think what they say about you is quite right. It's——I wonder you aren't ashamed! Oh, how can you do such wicked things!"

"Would you like to beat him yourself?" I asked gloomily.

Her lips—I think she had shut them on a sob—opened in a little gasp. She stepped back from the switch I held out to her; and, her eyes ablaze with a fresh anger, she cried, "To do it in cold blood and make a joke of it makes it worse—a thousand times worse! I didn't know that such inhuman, cruel wretches existed, except in books, or" — she added viciously—"newspapers! But I know it now; and—and I shan't forget it! You have no sense of shame at all!"

She was so amazingly pretty in her heat of righteous wrath that I had much ado to

prevent my pleasure at the sight of her overcoming the injured innocence I was forcing into my expression.

"I may be all that you say," I said coldly, "I may be the criminal you describe; but, at any rate, you are quite as bad: you have spoken to me without an introduction."

My gentle irrelevance took her aback a little; then she said, "Why, I would speak to—to—a tramp, if I saw him doing such a thing! I see what it is: you are so used to doing cruel things that you don't think anything of it. You are hardened. But I tell you quite plainly that if I see you ill-treating that poor, harmless little dog again, or hear of it, I will write to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and you will be punished." With that she turned on her heel.

"I do not care if you do," I said bitterly. "You have spoken to me without an introduction."

She went down the lane with a very fine dignity. I watched her out of sight, admiring the light swing of her walk; whistled Jock from the ditch, and set out for home, he sneaking along, subdued, at my heels. I could have wished that the ice had been broken without my plunging head over heels into hot water; but the consciousness of innocence sustained my drooping spirits.

For three days I saw nothing of Saccharissa. It was not my fault. Indeed, I lost weight beating the lanes, dingles, and field-paths with all a hunter's ardour. And the pleasures of the chase affected Jock to such a degree that all his home-time was spent in sleep—which relieved me a good deal. My aunt, to whom goodness and inaction were synonymous, patted Jock as he slumbered, and soothed his few waking moments with cake. So, two of us, at least, were the happier. It was not only the violence of the exercise that lessened my weight. I found that my desire to see Saccharissa was so keen that the disappointing of it was wearing me; I began to be afflicted with a fear, sometimes rising to a veritable terror, lest I might never see her again, lest she had gone from the village. In the end I was driven to the pitch of doubting the discretion of my oblique defence.

"Country air is all very well, James," said my aunt one day at lunch; "but surely you get enough of it without having to bolt your food like that."

I was perhaps hurrying unduly through the celebration of a ceremony now grown, along with so many old interests, strangely unimportant; but no one but a moneyed aunt would have been so keen to remark the evidence of a perturbed spirit. In a fear of further betraying myself I ate custard pudding with a deliberation which went near to choke me.

"You don't seem to like this pudding," said my aunt; "too simple for your tastes, I am afraid."

After this, of course, I had to have some more custard pudding, becoming distracted in the effort to find the pace proper to the eating of it, and the growing consciousness that minutes were flying, and that even now Saccharissa might be leaving the spot where Fate had meant me to meet her.

I came away from that luncheon-table so desperate that I even allowed my mind to entertain the plan of breaking the silence I had imposed on myself by asking the village constable where a young lady in pink might dwell.

I roused Jock from sleep, and with hasty strides, crossed the three fields that lay between my aunt's house and the lane where I had first seen the pink vision, Jock following in a panting, uneven canter, still too sleepy to be troublesome: which was just as well for him.

I came into the lane, and found it empty, thrust my hands into my pockets, moved slowly and despondently along the grass by the hedge, came round the corner, almost into Saccharissa's arms. I think my mouth opened. I know that the graceful and correct bearing which I had always intended to preserve in this long longed-for meeting somehow escaped me.

In my surprise my feet, moving mechanically and entirely of their own will, carried me beyond her, and the golden moment was gone.

The only impression of her that my confused eyes brought to me was that she wore white, and that she passed me with her pretty nose in the air—a thing manifestly impossible in so charming a creature.

I had not even recovered my wits to the point of cursing my imbecile unreadiness when there came a bark, a snarl, and a cry. Jock, in an impossible gratitude for all my patient care of him, had once more played the god from the machine. His teeth were in her skirt.

I had my wits then. I sprang to her side, caught Jock, as always, by the throat, and choked him off almost tenderly.

"I beg your pardon! I hope to goodness he hasn't hurt you," I cried.

"Oh, no—at least, I don't think so, but he gave me such a start." She said it breathlessly.

"He's torn your dress, though, I'm afraid," and, indeed, a white strip of it dragged from the hem in the dust of the lane. "I am so sorry."

"It doesn't matter," said Saccharissa faintly, but she looked down at the rent with some concern, and I perceived that it did matter. It was a very nice dress, with lace all round it, at the bottom, and ribbons; her hat was very smart, and she had a white veil and a sunshade that was white and had lace on it too; and she wore gloves—new ones. People do not wear gloves—and new gloves—in country lanes for nothing. Plainly she was on her way to one of the Dipling social functions.

"But it does matter, indeed," I said earnestly. "And I am very sorry."

I turned to Jock, who stood a few yards off, wagging a careless tail. "Miserable wretch," I said in a terrible voice, "you have committed your last crime, and I shall have you executed!"

"Oh, no, no!" said Saccharissa. "Poor little dog, he didn't mean to!"

"Yes, indeed!" I said, with unabated spirit. "If it had been anyone else—but this is too much! Your hours are numbered, wretched monster!"

"I don't believe you mean it! You're only pretending!" cried Saccharissa, almost wringing her hands in the intensity of her disbelief.

"I will show you! I will bring you his head!" I said eagerly.

"Oh, no, no! You shall not! I won't have you do it!"

"It must be," I said with gloomy severity; and a thought came to me. Money is scarce in Dipling; and thanks to my aunt I know an Indian muslin when I see it.

"You won't kill him! Oh, promise me you won't! I could not bear it!" cried Saccharissa. Her voice was husky; she put her hand up to her eyes as though to shut out the picture of Jock's death agony; and her painful distress showed a tenderness of heart indeed amazing.

I had to be firm with myself not to promise unconditionally; but I said, "Well, I might spare him—on a condition."

"What condition? What condition?"

"That before three days are out a claim is sent to me for the amount of damage done to your gown."

"Impossible! How could I do such a thing?" she cried, with flaming cheeks.

"It's only fair, and I insist," I said. "But the little wretch has frightened you badly; I must see you on your way, till you are quite recovered. My aunt would be very angry with me if I didn't."

Saccharissa hesitated a moment; then she saw her duty, and her chance of persuading me to set aside my condition.

We set out in silence; and presently I saw her summon up, with a great effort, all her courage. "I cannot think that you really find pleasure in cruelty," she began; and went on to reproach me for my hardheartedness with a gentle, sincere earnestness infinitely touching. I made no haste to clear my character; I was well content to listen humbly to so sweet a teacher. I only said with a sigh in the middle of it, "I suppose my loneliness hardens me."

"Are you lonely?" she said with quick pity.

"Very," I said, sighing again.

She stopped at the gate of the Rectory: "About that condition. You won't insist on it, will you?"

"Indeed I will," I said stubbornly. "Three days."

"Oh, you are hard," she said, looking at me with troubled face.

"If it had been anyone else I wouldn't have been so severe on him," I said, looking straight into her eyes.

Her eyes fell, and she went into the gate.

I hurried home, and learned that my aunt was dressing to go to the Rectory. I dressed, too, and was waiting in the hall when she came downstairs.

"I am coming with you," I said firmly. "I cannot afford to buy nice clothes and not show them off."

"It is usual to wait to be asked," said my aunt; but was plainly pleased by my demand.

I found myself at a garden-party, and a curate was there who stuck to Saccharissa's side like a limpet to a rock. I hate curates. But my aunt was not the woman to do things by halves: I found myself well received by the local dignitaries; and at last I gained my end—a formal introduction to Saccharissa. I had to share her society with the tenacious curate, but I contrived in the most civil fashion to make his share of it unpleasant. She and I were alone for a moment at last, and she said, "You see—that tear—I've had it pinned up, and it doesn't show. It's nothing at all."

"There is time to discuss the matter again—three days," I said.

The pink in Saccharissa's cheeks deepened, but she said nothing.

We did discuss it in the lane, the very next day, and for many days after; Jock was from time to time reprieved, but never pardoned outright; and we never settled his fate definitely.

Having once appeared in Society under the ægis of my aunt, I was welcomed to all the little festivities of the village; it is exceedingly easy for a black sheep with expectations to bleach its fleece a proper white; and a fortunate chance of going one better than the curate on a point of church discipline won me golden opinions. It removed, too, that amiable young man to a somewhat lower pedestal than that on which public opinion and, as I fancied, Saccharissa's had set him. I found that I had been wrong about the little gentry of Dipling. Their society is not boring: it is the most stimulating I have ever known. Besides, Saccharissa graced all their gatherings; and I took a keen interest—she had tried to do me good—in protecting her freshness and charm from too close a contact with the commonplaceness of the curate.

By a series of carefully calculated accidents I contrived to meet her with even greater frequency in the lanes. I liked those meetings better. We discussed at them matters more serious than the trivialities proper to garden-parties: the great things I might do were I encouraged by the sympathy I needed; the sweetness of Saccharissa's heart, and her humanising influence over me, a discussion that left her with flushed cheeks and grateful, swimming eyes; the loneliness of my life in London, the cold chill of my desolate hearth when I came home of nights, a picture that set her shivering with sympathetic pity. She grew very fond of Jock, and on his part he displayed an unexpected decency by returning her fondness. Whether she were fond of Jock's master or only pitied him, was a point on which I suffered the keenest anxiety and the most harassing doubt.

Then the time of my going away drew near, and on the Wednesday before I went we were sitting together on the bank of a dingle to which we had wandered. Saccharissa was in her usual charming spirits, playing with Jock, who was snarling little sharp snarls and pretending to bite her. I was watching them in a sadness she was too light-hearted to notice.

At last I said, "I am going away on Saturday—back to London."

Saccharissa's quick hands were stricken very still. She sat with her face turned away from me. Then, after a long pause, she said in a voice I scarcely knew, a voice that set my heart hammering, "You are going away?"

"I am going away," I said; "but I am not going to take Jock with me. You are fond of Jock, and he is fond of you. I am

going to leave him to you—if you will take him."

Her words came faintly from a dry throat. "No," she said; "I am fond of Jock—I should like him dearly, I should—but—but—I will not take him. You are so lonely—and he is—is all you have—I will not separate you."

I sat upright. The little of her cheek I could see was very pale; and I took my courage in my hands, and said gruffly: "Well, don't separate us. Take Jock, and take his master too!"

"Oh, don't! Don't laugh at me!" she said almost in a wail, turning a colourless face to me. "I must—be going home—I feel—I feel——"

"Joke!" I cried. "I was never further from joking in my life! Take us both!"

And then, somehow, I had her in my arms; and she was crying; and I was saying, "Don't; please don't," and kissing the tears as they welled out of her eyes.

"I never thought—you are so clever—Oh, do you really, really? And I'm not—I never dreamed—Oh—dear Jock!" sobbed Saccharissa.

One of her dearest charms is a sweet way of talking nonsense in the pretty accents of truth.

THE ROAD.

A LONG road to Spring, Sweet, a long road to Spring—
I hear the tired leaves whisper, I hear the robins sing—
It's many a day both grim and grey for Joy to keep on wing.

We'd better go together, Sweet, we'd better go together,
And hold so near that each may fear but half the sorry weather;
Each with a place to hide the face if Joy should cast a feather.

Love isn't like a load, Sweet, love isn't like a load,
Nor yet a flower to flame an hour, as yon sweet summer showed.
We'll never part!—'twould break my heart to lose you on the road.

A long road to Spring, Sweet, a long road to Spring—
I hear the tired leaves whisper, I hear the robins sing.
But every Autumn prophet has a sweetness in his sting—
It's a dear road, a clear road, a royal road to Spring!

J. J. BELL.

THE MOST MYSTERIOUS OF MILLIONAIRES.

WHERE THE DUKES OF PORTLAND CAME FROM: HOW THEY BECAME RICH AND PUZZLE THE WORLD.

IN the whole history of our peerage—and it necessarily teems with the topsy-turvy—you will find nothing more

JANE TEMPLE (1692-1751), SECOND WIFE OF THE FIRST EARL OF PORTLAND.

remarkable than the attempt which is now being made to prove that William John Arthur Charles James Cavendish-Bentinck is *not* the Dr' of Portland. For that is the gist of e mystery known as the Druce Case, over which the civilised world has rubbed its eyes. The mystery is really the "Duke's Case." The story was first told by Mrs. Anna Maria Druce to a thunderstruck public last March. It may be summed up thus—

On Dec. 28, *1864*, Thomas Charles *Druce* (the petitioner's father-in-law), who kept an upholsterer's shop at 69, Baker Street, died (though no doctor signed a certificate) at the age of 71, and was buried in *Highgate Cemetery*.

On Dec. 6, *1879*, William John Cavendish-Scott-*Bentinck*, fifth Duke of Portland, died (a bachelor, as everybody believes) at the age of 79, and was buried in *Kensal Green Cemetery*.

On June 10, *1892*, Robert *Harmer*, Doctor of Medicine, died, at the age of 63, at Alton Lodge, *Richmond*.

There are twenty-eight years, you see, between the death of Druce and the death of Harmer, yet Mrs. Druce maintains that all these people are one and the same person; and she claims that her son, who is a sailor, should inherit the fortune of his grandfather, "Mr. Druce." But if "Druce" was really the Duke, the sailor

WILLIAM BENTINCK, THE DUTCHMAN WHO WAS CREATED EARL OF PORTLAND IN 1689.

lad would also inherit his Grace's millions, and, of course, the title as well. I shall not go into Mrs. Druce's story, but let me show you how the Portland family became

THE FIRST DUKE OF PORTLAND (1680-1728).

millionaires, and ended the direct line in remarkable eccentricity.

The Portland peerage is little more than two hundred years old, but the family of Bentinck has a history going back to the fourteenth century. As the name suggests, it is Dutch, and, indeed, one branch of the house still reigns in Holland; for one of the sons of the first Earl returned to the land of dykes, where he was made a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, and where his descendants are living to this day. They have, however, always kept a hold on England, and in 1886 they were granted permission to bear the title of Count in this country. Indeed, the present Count was educated at Eton and Oxford, and was in our Diplomatic Service; while his elder brother, who resigned in his favour, was formerly a Lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards.

William Bentinck was the fourth of the eleven children of Baron Bentinck, and entered the service of William of Orange as a page of honour. It was not till 1689 that he finally made England his home; but before that he had become familiar with this country. He accompanied his beloved master to England in 1670, and was made D.C.L. by the University of Oxford. He was back again in 1677, arranging for William's marriage with Princess Mary, and he himself married an English wife, a sister of the first Earl of Jersey. He was sent with congratulations on the collapse of the Rye House Plot in 1683, and with an offer of assistance against Monmouth two years later. He was devoted to William, whom he nursed tenderly during an attack of smallpox in 1675. When the Prince finally came over to be our King, Bentinck accompanied him as his right-hand man, being created Earl of Portland a few days before the Coronation—April 1689—the title having just become extinct by the death of Thomas Weston, who died in a Flanders monastery. Bentinck lived to enjoy his honours for twenty years. During that period he was the King's chief adviser, and grew famous in his fellow-countryman's service, becoming our Ambassador in Paris exactly two hundred years ago. The King made him rich, granting him 135,820 acres of land in Ireland after the Battle of the Boyne, and a large

THE MARQUIS OF TITCHFIELD, ELDER BROTHER OF THE ECCENTRIC DUKE.

number of manors in England, including that of East Greenwich. And yet by the mass of Englishmen he was detested,

LADY WILLIAM BENTINCK, WIFE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA AND AUNT OF THE ECCENTRIC DUKE.

mainly because he was Dutch, and because the King trusted him before everybody. He was an exceedingly handsome man. Swift declares he was an absolute "dunce"; while one of his contemporaries declares him to have been "very profuse in gardening, birds, and household furniture, but mighty frugal and parsimonious in everything else." When he died in 1709 he was worth £800,000, and was believed to be the richest subject in Europe. That was a good beginning for the family who have inherited his titles in direct succession (except in the case of the present Duke, who succeeded his cousin), and have done much to increase that £800,000 with which the first Earl dowered his house.

Greater honours were in store for his eldest son, Henry, who was once described as the "finest person and most successful gentleman that ever adorned the British Court," for he was created Duke of Portland in 1710. He lost a lot of money over the South Sea Bubble, but when he died in Jamaica, of which he was Governor, he left a tidy fortune for his son, who made a great match by marrying Lady Margaret Harley.

This marriage was a notable point in the rise of the Bentincks, for it brought them the millions of the Cavendishes and made them masters of Welbeck and of the lands in the west of London which we know as the Portland estate. Lady Margaret Harley was several removes from the Cavendishes, but she brought with her their wealth. The process of transmission is interesting in its very tortuousness, and throws an instructive light on the presence of such names as *Cavendish* Square, *Holles* Street, *Oxford* Street, *Harley* Street, *Portland* Place, and *Welbeck* Street, which you find in the Portland estates. Let me indicate the curious way that the wealth travelled from the Cavendishes to the Bentincks, the process covering two hundred years.

Sir William Cavendish, who was Gentleman Usher to Cardinal Wolsey, got many of the lands which Henry VIII. plundered from the Church of Rome, including Welbeck Abbey. He increased his fortune

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK, THE RACING HERO, BROTHER OF THE ECCENTRIC DUKE.

ying an heiress, Elizabeth Hard-
f Hardwicke (she died in 1607, at
of eighty-seven), who had a craze
lding just as her descendant the
ic Duke of Portland displayed three
s later. It was she who erected the
d mansions of Chatsworth, Hard-
nd Oldcotes, and posterity will long
er her as "Building Bess." Her
on was created Earl of Devonshire
, and became the ancestor of the
Duke. Another son, Sir Charles
ish, became the father of the first
f Newcastle (raised to that dignity
). The Dukedom, however, became
in 1691, on the death of the second
nd as if there were a curse on the
ors of plundered monasteries, the
vo generations vanished without
male issue, the family wealth going
en, thus—

Margaret *Cavendish*, daughter of the
nd last Cavendish, who was Duke of

ECCENTRIC DUKE, WHO IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN "MR. DRUCE."

e, and granddaughter of "Building
narried her cousin, John *Holles*, Earl of
eated Duke of Newcastle in 1694. Like
r, he, too, died without leaving a son,

THE FOURTH DUKE OF PORTLAND, FATHER OF THE ECCENTRIC DUKE.

and the Dukedom became *extinct* in 1711. He had a daughter—

Lady Henrietta *Holles*, who married Edward *Harley*, Earl of *Oxford*. He died (of debt and drink) in 1741, his widow selling his manuscriptums (now known as the Harleian Collection) to the nation for £10,000. He had no son to survive him; but his daughter—

Lady Margaret *Larley* (immortalised by Prior as "My noble, lovely little Peggy"), married, in 1755, the second Duke of Portland, to whom she brought Welbeck and many other estates. Her son added the additional surname of *Cavendish* to his original *Bentinck*.

Following the precedent of the three former male possessors of the Cavendish properties, the second Duke of Portland should also have died without a son, but he did not; so that his family still hold the enormously valuable lands in the west of London.

The connection with the Cavendishes was resumed by "lovely little Peggy's" son, the third Duke of Portland, who married the daughter of the fourth Duke of Devonshire. Portland, who died in 1809, played a notable part in the politics of his time. He was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1782, and twice Prime Minister.

One of his sons became Viceroy of India (1827-35), and is remembered as the first Anglo-Indian statesman to initiate the policy of governing India for the Indians. It is from another of his sons that the present Duke is descended, the issue of the eldest son having become extinct.

The fourth Duke is interesting only as a link between his father, the Premier, and his son, the mysterious Duke whose career is so much under discussion. He married Miss Scott, a Fifeshire woman, daughter of the great gambler General Scott, Canning marrying her sister. His eldest son, William, died before him, while the third son, Lord George Bentinck, was the most notable figure that the Turf has seen this century. Racing enthusiasts speak of Lord George with bated breath; for though he, strangely enough, never won the Derby, he introduced a number of reforms in racing. Towards the end of his life he entered Parliament, and became the champion of Protection, opposing Free Trade with all the influence at his command. One September day in 1848 his lifeless body was found near Welbeck Abbey. He had died of spasm of the heart; but the gossips have whispered ugly things about Lord George's death, going the length of maintaining that he

Photo by Russell.

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.

was struck by his brother, the future Duke, who was in love with the same woman.

Whether he was Druce or whether he was Harmer, or whether he was neither, the late Duke of Portland was certainly the most eccentric figure that the peerage has seen during this century. Indeed, he has had no parallel in modern Europe save the mad King of Bavaria, who ended his life in a lake. Both of them were Master Builders far more extraordinary than Ibsen's hero; and their works are likely to remain for many a generation to testify to their eccentricity. During the term of his natural life, his Grace of Portland was rarely seen and never heard. He was a man of fifty-four when he succeeded to the peerage in 1854, and as the years sped past he grew more and more shy, until he became a shadow and died. This titled touch-me-not is the origin of more legends, perhaps, than any Englishman of recent times; indeed, the Portland Saga, like the Portland Vase, is

Photo by Alice Hughes.

THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

unique of its kind, and becomes only more interesting with the lapse of time.

In his personal appearance his Grace was like none other of her Majesty's subjects. To the last he wore peg-tops, tied round the ankle; his silk hat was nearly two feet high; his umbrella was only slightly exaggerated by Ally Sloper's; and his coats were a marvel. I say coats, because he wore several at a time, appearing in the depths of winter with no fewer than six—three merino frockcoats and three overcoats, each set being distinguished by a different coloured tag. He never touched butcher-meat, but had a chicken killed for him every morning, getting through it in the only two meals he had in the day. He was driven about in a quaint old coach drawn by six ponies, and made a point of going every day to meet the London train at Worksop station.

These things have all vanished, but his mighty underground works remain, for during the quarter of a century that he reigned at Welbeck he shut himself entirely up in his demesne and devoted his energies to making an underground palace, with wonderful tunnels. Why he became a hermit is not clear. Some say it was owing to the mysterious death of his brother George; others maintain that he had an affection of the skin. From whatever reason, he was as much a recluse as any of the monks that had knelt and prayed in the monastery of which Welbeck Abbey was a part; and coming of a race of restless workers, he had to devise an outlet for his energies. This underground world which he created was the result. Hundreds of navvies were employed on it year in and year out, and from first to last his Grace is believed to have spent over two millions sterling on the works—surely an appropriate use for the ground-rents which came to him from his London estate.

Photo by Wilson, Aberdeen.

ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE UNDERGROUND TUNNELS.

These underground rooms consist of a gorgeous picture-gallery and a ball-room, while connected with these by a tunnel one thousand yards in length is the magnificent riding-school. This hall is 385 ft. in length and 51 ft. high, with a glass and iron roof, upheld by fifty pillars, decorated with various ornamental devices in stone and metal, while the floor is covered with soft tan. The walls of these buildings are enormously thick and absolutely impervious to damp. Welbeck

Photo by W. Morrison, Nottingham.

THE UNDERGROUND PICTURE-GALLERY WHICH THE ECCENTRIC DUKE MADE AT WELBECK.

Photo by W. Morrison, Nottingham.

ONE OF THE UNDERGROUND CORRIDORS AT WELBECK.

mansion-house itself is a plain rough structure, with some gorgeous saloons known as Red, Yellow, Blue, and Swan Drawing-rooms, the last being named from the huge pattern of a swan which forms the carpet.

The Duke never married. At least the world has till now believed that he never did. Mrs. Druce, however, declares that in 1851 he married Annie Cole, the natural daughter of the fifth Earl of Berkeley, masquerading as T. C. Druce. As we all know, the Duke died fifteen years after Druce was buried, when his co-heirship to the Barony of Ogle devolved on his sisters, the late Lady Ossington and Lady Howard de Walden, while he was succeeded as Duke of Portland by his cousin, till then plain Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck, a Lieutenant of the Coldstream Guards.

The present Duke is a solid, plain-living English squire, who looks after the vast property into which he came so curiously, for he was descended from the eccentric Duke's grandfather. Besides the Dukedom of Portland, his Grace succeeded, in 1893, on the death of his stepmother, to the Barony of Bolsover. The Duke was born at Kinnaird House, Perth, the residence of his maternal grandfather. He married, in 1889, Miss Winifred Anne Dallas-Yorke—whose mother, a Scotchwoman, it is interesting to remember, was married at the historic Birnam, near Dunkeld, by Charles Kingsley. They have two children—Lady Victoria Alexandrina, for whom the Queen stood sponsor in person, and the Marquis of Titchfield, who will be six years old in March. The Duchess of Portland is one of the most charming women in the peerage. She is not the victim of that extraordinary craving for vulgar notoriety which affects some ennobled dames, and makes them as common as a burlesque actress. She is a quiet, simple woman, who neither writes foolish books nor makes philanthropy an excuse for publicity.

Photo by H. C. Shelley.

Sacred to the Memory of the Most Noble William John Cavendish-Scott-Bentinck, 5th Duke of Portland. Born 17th September, 1800; Died 6th December, 1879.

THE GRAVE OF THE ECCENTRIC DUKE OF PORTLAND AT KENSAL GREEN.

A DAY WITHOUT THE EVER.

A FARCE.

CHARACTERS.

HE (*a Bachelor Confirmed*). | SHE (*a Bachelor Maid*).

SCENE: *Promenade Deck of the SS. "Platonic."* HE *and* SHE *seated tête-à-tête, swathed up to the chin in rugs.*

HE. So you still adhere to your extraordinary views of matrimony?

SHE. That's putting it too mildly. I got past the point of adhesion long ago. It's a matter of absorption now.

HE. Ah! I see. You've ceased to be a barnacle; you've become a sponge. Isn't that a backward step in the process of evolution?

SHE. Indeed it isn't! A barnacle may be shaken from what it adheres to, but a sponge retains what it absorbs.

HE. Until some ruthless hand squeezes it dry.

SHE. Let's not talk in metaphors. Figures of speech will lie the same as any other figures. Let's stick to facts.

HE. What facts?

SHE. Matrimonial facts, I suppose. That's what we were discussing.

HE. Isn't it a rather dangerous subject?

SHE. It might be for two silly young things who couldn't speak of it without losing their heads; but we are too good friends for that.

HE. Very well, since we are so well insured against the loss of heads, hands, and hearts, we will proceed. Do you still call marriage a failure?

SHE. I call it suicide.

HE. Whew! That's—er—more advanced, I suppose. May I ask how you arrived at that conclusion?

SHE. How does anybody arrive at a conclusion?

HE. Woman, lovely woman, usually jumps at it.

SHE. Not a woman with any reasoning power. That conclusion is purely logical. One girl throws herself into the Seine or the Thames and thereby loses her life, her identity, her individuality; another leaps into matrimony with the same result. Why not call it by the same name?

HE. Why not, and yet why?

SHE. Because—if—people could see it as it really is they would shun it.

HE. But suicides are increasing at a more alarming rate than marriages.

SHE. I know it, and I think it's perfectly sinful for us to allow such things to go on day after day and not so much as lift a finger to prevent them!

HE. We are certainly setting a good example to both classes of misguided mortals.

SHE. But example won't save them.

HE. Oh, well, if people want to throw themselves into the Seine, Thames, or matrimony, it 's their own funeral or wedding, as the case may be. There 's no reason why we should bother our brains about it.

SHE. It 's all very well for you to talk like that, because you 're a man, and people take it for granted that you haven't married because you don't care to. But if you were a woman you couldn't make anybody think you 'd remained single from choice. If a woman isn't married by the time she 's thirty the whole world infers it 's because nobody has asked her.

HE. Then you propose to set yourself right by proving the rest of the world wrong. Why do you take the trouble? Why not defy opinion, as I do?

SHE. Because I 'm not a man.

HE. Then let a man do it for you. Let me publish broadcast that I have sought your hand in vain, and am condemned to a lone life of celibacy by your stern refusal.

SHE. Would you do so much for a woman?

HE. I would for a friend.

SHE. But I could not permit such a sacrifice.

HE. It would be no sacrifice. Think what a relief it would be to me to place myself out of the reach of relentless matchmakers!

SHE. My conscience would consume me if I let you place yourself in such a false position.

HE. Why not make my position true? Don't start. I 'm not going to bore you with a proposal—merely a proposition. The announcement of your rejection would clear the social atmosphere for each of us. But since your scruples will not permit you to take the matter on trust, I shall assume the rôle of lover, and you must, for the moment, look at me in that light or be a prey to your consuming conscience for ever afterward. I shall be your lover, not "for ever and a day," but for "a day without the ever," and shall proceed to make love to you after the most approved fashion.

SHE. How does your bachelorship happen to know the most approved fashion in love-making?

He. From Cupid's fashion-book—the novel. I know I must begin: "When first I gazed upon your lovely face——"

SHE. Oh, that style went out of fashion long ago. Besides, you can't remember when first you gazed upon my face.

HE. I can't? Then listen. It was on a summer's evening: you were strolling in the garden. You wore a white muslin frock and a scarlet sash.

SHE. Oh, do you remember that scarlet sash?

HE. Well, rather. I have three inches of it in my possession now.

SHE. You! How did you get it?

HE. Never mind how I got it. The thing for you to remember is that I 've kept it for ten years.

SHE. Why?

HE. That 's a curious question to ask a lover. I kept it for the same reason, I suppose, that I kept the daisy you gave me that day in the meadow after you had pulled off its petals to tell your fortune; for the same reason that I kept the rose I took from your hair the night of the Dudley Ball.

SHE. We were very silly then—but—very happy.

HE. We were always happy together, you and I, until I came back from India and found you 'd turned your back on all mankind.

SHE. But not on you. It was mankind in general that disgusted me. And because the specimens that sought my favour were not to my liking, society must pass sentence that I had never been asked at all.

HE. Then I must hasten my proposal and set society right. I would like to do it properly, you know, on bended knee, with my hand on my heart, and all that, but the

deck's too slippery, and I'm getting too old to kneel gracefully. Besides, we're bound up in these rugs like two mummies, so I'll have to leave all that to your imagination.

SHE. I think we can dispense with the stage setting.

HE. Then I shall deliver my proposal as I always thought I should if I were given the chance—straight from the shoulder. Mary, I love you, will you be my wife?

SHE. I—I think I'm growing cold. I—I must go inside.

HE. Of course you're growing cold. It's the proper temperature for a refusal. But you can't go till you've given me my answer. Will you be my wife?

SHE. Please let me go; I'm tired of jesting. (*Attempts to rise, but sinks back, murmuring.*) I am so hopelessly entangled.

HE Your answer will set you free.

SHE. What is the most approved fashion for a—a—refusal?

HE. I know of no fashion of refusal that I would approve of. The proper thing is to say "Yes" and be happy ever after.

SHE. But that isn't what you expect of me.

HE. That's where you make your mistake. That is exactly what I do expect of you.

SHE. Just for a day—not for ever?

HE. Name the day, and I'll risk the ever.

SHE. But think of all the dreadful things I've said about marriage. It would be ridiculously inconsistent for me to marry.

HE. Nonsense! It would be the logical conclusion of the whole matter. As soon as we leave the *Platonic* we'll slip off and be married, then I'll cable your friends that you were tired of single life and have committed matrimonial suicide.

ELIZABETH OVERSTREET CUPPY.

JAN CRISFORD'S RETURN.

By ZACK.

THE village was built on each side of the uneven cobble-stone steps that led round the cliff's edge to the sea. Higher up, and apart, stood Jan Crisford's cottage; behind it lay a few fields, a patch of copse, where in summer the night-jar whirled his hot wheel of song from dusk to dawn, and the moor, wild, untameable, silent. Grey mists drifted past the cottage out over the moor, and at their heels trod the echo of the incoming tide. On the horizon grew a Scotch fir, and beneath it lay Jan Crisford. He was travel-stained and wet with dew; his clothes hung limp about him; but the expression of his face was tense, and his grey eyes, as he stared toward the village, seemed to pierce the mist like a drill. On the ground beside him was an open letter. Mechanically he lowered his gaze, and his eyes fell full on the cramped, ill-omened words—

"Vengeance was made by the Almighty for Hisself; and you ain't got no call to be ashamed o' using it after Him."

A tremor convulsed the man; he sprang to his feet.

"Ay, and it's vengeance I'll have!" he burst out. "Ain't her my wife, and ain't her acted unfaithful?"

He started forward with quick, uneven steps. "Her shall suffer for it," he muttered. "'Tis droo the child I'll make her suffer—the child that be hers, though it bain't mine." The words came stiffly, breaking from his chest like sobs. "And us ain't been married dree years," he continued, "not dree years."

He stumbled on, moving much as some dumb animal in pain. The mists lifted; the sea became visible, a broad strip of turquoise-coloured sky lying close to the horizon. At a turn of the path he met his mother. He would have brushed past, but she put out a hand and stayed him.

"I knowed you would come, Jan," she said. "I reckoned you wouldn't be one for delaying——"

"Where is her?" he exclaimed—"her and her child?"

The woman's face, stiff-moulded by years, was remodelled by fierce exultation. "You be more revenged than you think on," she cried. "The child——"

But he did not heed; the word "revenge" stabbing his heart and goading him forward on his quest of retribution. A few moments later his cottage rose before him; the tall hollyhocks standing against the wall, the copse still and breezeless, and between it and the village a great uncramped field of corn. At the sight of his cottage, the place where he had played as a child, and brought home his bride as a man, loneliness took possession of him; his anger, which had been stayed by the sight of familiar things, rekindled the more fiercely because of the pain they inflicted on him. With a half-muttered curse he rushed up the broken steps, pushed back the door and entered.

The blinds were down, and the small, low-ceilinged kitchen dark and chilly. His wife rose and faced him, and they stood staring each into the other's eyes. He raised his hand as if to strike her, and then dropped it again.

"Where be the child?" he exclaimed hoarsely.

She burst into a laugh, so harsh that it seemed to cut the man's pain till it bled.

"In there," she answered, pointing towards a closed door. "Do you reckon to make the child suffer 'coz I cared for another more than you?"

BAFFLED AND HELPLESS, JAN STOOD STARING DOWN UPON IT.

"Ay," he replied, "I'll strike 'ee droo the child." He came close up to her. "Bain't 'ee afeard?" he said.

She looked at him, coldly inscrutable. "Do your worst," she answered, and he turned from her to the closed door.

It was locked; with the heave of the shoulders he forced the bolts and sprang in. The bed had been stripped bare of covering, and on it lay the child, dead.

Baffled and helpless, Jan stood staring down upon it. He noticed that the small baby fingers were crushed; the softly fleshed arm discoloured. Resting the child's hand on his own, he regarded it intently. The sight of the frail, tortured fingers oppressed him, and seemed in some stealthy way to cast a slur upon his manhood. Tears gathered in his eyes and fell upon the baby's hand. His wife had entered the room, and, unperceived by him, stood watching. A startled wonderment filled her, and then a great need of pity.

"Oh, Jan, Jan!" she cried, coming forward, "I overlaid the child in my sleep; crushed him with my breast that should have sheltered him. Do 'ee reckon the poor lamb suffered a deal?"

He turned and looked at her, and her face was no longer that of the woman who had deceived him, but that of a mother who had lost her child. Gazing at her, the anger left his heart.

She held out her hands. "Oh, Jan, comfort me!" she cried.

And he took her in his arms and comforted her.

ALL HALLOWS EVE.

SEATS and settle, cups and kettle, girls, come dust 'em up,
All Hallows Eve is round on us again;
And if we cannot keep each good old custom up,
The neighbours all will cruelly complain.
Set the bowls of fate, the empty, full, and muddy one,
For blindfold lads and lassies to be tried;
Range nuts and apples, each a ripe and ruddy one,
For duckin' and for burnin' side by side.

Now we're ready to the ribbon for receivin' them,
Grandfather's clock is just upon the stroke,
And if there's right and raison for believin' them,
A score or more entirely are bespoke.

* * * * *

Sure, there's somethin' very quare indeed about it now,
With sorra sign or signal from them all;
And To-night, the Spirits' Night, I much misdoubt me now,
But somethin' ghostly's goin' to befall.

Mercy on us! see those shadows takin' flight to us,
And hark! that low, sweet music in between!
'Tis All Hallows Spirits surely bearin' blight to us,
And the Fairies flutin' warnin' from their green.

* * * * *

Arrah, now then, after all, 'tis just the whole of ye
Playin' ghosts and fairy pipers round the ricks;
I'd like well to have my hand behind each poll of ye!
But, come in! and for your sweethearts spare your tricks.

A. P. G.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SCAVENGER BOY.

By J. D. SYMON.

AMONG all the active little officials who enliven the London streets, the most mercurial is surely the "Street Orderly-Boy." The thickest traffic has no terrors for him: he threads it as if it were a needle, diving, ducking, scrambling, gliding, and all the time plying his calling and making, as his name implies, the streets orderly. The newsboy's activity is proverbial, so is his voice, but for nimbleness the street orderly-boy fairly eclipses him, and his voice is never heard. He takes, too, his life in his hand in a way that the newsboy is not called upon to do.

AN IDLE MOMENT.

Temple Bar, though no longer visible, is still a great dividing line, and among other separations, it separates two distinct classes of street orderly-boy. East and west there is a different uniform and a different type of boy. Westward they seem less active, and if you come to talk to them you will find them heavier in wit. No doubt this is due to their weapons and method of work. For westward they are encumbered with a long, heavy shovel; eastward they use a short hand-brush and scoop, which necessitate such agility and readiness if the work is to be properly done.

The Strand boy is no sluggard, but for my part, I confess that my liking is all for his brother of the City. His short brush and scoop have made him the creature he is. Watch him as he forms himself, as it were, into a quadruped, on all fours, pushing his scoop, plying his brush, and all the time getting his locomotive power from his twinkling legs; mark, too, how alive he is to every eddy and swirl and current of the huge river of traffic which is his element, and you must perforce confess that here is a very remarkable and very useful member of the community.

The City boy begins work at eight o'clock in the morning. You will know him not only by his tools, but by his cap with its brass badge and number. His western colleague's headgear is more like the fireman's, but both wear the little white fatigue-jacket and corduroys.

To Fleet Street five boys are detailed, and they are as lively a lot as one would

Photo by H. C. Shelley.

AN ORDERLY.

expect in that arena of wits. The street is divided into five districts, for one of which each youngster is responsible. So from eight o'clock onwards our street orderly-boy threads the labyrinth of vehicles, scurrying under horses' noses, evading wheels and shafts, and leaving, as every good man should do, his little corner of the world better than he found it. At half-past eleven there is a lull in the mad game, and the gentleman of the brush goes home if he can, more usually to the nearest "corfee-shop," for his mid-day refection. Half an hour is the time allowed, but he does not take it for his meal. Afterwards you may see him curled up in a quiet corner for a rest, and perhaps a little nap. for the war of the streets cannot disturb one who holds its cause so cheap. Then at it again, twisting, turning, sweeping, shovelling until about three o'clock. At that hour, if it is hot weather, you may see the boys seated, some of them, on their scoops, and grouped picturesquely round one of the "shoots" where they deposit their rubbish, taking their ease in what shade is to be found. But it is only for a few minutes. Duty calls, and off they go again, the bright brass badges of their caps twinkling in the sunlight as the boys flash in and out among the wheels.

Five o'clock brings release to a section; but every one week out of three one boy, if he is of the "City Company," works later; "night-work," he calls it. Then he is not free till eight, but the trouble is worth his while, for he has three shillings extra for his pains. His usual weekly wage is nine shillings. That he calls his "standing money"; the rest is "overtime." This wage, for a boy of fourteen or so, is really much better than in many more "genteel" occupations.

They are a healthy, happy-looking lot of boys, and enjoy the adventurous part of their life. Sometimes, though not often, there are accidents. One boy told me how he was run over and spent three months in hospital. Another, a brown-eyed rascal, chimed in to tell with gusto of the nearest shave he ever had. It was on Holborn Viaduct. A 'bus was racing two heavy carts, one on each side, and our young official so misjudged his distance

ONE OF THE BOY SCAVENGERS.

as to get between one of the carts and the omnibus. The shafts of the cart just grazed him, and he thought when the

Photo by H. C. Shelley.

A PAVEMENT SCRUBBER.

body of the vehicle came along he would be crushed; but fortunately the driver of one of the carts saw him, and contrived to swerve aside in time.

"Only my scoop was run over," grinned the boy in conclusion.

"And how long was it in hospital?"

"Oh, no time; it was easier mended than Billy."

They have pleasant memories, those bright little lads, of a Christmas entertainment which was given them by a leading newspaper. As might be expected, the boys themselves contributed largely to the evening's entertainment. The most amusing part of the programme was the performance by a band whose only instruments consisted of professional scoops attuned to scale and struck with the professional brush. The method was very much like that of the hand-bell ringers, and the musical effect pretty nearly as good. So, you see, even the humble calling of a scavenger-boy is not antagonistic to the cultivation of the fine arts.

There are two hundred boys in the employ of the City. For the Strand district the number is forty. Some of the Strand boys belong to a home; the City boy, however, is, to quote his elliptical slang, "on his own." This is perhaps another reason why he is so smart. But then there is always that cumbrous scraper to handicap the young knight of order whose province is west of Temple Bar, and that, it must be confessed, makes a difference.

But both classes, like healthy boys, are keen on one thing.

"And after work?" I asked them. "What then?"

"Why," said the urchins, eagerly anticipating the welcome stroke of five, "Why then, Sir, we *play*."

A BUSY CORNER.

MR. BATEMAN AND MISS SCOTT.

A TALE FOR "GROWN-UPS."

By "DOT."

MR. DUFF'S writing this for me, 'cause he can write quicker'n me, and doesn't have to have double lines, and can spell the big words, and doesn't have to hang his tongue out when he's writing, like Meg says I do. I don't really—and of course I know, 'cause I'm bigger'n Meg.

But it's me that's telling the tale. I'm Dot. And then there's Jim, but he's quite old, and goes to the Vicarage ev'ry day for lessons, and smokes bits of cane and brown paper. He let me try one day, but it made me all sick inside. But he says he's used to it.

The tale begins like this. One day there was a tennis-party here, and Miss Scott, our governess, was playing with Mr. Bateman—that's the curate. Meg and me don't like Mr. Bateman, 'cause when we're out for a walk and meet him, he always talks all the time to Miss Scott, and she won't tell us anything, only just says, "No, darling, run along," or "Yes, dear, now run on." And he always calls us "children," and Meg and me do hate that. Jim used to call us "children" after he went to school. But one day he wanted Meg's big doll very badly, to play Merriqueen of Scots with. And I 'suaded Meg to let him have it if he'd promise not to call us "children" again. But I didn't know he was going to cut her head off; and I think Merriqueen of Scots is a nasty, cruel game.

Well, the afternoon that we was having the tennis-party Meg and me wore our best frocks. Mine is white silk, and it's got loose, puffy sleeves, and it's nearly as long as my feet. Mr. Duff says, "Oh, cut it short!" but I don't want it cut. I think it's nicer like it is.

Meg and me were 'lowed to be on the lawn with nurse. And we could tell we was going to enjoy ourselves, 'cause there was such heaps an' heaps of strawberries.

After we'd eaten as many as we could hold, nurse wanted us to go in to tea. But we couldn't *really* eat anything else, so we told nurse we'd be very good if she'd let us stay outside, while she went in and had her tea. And so she did. And Meg and me went off to the shrubbery at the bottom of the garden. There's a summer-house there where Meg and me hide while Jim's on the "war-path." Only he's not really on the path, he's on the grass by the side of the summer-house, and then he finds us, and shoots us—not really, you know—just with a walking-stick.

Well, when we got there we could see Mr. Bateman and Miss Scott, sitting in the summer-house, only they couldn't see us, 'cause of the shrubs.

So I said to Meg, "Let's go on the war-grass, and then find them and shoot them!"

There was lots of sticks by the side of the summer-house that we could shoot them with, so Meg and me creeped up, like Jim does, very quiet, and while we was looking for two sticks to shoot them with, we heard Mr. Bateman talking very sillily to Miss Scott. He was saying "darling," and "dear," and people generally, always, say "darling" and "dear" to other people when they want them to run away. But he'd got tight

hold of Miss Scott's hand, and so, of course, she couldn't run away. So it was very stupid of him. But Miss Scott didn't tell him he was silly, she just said, "Oh, Mr. Bateman!"

And then Meg and me found the sticks and shot them, but they didn't seem to think it was a nice game at all. And Miss Scott wanted to know where nurse was, and then she took us in to nurse. When nurse had finished her tea she took us out again on the lawn, and I went and talked to Auntie Grace and Mrs. Starkey.

And I told them all about the game we'd been playing, and how we'd shot Mr. Bateman and Miss Scott.

Mrs. Starkey asked Auntie Grace who Mr. Bateman was; and Auntie said—

"Oh, he's our curate, and that most testable of creatures, a male flirt!"

And then Mrs. Starkey said, "Little pitchers." And then they began to talk low, so I went away.

I think that "Little Pitchers" game is a very silly one. I wonder grown-ups don't play something nicer. Somebody just says "Little pitchers!" and then they all talk very low, or stop talking altogether. I'd much rather have "Simon says 'thumbs up!'"

I asked nurse, after, what a "male" was, 'cause I always likes to know things I don't know. And nurse said it was a letter that comes from 'Stralia. She often had one from her sweet-tart, she said. And then I asked her what a "flirt" was, and she said it was anybody who pretended to be anybody's sweet-tart, but wasn't really. So I asked her if she thought Mr. Bateman was pretending to be Miss Scott's sweet-tart, and she said yes, very likely. I don't know what the "male" had to do with it, but p'raps he pretended to send her a letter from 'Stralia, as well as pretending to be her sweet-tart.

And then, after, p'raps it was a week, or three days, Meg and me was in the drawing-room, and a lot of people was there, and Mr. Bateman.

And so I was talking to Mr. Bateman and then I asked him why he pretended to be Miss Scott's sweet-tart—'cause I wanted to know—and then everybody was quiet, like as if somebody had said "Little pitchers," only I didn't hear anybody say it, and mamma said—

"Hush, Dot; be quiet."

And when I wanted to tell her what auntie had said, she stopped me; and then Mr. Bateman said to mamma—

"It's quite true, Mrs. Ha'lam. I want to rob you of Miss Scott." And then he began to talk low to mamma, and all the other people began to buzz-talk again.

And then, after, I heard auntie saying to mamma, "Well, Dot's begun early as matchmaker. I'm sure, if she hadn't given Mr. Bateman away so hopelessly, he'd never have settled with Miss Scott, he'd have flitted on to someone else. But he behaved in a very manly way, I think."

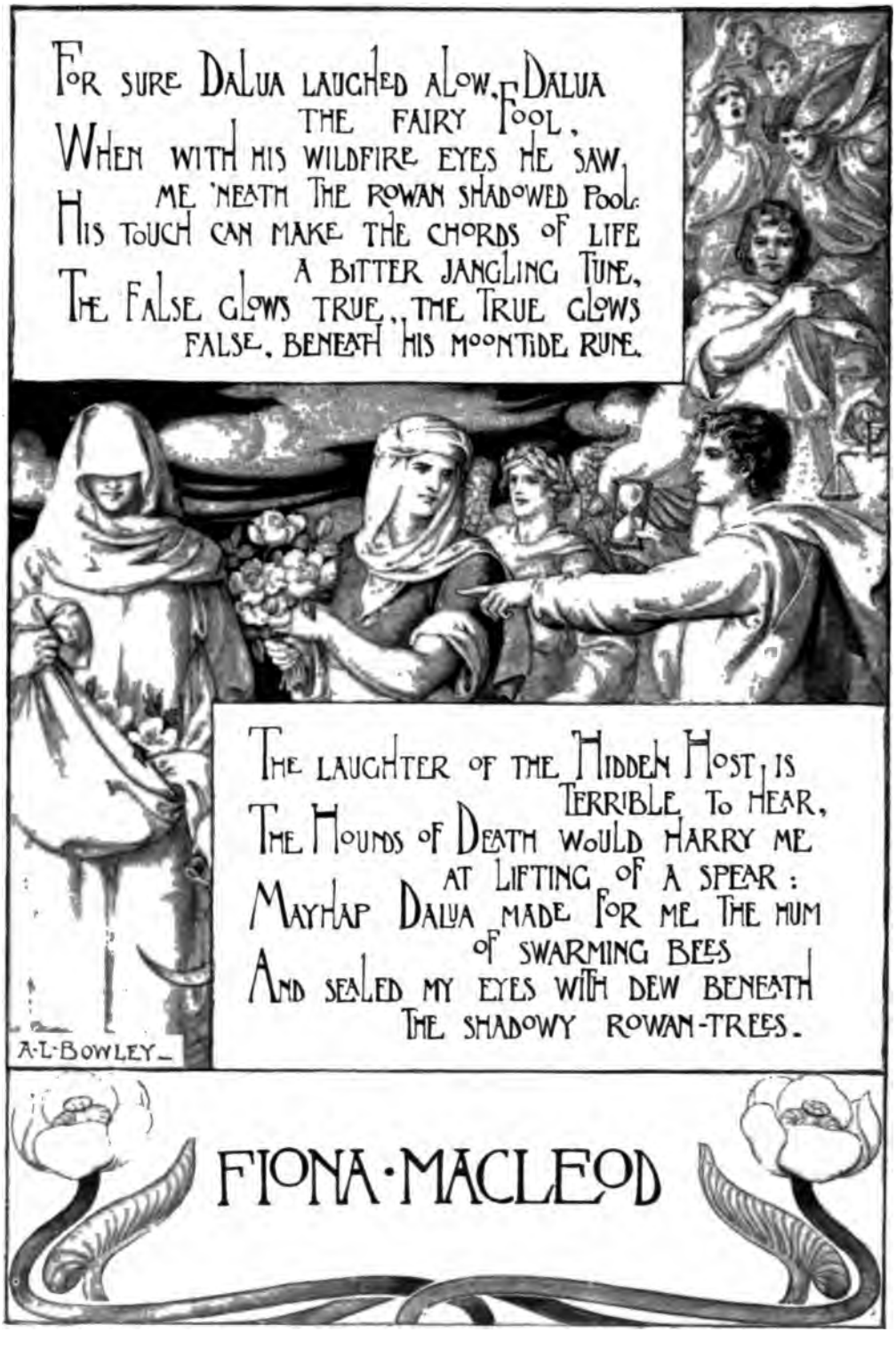
I couldn't understand quite what auntie meant, 'cause I *can't* make matches. I can strike them though, if nurse'll let me. And how *could* I give Mr. Bateman away—like as if he was a toy or a penny? And nurse said that "flitting" meant moving all your furniture in a cart to another house!

But there's going to be the wedding soon, and Meg and me are going to be bridesmaids, and we're going to have new frocks. [*Lengthy description of same omitted.*—E. DUFF.]

THE · LORDS · OF · SHADOW

WHERE THE WATER WHISPERS MID THE
SHADOWY ROWAN-TREES
I HAVE HEARD THE HUM OF FAIRIES
LIKE THE HUM OF SWARMING BEES:
AND WHEN THE MOON HAS RISEN AND
THE BROWN BURN CLUSTERS GREY
I HAVE SEEN THE FAIRIES MARCHING IN
LAUGHING DISARRAY.

DALUA THEN MUST SURE HAVE BLOWN A
SUDDEN MAGIC AIR
OR WITH THE MISTIC DEW HAVE SEALED
MY EYES FROM SEEING FAIR:
FOR THE GREAT LORDS OF SHADOW WHO
TREAD THE DEEPS OF NIGHT
ARE NO FRAIL PUNY FOLK WHO MOVE
IN DREAD OF MORTAL SIGHT.


For sure Dalua laughed alow, Dalua
the fairy fool,
When with his wildfire eyes he saw
me 'neath the rowan shadowed pool.
His touch can make the chords of life
a bitter jangling tune,
The false glows true, the true glows
false, beneath his moontide rune.
The laughter of the hidden host is
terrible to hear,
The hounds of death would harry me
at lifting of a spear:
Mayhap Dalua made for me the hum
of swarming bees
And sealed my eyes with dew beneath
the shadowy rowan-trees.
A·L·Bowley
Fiona·Macleod

HOW COFFEE CAME TO PARIS.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

"THERE are two things Frenchmen will never swallow—coffee and Racine's poetry."

This was the deliberate opinion of Madame de Sévigné in the year 1669, when Soliman Aga, the Sultan's Ambassador to Louis XIV., was first treating the French courtiers to the Turkish drink. She was not the only one to make a wry face over her cup with its hot, black decoction of muddy grounds thickened with sweet syrup. She had not learned to recognise in the aroma a stimulant to jaded brains and a restorative of outsparkled wit. She was to live long enough to see her prophecy fail on both counts.

At that time Frenchmen were not greatly troubled by their nerves. The use of drinks strong with alcohol was still so uncommon that in 1659, for the first time, the King of France bethought himself of levying a tax on distilled liquors. The wines, fermented generously from the juice of the grape, were helped out with home-brewed beer, apple and pear cider, and a thick mead or hydromel of fermented honey and water. Racine only followed the custom of all the poets of this Augustan age—of sprightly La Fontaine as of critical Boileau—when he frequented the cabaret of the Pomme de Pin in the City, behind the cloisters of Notre Dame. There was good-fellowship round the fire where the spit was turning, and the poets tuned their lyres to a higher key as they tasted the *purée septembrale*, which was to French wine what the October brew was to English ale. There were few heady drinks, and only rough troopers or men constantly in the open air were likely to swallow them in quantity sufficient to muddle their brains.

London was ahead of Paris in the use of mild stimulants that wind up the nerves without perplexing the mind. In the last days of Cromwell's Commonwealth, on May 19, 1657, the *Publick Advertiser* printed the following notice on its coarse paper, where the oil of the ink stained the page—

> In Bartholomew Lane, on the backside of the Old Exchange, the drink called Coffee, which is a very wholesom and Physical drink, having many excellent vertues, closes the Orifice of the Stomach, fortifies the heat within, helpeth Digestion, quickeneth the Spirits, maketh the heart lightsom, is good against Eye-sores, Coughs or Colds, Rhumes, Consumptions, Head-ache, Dropsie, Gout, Scurvy, King's Evil, and many others, is to be sold both in the morning and at three of the clock in the afternoon.

These medicinal properties of the new drink gave way in the minds of Londoners to the more comforting qualities of "that excellent, and by all physicians approved, China drink, called by the Chineans Tcha, by other Nations Tay, alias Tee." Coffee, however, kept the privilege of its priority, as may be seen in the 435th number of the Royalist *Mercurius Politicus*, dated Sept. 23, 1658, where tea "is sold at the Sultaner's-head, a Cophee-house, in Sweeting's Rents, by the Royal Exchange, London."

Parisians have always cared to be amused rather than to be built up spiritually; and tea has never become thoroughly familiar to them. But when the common people had a chance to taste the novelty from Constantinople, coffee became what it has remained—the drink of the French race and nation. After a century, France woke up to find herself all nerves. In another hundred years, after

the discharges of the Revolutions, she finds an immense void in the breast—*le vague à l'âme.* Perhaps it would be a paradox to say that the use of coffee—the bowlful mixed with milk in the morning, and the little cup or glassful, strong and black, after noonday luncheon and evening dinner—is either cause or occasion of what has happened to the world from French nerves.

It was in 1672 that the Armenian Pascal set up the first coffee-shop, like those of Constantinople, at the Fair of Saint Germain. This was held each year during the two first months of spring. It occupied a great four-sided inclosure on the land of the monks of the ancient Abbey of Saint Germain-des-Prés, just inside the city wall and not far from the Latin Quarter of the schools. Caravans of traders, guarded by soldiers, came to it from foreign parts, gathering by the way visitors from the provincial towns. Good roads were still few; and there could not be many places where all manner of luxuries and exotic goods were to be found, with amusements of every kind thrown into the bargain.

The place of the fair was surrounded with long rows of two-storey buildings that served as walls to the enclosure. The lower storey opened on the inside in arcades. Here were installed in order: the birdsellers; the merchants of crockery and chinaware, which was just becoming common; and those who sold linen, both coarse and fine, all woven by hand. Down the centre of the broad enclosure ran four rows of wooden buildings, each divided into five "pavilions." These were for the sale of the other wares here brought together from the four quarters of the known world. In the first pavilion were hats, parchment, paper, and pasteboard articles, all made in France. But alongside were little dogs from Bologna, in Italy, such as ladies of fashion then led about with them.

RAMPONAUX'S CAFÉ.

VOLTAIRE AND DIDEROT AT THE CAFÉ PROCOPE.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE NEW PHILOSOPHY: "OUR CRADLE WAS A CAFÉ."

The third pavilion of the second row was entirely given over to traders from England and Flanders, from Holland and Germany. In the fifth pavilion there were surgeons and barbers, one man often practising both arts; and with these were the nail-sellers and iron-founders. The fourth pavilion of the fourth row held all the eatables which were for sale, the fair not being a common market. There were cakes and gingerbread, sausages and ham, spices and preserves. Two pavilions away were the dealers in Spanish wine, Portuguese oranges, "double" beer, fruits and Rosolio. This was an Italian liqueur made from vanilla, amber, and oil of roses, all dissolved in a clear syrup of sugar and water. There was room for something new to drink.

Into the midst of this hubbub of buying and selling and sight-seeing came Pascal the Armenian, with his coffee and waiter-boys from Constantinople. The sellers of such casual refreshment did not take places under the pavilions, but circulated about the enclosure wherever the crowd might gather. They had to pay for this privilege, but they made common cause with the jugglers, dancers, men with trained animals, play-actors of mysteries and mimes, and wandering musicians. These catered at every turn to the amusement of the public. Beside their platforms Pascal set up his stand, with its array of little cups and all that was necessary to make good coffee. The grateful steam tempted the people who crowded around in the chilly spring weather, and soon everyone knew about the new drink—the "little black" cupful, or *petit noir*, as the Parisians call it to this day.

After a time, Pascal began sending his boys through the city. Each was provided with a coffee-pot, heated by a lamp, and with *nougat*, made of almonds and honey, and other Oriental sweet-stuffs. They tempted the inhabitants with coffee at their own doors; but for seventeen years no one seems to have thought it could be made in Paris by anyone else than a man all the way from Turkey. Pascal came back, spring after spring, until all who visited the Fair of Saint Germain learned to look for him. Great lords and fine ladies, citizens' wives from across the river, common people and idlers, all knew the hot, comforting drink of the Turk. They might stand open-mouthed in front of the fair-gate, where some mountebank in gay costume was shouting from his platform the wonderful cures he had wrought; but when the damp spring air got into their throats, they found Pascal's steaming coffee the sovereign remedy.

At last, in 1689, a sharp-witted Italian opened his shop across the street from the King's Theatre of the Comédie Française. He had royal license to sell spices, ices, barley-water, lemonade, and other such refreshments. He added coffee to the list, and it proved the most successful of all. So he gave the name *café* to his whole refreshment place. It was the first of the numberless French cafés, from which the use of coffee now spread rapidly into families themselves.

It was in this Café Procope (the name of the Sicilian proprietor) that cackling Voltaire and resonant Diderot met daily with their friends the *philosophes*. "Taking their coffee, they overthrew all religions; and while they attacked heaven, they prepared unwittingly the upheaval of the earth." Whatever may be said about causes and circumstance, the French Revolution was not brought about until coffee as well as philosophy had come to Paris.

The Legend of
St Austin and the Child

THE LEGEND OF ST. AUSTIN AND THE CHILD.

ST. Austin going in thought
Along the sea-sands grey,
Into another world was caught,
And Carthage far away.

He saw the City of God
Hang in the saffron sky;
And this was holy ground he trod,
Where mortals come not nigh.

He saw pale spires aglow,
Houses of heavenly sheen;
All in a world of rose and snow,
A sea of gold and green.

The singing of the sea
Was in his ears half-heard,
For in the branches of a tree
There sang a heavenly bird.

There at his feet he dreamed,
The River of Life flowed on;
Amber and chrysoprase it gleamed,
Its bed of diamonds shone.

Overhead in the tree
Hung apples ripe and round;
Such bloom and fragrance might not be
Except on heavenly ground.

The Tree of Life he knew
Troubled by murmurings
Of myriad angels as they flew
And shook it with their wings.

Celestial music soared
From citherns and from flutes,
The jewelled harp-strings of the Lord
Glimmered among the fruits.

There amid Paradise
The saint was rapt away
From unillumined sands and skies
And floor of muddy clay.

His soul took wings and flew,
Forgetting mortal stain,
Upon the track of that bright crew
That homed to heaven again.

Forgetting mortal dearth
It seized on heavenly things,
Till it was cast again to earth,
Because it had not wings.

Because the Three in One
He could not understand.
Baffled and beaten and undone,
He gazed o'er sea and land.

Then by a little pool
A lovely child he saw;
A harmless thing and beautiful,
And yet so full of awe,

That with a curved sea-shell,
Held in his rosy hand,
Had scooped himself a little well
Within the yielding sand.

And to and fro went he,
Between it and the wave,
Bearing his shell filled with the sea,
To find a sandy grave.

"What is it that you do,
You lovely boy and bold?"
"I empty out the ocean blue,
You man that go in gold.

"See you how in this cup
I bind the great sea's girth."
"Ah no, the grey sands suck it up;
Your cup is little worth.

"Now put your play aside,
And let the ocean be.
Tell me your name, O violet-eyed,
That empty out the sea!

"What lineage high and fine
Is yours, O lovely boy,
That sure art sprung of royal line,
A people's hope and joy."

"Austin, as you have said,
A crown my Sire doth wear,
My mother was a royal maid
And yet went cold and bare."

He shook his golden curls,
And laughed a laugh of glee,
"The night that I was born, the churls,
They would not shelter me.

"The bitter night I came,
Each star sang in its sphere.
Now riddle, riddle me my name,
My Austin, tried and dear."

Austin is on his face,
Before that vision bright.
"My Lord, what dost Thou in this place
With such a sinful wight?"

"I come not here in wrath,
But I come here in love,
My Austin, skilled in life and death,
Thy vanity to prove.

"Mortal, yet over-bold
To fly where th' eagle flies,
As soon this cup the sea will hold
As thou My Mysteries.

"Patience a little yet,
And thou shalt be with Me,
And in thy soul's small cup unmeet,
Myself will pour the sea."

When Austin raised his head,
No Child was there beside,
But in the cup the Child had made,
There swelled the rising tide.—K. T. H.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

"CUSTOM must be indulged with custom, or custom will weep," says a Manx proverb; and if custom fell a-weeping, poor wench, 'twere pity of our lives!

Therefore, let us begin Christmas Day with setting light to an ashen faggot to serve for the oak Yule log (if we be Devonshire born), and let our first meal be made of herrings, fresh or salted. Let us refrain from giving away either bread or salt all the day through, lest we give away our luck—mince-pies and a slice of Christmas - pudding are not under the embargo, so our hands need not be tied from all loving and giving ways; and let us not lend silver or pay gold away on this day of the days. Time enough for that on Boxing Day, as every house-master regretfully remembers, anticipating the clamorous open hands of turncock, postman, fireman, butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker that will knock on the morrow at his door. If it is beyond our "human possible" to uplift truthfully the cheery carol of "The boar's head in hand bring I," we will at least eat together of the roast beef of Old England, of plum-pudding and mince-pies, of apples and nuts and almonds, though the once familiar frumenty be forgotten on the bill of fare. "Rings and things and fine array" we will all put on, and we may do worse than copy the Danish custom which proclaims the Julafred or Yule Peace, and punishes any breach of it by a heavy fine. Even the Good People — the Gentle People, the Fairies know, and keep sacred this piece of Yule, for then—

> No fairy takes or witch has power to charm
> So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

Another quaint and lovely fashion that English Christmas-keepers would do well to borrow from their neighbours in the Netherlands and in Austria-Hungary is the custom of leaving the house - doors wide open just as the clock strikes midnight, that Mary and her Son may enter in and bless the merry companies. In other countries lighted candles are placed in every window, so that the Christ-child, passing by outside, may not miss His way in the dark.

Nor is there any reason why we should not hang up a sheaf of wheat, that the birds may find one meal sure on Christmas Day; nor need we doubt that the lucky man is he who is born on Christmas Day. Nor need we flinch from the pretty Cornish fancy that at midnight on Christmas night all water turns into wine, and in every stall and stable the horses and cattle receive human speech for an hour, while the bees sing the "Gloria" in their dark skeps outside. Why not, indeed? Wilder fancies may be devised, and stranger things have come to pass. Wise men took simplicity to them for their cleading, and shod themselves with faith and followed a wandering star to a mean stable in a little Jewish town; and thousands still come reverently to the place where their bones lie in Köln city, and envy them their journey and their goal.

And why should not the bees and the cattle give thanks as well as we? All strange things and wild things and sweet things are made possible at Christmas; "so hallowed and so gracious is the time," for a Child's sake.

NORA HOPPER.

SAGITTARIUS

WHERE THE WICKED CHINEE GOES TO.

By JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

With Illustrations by a Chinese Artist.

YOU can never tell what religion a Chinaman is. He doesn't know himself. But he accepts three religions to make sure. He is usually a Buddhist, a Taoist, and a Confucian; but where one begins and the other ends nobody in this world, and few in the next, can tell. Therefore, when you read statistics about how many Buddhists and Taoists and Confucians and other sects there are in China, they are as accurate as any rough calculation you make of the number of people in England who prefer Worcester sauce to Yorkshire relish.

Chinese gods are like nightmares in broad daylight. During the five months I was crossing China, from Burma on one side to Japan on the other, I got on quite a nodding sort of acquaintance with scores of them. They are ferocious monsters. At the temple doors are always two—one on each side—in the most fearful passion, twisting their faces and swinging mallets, and evidently intent on doing something dangerous. He's a foolish, half-witted chap is the Chinese devil, for whereas ordinary mortals can see with even half an eye, and that with a cast in it, that the guardian gods are only stucco, the poor deluded devil believes they are real, and being afraid of receiving a bang over the head, never ventures too near.

The Chinee has long been poetically famous for tricks that are dark. But the way he fools the gods in the heavens above and the demons in the earth beneath proves him a humorist without knowing it. I used to get more fun out of a Chinese funeral than ever, in my ultra-salad days, I got out of a Punch-and-Judy show. A Chinaman, when he has been particularly successful in business, always buys himself a strong, sturdy, water-tight, warranted-to-wear-well coffin. It makes such a fine ornament in the drawing-room. And when he is buried, he isn't really buried, but the coffin is placed on the ground and earth is shovelled over him until there is quite a respectable heap. The greater the man, the greater the mound. The eldest son has to make sacrifice to the gods to ensure

his parents' temporary safety from discomforts due to fire. But it is expensive, killing men and animals as sacrifices. So there is quite a business preparing paper

men and paper horses and paper money. These are all burnt in a bonfire. Thus sacrifices are made after all, at ridiculously beneath cost price, and the gods are splendidly fooled.

Of course, it is quite as likely as not that a son has the idea that his old father has not gone to heaven at all. Indeed, as it is well within possibility he has gone to another place, it is necessary to conciliate the elders of that region. In the great city of Yunnan there is a place where you can see the seventeen Buddhist hells. The Chamber of Horrors is a sylvan bower in comparison. There, with life-like images, is represented to you the punishments that fall to the wicked.

It is not nice to think that your father has to sit indefinitely on a red-hot oven. And if you cannot manage, all at once, to get him out of the nether regions, it is quite possible to bribe the stoker of that oven to slacken somewhat in his firing-up ardour. So the Chinaman who has a father in this unpleasant position goes to this great temple on the outskirts of Yunnan city. To an old monk at the door he planks down his threepence, and in return receives a cheque for £500 on the Bank of the Under-world. He marches to the temple, burns the cheque at a holy fire, and the sire receives the money forthwith with no discount for transmission. Or, if he does not care for a chéque, he can send tremendous chunks of silver. For sixpence he can buy a clothes-basket full of cardboard boxes all covered with silver tinsel. These are consumed in the sacred fire, and are just as effective as though the boxes had really been lumps of solid metal. Everybody is fooled; even Wong himself, I fancy, is fooled a bit.

When a Chinaman falls sick, it isn't quietness and homœopathic medicines

and fresh air that are given to him. Should it be a sore eye or a diseased nose or an aching knee, he himself goes off to the temple, deposits his shilling on the table

of the wizen-faced monk by the door, and receives two pieces of paper covered with cabalistic signs. Then he enters and hunts out the demon that is responsible for all the aches and pains in the world. The demon is certain to have his eyes and mouth and ears bunged up with similar pieces of paper to those the ailing Chinaman carries in his hand. Indeed, the image is plastered with them, a mass of them here, a mass there. So Wong says his prayers, claps one of the plasters over his left eye, which has been sore this last fortnight,

claps the other over the left eye of the demon, and is confident that in a couple of days that left eye will cease from troubling.

But if he is really very ill—doubled up with sickness and a racking brain—it isn't medicines that do him good. It 's an evil spirit that has got inside him, and that evil spirit has either to be conciliated or frightened. A necromancer comes with a white cockerel under his arm. He points the cockerel to the west, the south, and the east. Then he says a lot of strange things. Then he cuts the cockerel's throat.

If, however, the evil one is not appeased, an engagement must be made with a troupe of professional demon-frighteners. Demon-frightening is a special trade. The Chinese haberdasher or pork-butcher, when business goes ill, does not ascribe it to foreign competition, or the underselling by the man over the way, or even his own incompetence. The reason he doesn't do a thriving trade in haberdashery or pork is because an evil spirit is somewhere about the shop frightening prosperity away. So he hires half-a-dozen devil-frighteners, and they come with their gongs and their cymbals, and they bang away furiously, making a deafening and horrible din. Even a devil has to retire before the noise, and the sale of pork takes a turn for the better. So in the case of a man who falls sick. He is in agony from an incurable disease. The cymbals and gongs are brought into the room. The more ill he is, the greater the hubbub has to be. Crackers are let off frequently, especially during the night. The row is kept going for three days. Then the man has got better or he is dead. He 's usually dead.

As all Chinamen are by nature wicked, it 's well that they get to know in this life exactly the sort of punishment that awaits them in the next. So they receive instruction by plaster-of-paris representation. I have referred to the temple at Yunnan-Sen, where you can behold striking models of the Buddhist hells. In other cities are other hells. I took a grim delight visiting them whenever I had the chance. One had the same sort of clammy satisfaction as one feels when, depressed and out of sorts, you go off to the before-mentioned Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's to get cheered up a bit.

It all depends what you've been up to on this earth whether your punishment under the earth is to be sawn in two or to be squashed in a clothes-press. In each of the hells sit one or two, or maybe three, elders. They are big, gruesome, flab-faced, and slit-eyed; generally of tarnished gold, and twice the size of an ordinary man. They're all relatives; you tell that by the same stern, callous, cast-

iron sort of countenance they possess; by the uniform shape of the chin, mouth, and nose, but above all by the irradiating diabolical glee that suffuses every stucco face. They sit on a throne and look fixedly at the work of the executioners and the squirms of the executed. The figures in the pit are a little under life-size. But there's plenty of realism and piled-up horror. The imps engaged in flaying, boring holes through chests, hanging men up by the toes, and generally making things lively, have often one glittering eye stuck in the centre of a coal-black head, the lower part of which is literally half mouth, stretching from ear to ear. Their laugh is something to remember in your dreams, so that you wake up in a fit of cold perspiration yelling for it to be taken away.

There was a victim being crucified, and the imps were slowly shortening him at the knees with a red-stained saw. Standing in front of the wooden bars—that

prevent the live public coming in direct contact with this particular hell—were two young men, flapping their long Chinese sleeves in agony of despair, swinging their pig-tails in dismay, while tears trickled obliquely out of their almond-shaped eyes because the monk at the entrance to the temple had told them that was the exact

fate of their old father at that particular moment. They groaned and sobbed; then they got a gong and relieved their sorrow by thwacking it; they pushed a cup of rice and some hard-boiled eggs through the bars as sustenance to their relative in his trials; then they paid cash down for a big cheque that would be despatched that night to the nether regions, conciliate the elders, and cease the sawing at the knees.

Before another hell stood an old woman, rather complacently watching folks being thrown backwards into a cauldron, and then probed with pitchforks. She evidently had relatives in the real place, for she was carrying an armful of propitiatory tapers, paper, gold, and large cheques. Then there was a place with a long stove like a red-hot kitchen range. Defunct, and yet tolerably lively mortals were sitting on the top tying themselves into knots, while a number of brutes with heads like bulls gloated leeringly. The elders in the

adjoining place owned a perennial laugh; for the imps had men by the heels, and were dashing their heads on stones. One man was being pressed on a row of daggers. Next door several wicked Chinese had fallen on spiked mountains, and there they were impaled and writhing. There was a lake with men struggling among slimy, double-headed snakes; there were several creatures hung up in the air with a hook through their vertebræ; and quite common were the cases of evil-doers swung by the pigtail and being disembowelled.

Certainly they 're pretty ingenious where the naughty Chinese go. If a Celestial has a reprobate of a sire, he does not talk to him for his good, but takes him an afternoon stroll in the Kingdom of Below, lets him see for himself what 's likely to happen in the uncomfortable by-and-by, and then hints he doesn't think he 'll be able to afford the expense of buying the imps off. If that doesn't make a Chinaman turn from his wrongdoing, and make him promise to be a better father henceforth, nothing will. The idea is a good one. There 's nothing like having concrete examples of one's future fate.

The last time I was at church I noticed the parson had confused and hazy ideas about where his congregation was going to. I therefore throw out the suggestion that a committee of prelates be at once despatched to China. At the next Church Congress they can present a report on the erection of a stucco Hades suitable to an enlightened London.

CHEEVERS AND THE LOVE OF BEAUTY.

By BARRY PAIN.

THE report in the very local and very suburban newspaper ran as follows—

THE CHAIRMAN: It seems to me that Mr. Cheevers has no love of beauty.

MR. CHEEVERS: You're a liar. (Cries of "Order! Order!" and "Withdraw!")

Mr. Cheevers, rising again, amid considerable sensation, said that he was accustomed to give as good as he got. Give him civility and he would give civility in return. Give him sarcasm and he supposed he could be as sarcastic as anybody else if he cared to.

THE CHAIRMAN: Unless Mr. Cheevers is rising for the purpose of making an apology I must refuse to hear him.

MR. CHEEVERS: Steady on. I'm coming to that. What I said was said in the heat of the moment in answer to an insult which I had received. I'm quite willing to withdraw if the chairman will reconsider what he said. All I wished to imply was that the chairman was saying what he knew to be untrue. (Cries of "Order!") Or, if you like to put it differently, was unintentionally inaccurate. I do not want to bring coals to Newcastle by dwelling on the subject, so I'll merely say I apologise.

THE CHAIRMAN: That will be sufficient. For my part, I am sorry if anything I said wounded the feelings of Mr. Cheevers. I merely gave my own opinion, and I have no doubt that when the discussion with reference to the pattern of gas-lamp to be adopted is resumed, Mr. Cheevers will give me reason to modify it.

The incident then terminated, and the ordinary business of the meeting was resumed.

Yes, from the point of view of the local reporter the incident had terminated, but with Mr. Cheevers it still lingered. It rankled in his mind; during the rest of the sitting he said nothing. At the close of the meeting, when the chairman offered to help him on with his coat, he refused, said "Good-night" somewhat snappily and walked out.

"Rather touchy," said the chairman to the Reverend Albert Warrington, the vicar of the parish.

"I am afraid so," said the vicar, "and yet a well-meaning man, I believe."

Mr. Cheevers was the proprietor of a little shop in the neighbourhood of Waterloo Station. Every morning he went from his suburb to his shop, and every evening from his shop to his suburb. He dealt in second-hand clothing, was doing fairly well, and contemplated extending his business. In the conduct of it he employed a Mr. and Mrs. Egson. Egson was the name which appeared over the door and in the advertisements. It was Mr. Egson who led the somewhat ashamed male applicant with his bundle into a decent privacy behind a partition, where the price of one black diagonal coat, somewhat frayed about the cuffs, could be settled between them. It was Mrs. Egson who conducted the lady clients to a similar desirable privacy behind another partition. There was, in fact, a general impression that the shop was Egson's, and Mr. Cheevers did nothing to disturb it. In the suburb he spoke of himself vaguely as being engaged in quite a small way in the export trade in the City. None the less, that shop was Cheevers', and the working capital belonged to Cheevers, and the profits accrued to Cheevers. Mr. and Mrs. Egson were merely paid servants, very well paid because they were singularly smart and remarkably hard-working, and perfectly honest. Once, it was long ago, the shop had belonged to the Egsons, but speculation had swamped them. Then Cheevers, as he occasionally reminded

them, rescued them. As the business spread, Mr. Cheevers took himself more and more seriously. He joined every available committee. He spoke in public whenever he had the chance, and sometimes when he had not. The affairs of his suburb were deep in his heart. One day, possibly, he might rise to higher things; but only to his wife, who was a good woman, did he darkly hint of his ambition.

As he walked home from the meeting that sentence haunted him. "It seems to me that Mr. Cheevers has no love of beauty." It was too bad. Upon his soul, it was too bad. The chairman might almost as well have said that he was not a gentleman. Love of beauty? He doubted if there was any man with a house in the terrace where Cheevers lived who spent more on beauty. Pictures, for instance. Take the dining-room. An enlarged and coloured photograph of Mr. Cheevers on the left of the fireplace, an enlarged and coloured photograph of Mrs. Cheevers on the right of the fireplace, and coloured by hand, mark you! Ornaments, again. The mantelpiece was full of them. The tables were full of them too. In the drawing-room he had complained frequently; there was no room to put anything down for the ornaments. He did not know how it might be in the chairman's house, but in his own there were antimacassars on every chair. None of your vulgar crotchet work, either! Crewel-work, representing children and pigs and rustic gates, outlined in red silk; also in blue silk. One in the drawing-room he particularly remembered. It was one and fourpence halfpenny, and looked like brocade. The shopman had described it as Oriental. He would not mind comparing his house with the chairman's house any day, and then who'd talk about the love of beauty? The accusation was too absurd; he must dismiss it from his mind. And in order to do this he had to think of something else.

The thought which occurred to him was that on a piece of waste land just outside his beloved suburb gipsies had encamped. Were they well conducted? Was their *occupation of the* land legitimate? Were they engaged in fortune-telling or other nefarious trades? In fact, was anybody looking after them at all? The thought that in that suburb, unless Cheevers looked after a thing, it was frequently neglected, was a considerable consolation to him. With head more erect and with renewed energy he walked briskly off towards the encampment.

As he approached the caravan an old woman, whom he recognised as one of the gipsies, stepped down towards him. She must have been nearly seventy, but she was erect and had a fine presence.

"Good evening, kind gentleman," she said; "will you let the poor gipsy read your hand and tell you of the great happiness that lies in store for you?"

His first thought had been that he had caught this woman in the act; his second was that he would much like to know what that great happiness was. Just as a constable in plain clothes might rightly drink a pint of bitter in order to prove that beer was being sold without a license, so he, in the search for evidence, might justly have his fortune told.

"Look here," he said, "what do you know about it? If you know anything at all, tell me what I have been thinking of as I came along the road."

"I could do that," she said, "but first you must cross my palm with silver."

He gave her a reluctant shilling.

Her dark, steady, and piercing eyes looked firmly into his, which were small and grey and wavering.

"You were first of all," she said, "thinking of the love of beauty, and that you possessed it; but you were not quite certain that you possessed it. Is that not so?"

"Well," he said, "something of the sort; but I *was* quite certain." Still, he was surprised.

"No," she replied, "you are a man of great sense, and you know in your heart that you have no love of beauty whatever. At the present moment you would very much like to have it, though you would be better without it."

"Prove it, woman," he said irritably: "prove it!"

"I will!" she said. "Cross my palm again with silver, and for seven days you shall have the love of beauty."

Acting on a mad impulse, he drew out yet another shilling and placed it in her palm. As he did so she caught his hand. She then took his other hand and again looked hard at him. And for a while Mr. Cheevers had no more idea of what was happening than if he had been asleep.

* * * *

When Mr. Cheevers regained his consciousness of what was happening, he found that he had left the gipsy encampment far behind him, and was walking in the direction of his own house. The

SHE THEN TOOK HIS OTHER HAND, AND AGAIN LOOKED HARD AT HIM.

hour was late for that particular suburb; it was nearly half-past nine, but there were still a few people about. The Rev. Albert Warrington passed him, and nodded pleasantly. Cheevers returned the nod in a perfunctory way. His attention was chiefly attracted by the sky. There was no moon, but the delicate pearly grey was powdered with a multitude of silver stars. They made Cheevers feel hungry, sad, and mysteriously happy besides. As he turned his eyes to earth again, he espied a row of houses well built on an ugly design, each house exactly like its fellow. "The marvel to me is," he said to himself, "how people can live in such places." Then he suddenly recognised that he was looking at Acacia Terrace; that he lived at 32, Acacia Terrace himself; and that he was standing just by the gate of it. Almost mechanically he let himself in with his latch-key. His wife greeted him in the passage. She was, as I have said, a good woman. She had also, at the time of her marriage, been somewhat good-looking in a florid and slightly overblown fashion. The charm of her *première jeunesse* had gone; her hair was scanty, and she scorned to supplement it. She wore a silver brooch at her fat throat; she was unwieldy, she was voluble, and her hands were red, and she wore felt slippers.

"Well, I am glad to see you, George," she said. "I thought you were never coming home. 'Ad a good meeting?" Mrs. Cheevers, it was generally acknowledged, had married slightly above herself.

Cheevers passed her in the passage without the usual kiss and without a word. She followed him into the dining-room and wished to know if anything had put him about, and also if he would take anything.

"I daresay," she added, "your throat is dry after all these speeches. Let the girl bring you up a small Bass."

Cheevers ran his hands through his hair. Even as he spoke he recognised that though he was speaking the solid truth, he was not speaking at all like Cheevers. He said—

"I am going to resign. At these meetings there is so much fuss about quite unworthy objects. So little is said on the things that really do matter. The strained, ugly, distorted face of a man speaking under great excitement over the merest trifle is positively nauseous to me."

"Well!" said Mrs. Cheevers brightly, "you need not lecture me, you know, George. And won't you have your small Bass as usual?"

"Thanks, no!" he answered. (He had always said "No, thanks!" before, but the love of beauty had come upon him with its less pleasing concomitants.) "I had no wish to rebuke you, dear. One must live one's life, I suppose, such as it is. No Bass, thanks. I have been looking at the night sky, and that amber colour would jar upon me. Give me something in a lower tone. A cup of tea."

The tea came and he drank it. He then threw the cup into the fender, where it broke. He followed it with the saucer, which also broke. He turned apologetically to his wife—

"I am sorry," he said; "but we must get rid of these things. They are too terrible. Their ugliness is a sin and an offence. It would be immoral to give them away or sell them. We must destroy them."

It was Mrs. Cheevers's opinion that George had excited himself, and she said so. She also said that she hoped he had not been taking anything elsewhere. She further hoped that that day would be far distant.

"When a man 's put out like that," she added, "bed 's the place for him."

And Mr. Cheevers went to bed. His last words that night dealt with the extreme picturesqueness of the gipsy encampment and the fact that the suburb should be glad to have its monotony broken by these beautiful and simple people.

"And only last night," said Mrs. Cheevers, "you were all for having them turned out by the police. You 'll be over this by to-morrow."

When Mrs. Cheevers awoke in the morning she could find no trace of her

husband. He had breakfasted early, the servant said, giggling slightly. That he should have gone off to town early did not surprise Mrs. Cheevers. He frequently did this on days when he was likely to be busy; but she could not quite understand that giggle. Somebody had, apparently, made a bonfire in the back garden, and she complained to the girl. The girl said, "Master did it, and he 's burned every antimacassar in the 'ouse."

In the dining-room Mrs. Cheevers found that the two enlarged photographs, coloured by hand, had been taken down, and stood with their faces to the wall. The whole of the ornaments—thirty-two in number—had been removed from the mantelpiece and placed in the coal-box. Those which were not broken she dusted and replaced. She also hung up the photographs again in their appointed positions. Then she sighed deeply and went about her household duties. By the evening he would undoubtedly be better. He came back by the customary

"HE 'S BURNED EVERY ANTIMACASSAR IN THE HOUSE."

train with an air of kindly melancholy. She reminded him that he had promised to take her to the entertainment which the vicar was organising on behalf of the funds of the church school. He went not with that dignity and importance with which he usually entered the suburban town-hall, but rather with the air of a lamb led to the slaughter and knowing its struggles are of no avail. The first item in the programme was described vaguely as "Song: Miss Rosetta Warrington." The Rev. Albert Warrington played the accompaniment. The song was entitled "Heart of My Soul," by the author and composer of "Soul of My Heart," and Miss Rosetta was little more than a quarter of a tone flat, and under ordinary circumstances Cheevers would have been pleased to the point of ejaculating "Ongkor!" The song—we all know it—has a waltz-time refrain, and Cheevers, who had been growing uneasy during the verse, rose slowly from his place during the last three lines—

> Bask with me, breathe with me,
> Be with me, burn with me,
> Ever-rand-devermore.

Then he walked straight out of the hall. Mrs. Cheevers followed him in an agony and inquired if he was ill. He said that he was not ill; he was called up to London. He just caught his train and told her to go back to the entertainment. He returned about twelve o'clock that night. he had been to the St. James's Hall and heard Stavenhagen play Beethoven. He said that this had reconciled him to life. She said, "Stuff and nonsense," and made up her mind that she would have the doctor in on the morrow.

But on the morrow he rose early, breakfasted with patient resignation at the usual hour, and went off to business at his habitual time. Mrs. Cheevers concluded that whatever had been the matter with George had now blown over, and in this happy belief she remained until the afternoon, when Mr. Egson arrived and requested particularly to see her.

"The fact is," said Mr. Egson, looking nervously round the room as he spoke, "I 've been getting a little anxious about Mr. Cheevers; and thinking I had better step over and inquire, I left Mrs. Egson to manage things for an hour or two. You see, he 's not been near the place now for two days, and he 's not sent us any word, and we don't know what to do about it."

With a presence of mind, a tact, a *sangfroid* that were amazing to her at the very moment she employed them, she said that Mr. Cheevers had not been himself. He would be at business on the following morning. Egson said that he supposed it had been an illness, and he was sorry, and he hoped he had inconvenienced nobody. Then he withdrew, and Mrs. Cheevers—the need for diplomacy having passed, and there being no witness to her indulgence in her emotions—sat down and wept. Cheevers arrived home at the ordinary hour with several parcels, which he had brought with him in a cab from the station. He unpacked these, and explained them volubly. One was an old Persian rug, a piece of perfect, pure colour, he said, not dirty colour, like all the other colours in the house. There was also china which, he explained, was at least unpretentious. It was not very good, but it would be possible to eat and drink from it without being absolutely poisoned by ugliness. There was also a picture, an oil-painting. It had been, Cheevers owned, an extravagance, but it was a picture one could live with. One could go when one was tired and look at it and be rested. It contained, he said, nothing that was superfluous; it was a note of what the artist had seen, faithfully and intelligently recorded.

Mrs. Cheevers looked at the picture and said it was very nice. She was not quite certain whether it represented a haystack or a cathedral, and she did not like to ask. One should always humour them, an old nurse had told her. For the same reason she did not ask him where he had spent his day, or why he never kissed her, or why those photographs had been removed again, or why he took a pear which he was not intending to eat and cut it carefully in half, placed it and two other pears with a willow-pattern

plate and a glass of claret beside them, arranged the light carefully, stood a little way back, and then exclaimed: "What a charming piece of still life that would make!"

She had no need to inquire, for his madness was obvious. She waited to take any further step until she had found out where he went when he was supposed to go to business.

The next morning, when Cheevers left for the City, Mrs. Cheevers followed. She was not a born detective, but he did not happen to look round. She remained hidden in the booking-office and entered his train without having been observed by him. At Waterloo he got out, and she again followed him. He went over the bridge to Charing Cross, up Villiers Street, and then up by Trafalgar Square. Here his pace quickened; he dashed up the steps of the National Gallery at a terrific rate. She found him in the Turner Room. He acknowledged that he had spent the previous days there. He said that it had been his wish and intention to go to

"WHAT A CHARMING PIECE OF STILL LIFE THAT WOULD MAKE!"

business as usual, but there was something, an awful and mysterious fascination in the beauty of the pictures, which allured him. She showed some spirit. With a very few words she took him by the arm and led him out again. She led him to his place of business and handed him over to Mr. Egson. There he remained, groaning occasionally, as if in pain, but going through the ordinary routine of his work for the rest of that day. Next morning she followed him again. Outside Waterloo Station he stood absolutely still for three minutes, and then started off hurriedly, as if some unseen power were drawing him in the direction of the National Gallery. Half-way up the steps he clenched his teeth, and by a supreme effort turned and descended. He found himself face to face with his wife, and was exceedingly angry. On the following days of the seven she did not dare to accompany him, but by communicating with Mr. Egson, she found out that Mr. Cheevers was once more neglecting his business. Once he came down as usual in the morning, remained for ten minutes, and then dashed out of the shop and into a hansom. Egson had actually heard the words "National Gallery" addressed to the driver. As the fascination of the gin-shop for the drunkard, so was the fascination of the National Gallery for Cheevers in his new and absorbing love for beauty. He brought home fresh purchases every night. He broke some really good furniture. He told his wife that he was anxious to do his duty by her, but romantic love was more than she must expect.

On the evening of the seventh day she could no longer wait. She sent for the doctor. A letter from Cheevers to the local paper strongly protesting against any interference with the gipsies, had excited considerable attention, as being utterly inconsistent with the views he had previously expressed. People were beginning to talk. Something had to be done. It was shortly before half-past nine that she heard the doctor's rap at the door. The girl was out, and she rose to answer it. Cheevers also rose and stretched himself, as one who wakes out of sleep. He kissed his wife, and said—

"Don't you go into that draughty passage. I'll answer that door."

He brought the doctor in and explained to him that Mrs. Cheevers had a cold. He discussed suburban politics with his old interest, noticed a new oil-painting hanging on the wall, and asked his wife where she got that daub from. She said that she had picked it up. When the doctor had gone, Cheevers said—

"Thought we should never get rid of him! It's a long time since we had a bit of a crack, old lady. You don't look a day older, for that matter, than you did when that photograph was taken. And, by the way, where *is* that photograph?"

Next day Mr. Cheevers went to business as usual. He has explained that there was nothing inconsistent whatever in his attitude regarding the gipsies whose immediate expulsion he now demanded. It took the eloquence and the argument of Cheevers to make this clear; but it has been done. The business is prospering; his wife sees his secret ambition growing daily nearer to its fulfilment. She is perfectly happy, and has resumed her singing. He has bought her a copy of "Soul of My Heart," and if she likes it, will undoubtedly buy "Heart of My Soul" as well; and the only thing that can really wound Mr. Cheevers is to tell him that he has no love of beauty.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

JANET DOUGHERTY was churning in the bawn before the house-door. She was downy as a peach, pink and firm, and her round white arms were beautiful with youth and strength. Her blue bed-gown worn over a stout red petticoat fell open at the throat, showing a glimpse of her full white bosom. She was freckled like the cowslips, and had eyes blue as the cornflower.

The little house nestled under its thatch as a bird's-nest below the eaves. There were two rooms to the lower storey, a kitchen and a little-used parlour. Upstairs in an attic in the roof Janet's old grandmother sat, year in and year out, shaking a head palsied with age and infirmity.

A man came down the mountain-road riding a stout little cob. He sat the horse squarely like a trooper, and looked before him with brooding, deep-set eyes. His hair was turning grey about the temples. The expression of his square, colourless face was concentrated to one of fixed purpose. About the lips were lines which some intense suffering had graven there. The face of a man of action, who had become an enthusiast and a dreamer of dreams—that was the face of the rider.

The girl's voice rang out in the clear air brilliant as the blackbird's. The churning was done, and while she twirled the dash to free it from the butter it had gathered she was singing a Jacobite song of Ireland, "Mo Creevin Eevin Alga O," to a wild and passionate music.

The man pulled up with a jerk, and looked about him. He was in a little valley like a cup in the hills: it held only the tiny farmstead and the road that wound into it an instant and then climbed out of it into the world again. The valley was full of blue autumnal mists like smoke, and the reek of the peat was sweet in the air. The blue of the mist and the sky, the gold of the thatch and the rick and the yellowing trees: it was a picture full of beauty and gentle melancholy.

He looked about him like a man newly wakened from his sleep. A look of horrified recognition rose and marred his face. Then he leant forward on his cob's neck and closed his eyes, and his lips moved. The tragic and terrible look passed, and the air of suffering and purification returned.

As he came to himself he heard again the brilliant voice. Something of his old self stirred within him, something of the hot and unregenerate man as he was before he had fallen in with the followers of Mr. Wesley, and been snatched as a brand from the burning. His eyes went after the voice, and they kindled. A dark flush came into his colourless face. With the step of a young man he lit down from his horse, and opened the little white gate.

"'Tis a fine day we're having," he said.

"'Tis so," said the girl, turning, and smiling at him fearlessly. "And hot for the time of year."

"Would you be giving me a drink of your sweet buttermilk?" he asked.

"And welcome," she replied. "Just take a seat there on the stone till I get the butter off. Then you can have what you like of the milk!"

He took the seat she indicated and watched her. Her round arms plunged again and again in the creamy milk, and each time she brought up her two hands full of the golden butter, which she placed in a pail of spring-water. He watched her fascinated, his eyes wandering from the reddish-gold hair to the white chin and swelling bosom, or sinking to her little feet in their stout brogues and stockings of grey-blue worsted.

"You live your lone here?" he asked after a time.

"Except for the old gran." She looked towards the window in the roof. "She is past her work, and very old."

"Have you no protection?" he asked, with a sternness which made the girl look at him wonderingly. "I mean," he said, "that it is a lonely place for a young maid and an old woman without some mankind."

She smiled at him—her open smile of youth and trust.

"Oh! but no one would hurt us," she said. "Besides, who is there to? We have no neighbours, and 'tis seldom anyone passes the road—maybe not three times a year."

"'Tis a temptation," he said, "to the coward and evil-doer."

"If there were such," she answered. "But everyone is kind."

"Ah," he said, "little you know the world, poor lamb!"

She smiled again with pleasure at the tenderness in his voice.

"But I have been in the world," she said. "I have been to Finvara Fair, and saw the Circus on the Green. The clown would make you die with laughing."

"Poor vagabonds!" he said. "Poor vagabonds and castaways!"

"You will be a preacher?" she asked.

"No," he answered; "only a farmer—one John Allen, from Lough Neagh side. I have a gift of the preaching, but I am not in the ministry."

"I knew," she said, "when you came in at the gate that you were a godly man."

He blushed painfully.

"No," he said, "but a great sinner."

And, indeed, it was not the religious enthusiast but the natural man, the passion in whose eyes kindled with every movement of her form.

"You too are of the brethren?" he said, looking up and meeting her peaceful gaze.

"We are. My father was convinced of sin by Mr. Wesley himself. He heard him in Dublin, when he visited the godly Lady Moira."

"Your father," he asked, and his voice was full of a tragic eagerness, "your father was of Dublin, then?"

"Ah, no," she said. "He was taken with a wandering fit in his youth, and would see the world. By the mercy of God he heard Mr. Wesley preach, and came home to live a God-fearing life till . . ."

"Till?" The man panted for her answer.

"Till he was murdered in '98. His only crime was that he loved his country, and desired, as a Christian man,

to be at peace with his countrymen, even those who were Papists or had learned the French heathenism."

The girl's face had blanched, and her voice was low and full of horror.

"Murdered . . . killed in war?" said the man, as though he hoped to hear something that would mitigate what she had said.

"Murdered by his hearthstone. . . . His only crime that he was a United Irishman."

"Would it be the soldiers?" he asked again, almost entreatingly.

"No soldiers. Yeomen from over the mountains. The place flowed with blood. Gran, who saw it, has seen blood ever since. It comes between her and her Bible. That is why she shakes like a leaf ready to drop. Father was hacked and hewed to death worse than a sheep at the butcher's. Mother was taken with her pains there in the midst of his blood, and I was born that night. The last yeoman to ride away flung a torch into the thatch, but the Lord sent his rain to put it out. There was no one left living at all—except Gran and little me. Even Pinch, our old dog, had a bayonet in him!"

"The blood of the innocent burns like flame," said the man wildly. "Be sure, wherever the unhappy murderers go they are in hell . . . in hell-fire."

The girl gazed at him wonderingly. The sweat stood out on his brow, and his eyes flamed under the grey ghastliness of his face.

THE OLD EYES THAT SAW ONLY BLOOD HAD NO VISION FOR THIS ENSIGN OF LOVE.

"Ah! no," she said. "We heard of the wickedest of them that he prospered. God does not deal so with sinners in this world."

"He does, he does! Even when the sinner dreams that he has found peace, the Lord's arm is shortened to strike him."

He rocked himself to and fro, and great groans broke from his heaving breast.

"Ah," said the girl, "you are a good man to take the sin of the world so greatly to heart. It is like Mr. Wesley himself, who grieved for sin as though he himself were the sinner."

"It is only so," said the man fiercely, "that you can grieve. What is the grief of the saints for the sin they have never known compared with his that God snatches out of the pit by the hair of his head? 'Tis he that knows the curse of it, because he burns—he burns."

"Why, you have never had your buttermilk, after all!" said the girl, with a return to her sweet and natural voice. "Poor man, and you have so taken to heart what I have told you! There, drink and rest. See, all that old wickedness is over, and we are at peace. God permitted it. The seed of martyrs."

"Ay, but woe for them who shall sow it."

"You forget. Paul was a persecutor, so was David, yet God loved them."

He looked up at the sweet reasonableness of her face, and the horror and anguish passed from his own.

"Ah, yes," he said. "So it is written. Though they be red as scarlet——"

"Why, see how sweet it is here!" she said, leading him back gently to the peace she had shaken. "This little valley seems to gather the sunshine and overflow with it on mornings like this. Our crops are all gathered; and look at our fine turf-rick against the winter! There are no wolves in this quiet place now. If there were, would Sheila be so confident as she is?" She pointed playfully to a pet lamb that had come trotting round the corner of the house. "There is nothing here but peace. The very birds know they are safe, and eat from my fingers. There are no wolves in the world now."

"Ah!" he said. "You are like David's music that drew Saul out of his madness."

He handed her back the vessel from which he had refreshed himself.

"Why, poor man," she said, looking at his hand, "how your poor hand is injured! What a terrible mark; and how angry it is, as though it yet bled!"

"A slash of broken glass long ago. I seldom feel it," he said, putting the hand behind his back, "though there are times when it stings. But I must be going my way."

"Will you not expound a chapter for Gran? It is seldom a man so godly comes our way. She would esteem it, poor old soul."

The man sprang back as though she had struck him.

"Not to-day," he said hastily. "I must be going my way."

"But you will pass this way again," she said innocently.

"Perhaps, perhaps," he said, and again his eyes kindled. "Perhaps . . . you have need of a friend, being young and fair, and unprotected."

Her eyes fell before his, and he mounted his horse and rode away.

Janet carried her butter into the little dairy, and then went slowly up the stairs to the attic room.

"Who were you talking to, child?" called a quavering voice before she could enter. "I heard a man's voice. It went on and on. A young maid should not be so ready to talk with strangers."

"He was of the brethren, and a godly man. He asked for a drink of buttermilk, and finding I, too, was of them he rested and talked awhile."

"Ah, he was of the brethren!" said the old woman, with a slow sigh. The trembling of her head never ceased. "Why didn't you bring him to see me? You forget how lonesome it is up here—lonesome, and full of ghosts. I am led away by apparitions and sounds. Why, his godly voice seemed to me like the voice of him who murdered your father; and I could see his face—his face that has haunted me ever since."

"This was a godly man," said the girl

comfortingly. "You think too much of those murderers, Gran. If you would leave them to the Lord your mind would be more at rest."

"If I could know that He had visited them!" cried the old woman, her voice rising to a scream, and her head trembling like a dead leaf in a gale.

"Leave them to Him!" said the girl again gently.

"Ay, I may trust Him. I have given my cause to Him long ago. But why didn't your godly man come and read a chapter to me? Did he know I was here sitting all day my lone? . . . except for the Lord. Did he? Did you tell him? Or did you think only to talk of yourself?—as the young always do."

"I told him," answered the girl gently. "He said he would come again."

Her colour came and went, but the old

SHE CAUGHT HIS HAND AND HELD IT TO HER BOSOM.

eyes that saw only blood had no vision for this ensign of love.

John Allen came again, riding hard down the mountain-road, with the air of one who is riding to his fate. He came many times, and his wooing was fierce and rapid. Often the girl looked at him in surprise, feeling dimly that his unrestrained passion was overmuch of this earth; but she was never afraid of him. She was innocent, and she had given him her whole heart.

There were times when his moods beat to and fro, when one minute he was stormy as the blackest tarn in the mountain, and the next was hanging above her in a frenzy of pity and remorse.

"How can you love me?" he asked her, after a scene in which, as usual, the trouble had been all of his making.

"How can I not?" she said simply. "It is your love makes you strange. I know you are a good man—the best of men—and so must love you."

"And if I were not?"

She looked perplexed.

"Perhaps . . . I should still love you. It would be very hard. But why talk of such things? You are of the elect."

"And if I were of the wolves?"

"Ah," she said, "that could not be!"

"Janet," he said, "is it not possible that though a man had the heart of a wolf, the Lord might change him?"

"Why, yes," she said. "Wolves are only wild dogs, after all."

He drew a deep breath, as though her gentle reassurance had lifted a burden from his heart.

"I had not thought of that," he said. "So the grace of the Lord might make the wolves into the shepherd's dogs, to protect where else they had ravaged and destroyed."

"And sure," she said, following the image with pretty ingenuity, "the shepherd's dog were all the wiser for knowing wolves' ways."

"Why, so he were," cried John Allen, almost joyfully. "Janet, my bird," he went on, with hardly a pause, "I have made up my mind to enter the ministry."

"I am so glad," she said; "and I shall be a minister's wife."

"You will like it, Janet?"

"Like it! And poor Gran will die happy. She had not looked for such election."

His face clouded, as it usually did, at any mention of the old woman; and the girl felt the change in his mood without recognising the reason. To propitiate him she caught his hand and held it to her bosom; and the pity in her eyes for the maiming of it was sweeter than a mother's when she looks on her hurt child.

"The poor hand!" she said sweetly. "I wish I might have suffered it."

He snatched it from her with an inarticulate hoarse cry, and his face worked in a paroxysm of anger or terror. She started back from him afraid.

"There!" he said, full of contrition. "Did I frighten you, my pretty one? Forgive me! The hurt of it sometimes stabs me to the heart."

Her smile came out like the sun from behind clouds.

"I am not frightened," she said, "only grieved that it hurts. I shall never be frightened of you."

"Because I love you," he panted. "Because I would give my soul for you, Janet."

"That is not right," she said, in gentle rebuke. "Our souls are not ours to give."

"They are ours to destroy," he said gloomily. "And if I could purchase you by the death of the soul, and only that way, I would."

She was patient with him when he said such things, feeling that it was his love for her troubled him; and men, she said to herself, were not like women; they took love as something of a distemper in the blood, and presently, when he was hers to comfort and keep, he should know peace.

Still, he did not ask her to name a time for their marriage, and though she was too modest and gentle to speak of it, she wondered in her heart. But after a time she concluded within herself that he was waiting for something. Perhaps, till he was in the ministry. And, anyhow, this time was sweet enough except for their absences from each other.

So the weeks passed and grew to

months, and yet John Allen and Janet's old grandmother had not met. Janet had entreated him often to see the old woman, but he had always deferred it, and a part of the girl's nature was a pliancy which made it difficult for her to insist.

At first the old woman knew of his visits and complained, blaming Janet harshly because he did not come to relieve the tedium of her loneliness. Then, with the querulousness of old age and the bitterness of much trouble, she railed at the girl, saying things of this lover who came by stealth that made Janet's cheeks all one wounded red. The terrible directness of Scripture came easily to the old woman's tongue; and after that Janet held her peace and said no more, whether he came or went.

"AH, YOU WILL CARRY IT TO YOUR GRAVE, AND FARTHER. YOU WILL NOT LOSE IT IN HELL, MURDERER—THE MARK I HAVE GIVEN YOU."

But as the time passed the old life flickered like the dying flame of a candle that one minute is burning up brightly and the next is guttering out into darkness. Then the time came when Janet was housebound, to be within call of the old dying voice, and her moments with her lover

were few. He would stop at the white gate where he had first seen her, and she would steal out to him and flutter a moment into his arms to rest there, and then return to her vigil. She could not complain that he did not feel with her. His first words were always of inquiry for the old woman, and were uttered with an eagerness that made the girl wonder.

"If you had loved her like a son, you could not have cared more," she said one day, her hand caressing his cheek. "Ah! how good you are to care so for a lonely, forgotten old woman!"

"I care for you, Janet," he said hoarsely.

She lifted her head to look him in the face.

"I cannot be sorry it comes to an end," she said. "So many years helpless, in a world full of ghosts and shapes of fear. God forgive me if I have not borne with her as patiently as I ought! She has been hard to me sometimes, but to-day, while her mind was clear, she gave me the sweetest of blessings for me and mine."

"Did she speak of me?"

"I told her of you, and that you were to be a minister. She said a strange thing then. She asked me to forgive her because she had been wicked towards you. 'My mind is clear at last,' she said. 'The Lord has been merciful to me, and has let me see before I go. My blessing on him too,' she said. 'It has not been my fault that I have confused him with murderers and persecutors. It is only that I am very old.'"

The man stood an image of fear, but Janet went on without looking at him.

"She said the first day you were here that your voice, heard at a distance, recalled the chief of those murderers. Forgive her. She is so old, and her days and nights were haunted. Why, God's sun on the wall was the glow of the burning thatch, and a gleam of sunset terrified her because it seemed to her like splashes of blood."

The man moved his head uneasily, as a sick head tosses on the pillow.

"It will be a happy release," he said at last.

"Most happy, though I shall miss her. She has been my baby for years. I shall miss her, and the doing everything for her."

"You will have me."

"Ah, yes, I shall have you."

"And you will come to me at once?"

"Away from this," the girl sighed, "and over the mountains to Lough Neagh side. 'Twill be unhomelike; but you will be there."

"I thought, Janet . . ." he said, watching her closely, "that perhaps we should go much farther than Lough Neagh side. It seems to me the Lord has called me to missionary work among the heathen. As soon as I am in the ministry, I shall volunteer for the dark places. What do you say, Janet?"

She looked around for an instant, and her face was full of yearning.

"I shall be glad to go," she said; "but often, often, I shall see the peace of this place, and my heart will hunger after it."

The next day she drew John Allen towards the little house.

"Come in at last," she said, "over my threshold. Gran has not spoken for hours, but lies with her eyes closed. It is the stupor of death. Come, we need not fear to disturb her now."

He went as though her touch constrained him, but his face was full of unwillingness and fear.

In the bright sunshine of the little kitchen a canary sang because it was early February and spring was in the air. The room was sweet and homely, and on the table was spread a meal of oatcake and butter and honey, with a pitcher of milk for the welcome guest.

Something of the silence of death was in the house, though the canary was singing. John Allen stood gazing helplessly about him, till his eyes fell on a patch of the floor and rested there.

The girl flitted about, ready to wait on him with the offices of love. She added one thing and another to the refection on the table; and engrossed in her happy task, she did not notice that he sat in his chair a black shadow on the brightness of the room, his maimed hand hanging by

his side, and his eyes on that patch of the floor.

The door creaked behind him, opening slowly from without. He sat too dazed to hear it, but Janet turned from the dresser with a face of amazement. Then she gave a little low cry and stood as though rooted to the spot.

The open door framed the figure of a little old woman who looked already dead. There were white things about her head, and a white garment to her feet. The face was as immobile as the face of a corpse, and the lids drooped over the eyes as though already death had sealed them. Face and hair were of almost equal colourlessness, and as she stood there it was easy to believe her a dead woman risen out of her coffin.

The lids lifted themselves slowly, slowly, and as if there were nothing else in the room, the eyes concentrated all their gaze on John Allen. He had risen from his seat, and, beholding the apparition in the doorway, had fallen back against the wall, and stood watching the unsealing of those eyes as though it were the opening of the Book on Judgment Day.

The old dying eyes became a horror of hatred and anger.

"So you have come back?" she said. "They are all dead only me. Have you come to finish your work because I bit your hand through to the bone? Ah, you will carry it to your grave, and farther. You will not lose it in hell, murderer—the mark I have given you."

She reeled in her place as she stood; but her eyes, with the light fading out of them, kept fixed that glare of hate, as a dead man's eyes might keep the last scene he had looked upon. She fell in the doorway, a limp thing of death, huddled together ingloriously, and the old head quiet at last.

John Allen came out of his trance to hear Janet speaking to him, and he could not recognise the voice that had been hers, and soft as a dove's.

"Go!" she was saying, and her eyes were steel and fire. "Go from the house you have polluted, and the Lord cleanse me from you! I, most unhappy, who have known the caresses of my father's murderer!"

John Allen went out without a word.

Then Janet took the quiet old head to her breast, and sat rocking it like a sleeping child. And the canary, which had been silent a minute, burst out into singing, and presently again flooded the sunshiny house with its music.

THE wind has blown my heart away
All on a summer holiday,
If you can find it pray you tell,
For this is how the loss befell:

If you will now my tale believe,
I wore my heart upon my sleeve,
So came it that, alack the day!
The wind did blow my heart away.

D. S. S.

AN IDYLL.

By CECIL CLARE.

ONCE upon a time in Ireland, and not so long ago either, there lived in the wild West an old widow-woman and her two sons. Now the old woman was full of aches and pains, and had lain on her back for a twelvemonth in her bed.

And it happened one day the old woman bade her sons go into the churchyard at midnight and lay some nuts on a tomb there. This was on a Hallow-eve, and that day, you all know, is the time when ghosts and spirits wander about, and it is the one day in the year that they may roam the world till cockcrow. And if you leave nuts on a tomb at midnight for an hour at this time, the spirits will bless them, and ever after those nuts will avert from you the evil eye and other witchcraft.

Now when the two youths sallied forth at night to lay the nuts on the tomb, they were full of fear and trembling, and as they tried to get there one hiding behind the other, it was long before they passed their own door. But the old woman, hearing them shuffling and muttering outside her window, gave a terrible yell at them for their folly; and as they feared her more than they feared the ghosts, they soon arrived panting at the churchyard.

Now they had just laid the nuts on a large flat tombstone when they saw two huge grey figures rising from behind it out of the darkness, and I need not say they ran and ran so that when they reached their own door the wind was not before them.

Now it happened that the churchyard was laid out in the centre of a large track of waste land, and this was a great place for the peasant-farmers to turn out their sheep to graze. And where you have sugar you have flies, and where you have gold you have thieves, and the two huge figures the widow's sons saw that night were nothing more and nothing less than two sheep-stealers waiting for their companions to return from a raid on the scattered sheep. Well, when the old woman saw her sons come tearing all out of breath and white with fear, she fell to abusing them and bewailing the loss of her nuts. And as she had so much to say and took so long to say it, the young men had quite recovered their breath by the time she lost hers.

Then they told her how they had seen two figures as big as pine-trees glaring at them out of the night. And at this the old woman took to laughing as much as she had cried before, and she said if it was not for her rheumatism, and her lumbago, and her neuralgia, and the hurt on her foot, she would go herself and fetch the nuts, and nothing would frighten her.

"And for the matter of that," continued she, "what should stop you from carrying me?" Well, the young men stuttered,

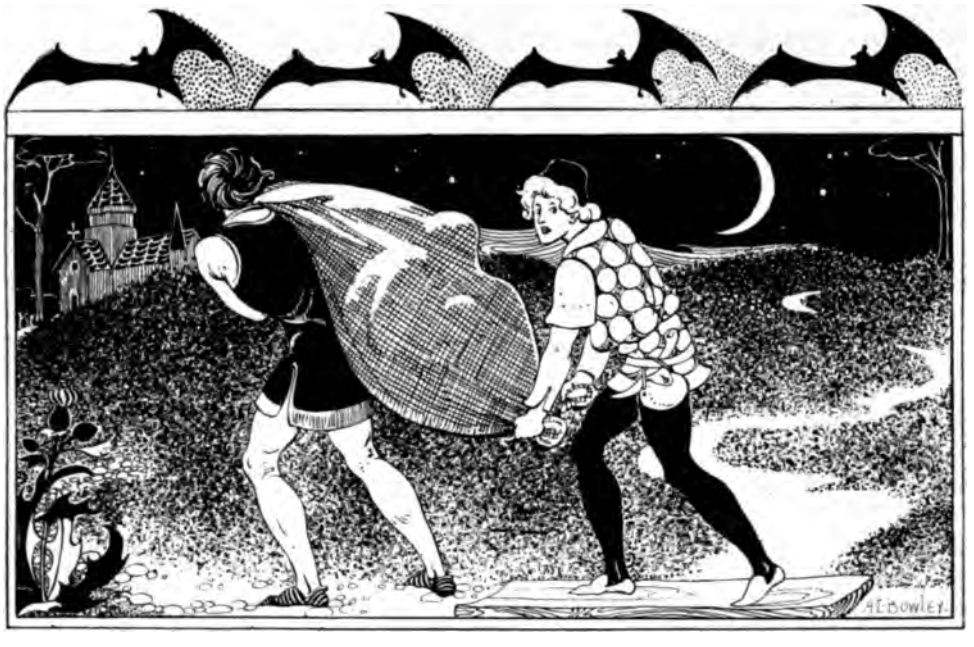
and shook, and vowed nothing on earth would make them face the churchyard again that night, and the two figures as big as pine-trees.

But the old woman gave another yell at them that so frightened them that they did not know where to look for terror, and they were glad to promise anything she asked them.

Then she bade them put her into a sack for want of a better carriage, and to carry her to the churchyard on their backs. Well, if the old woman had not been there they would have been quarrelling still; for neither wanted to be the one to carry the sack, and they both wanted to be the one to push behind.

If they were quick in coming from the graveyard they were slow in reaching it. Many a growl the old woman gave at the way they shook and shivered, making, as she said, her rheumatism, her lumbago, her neuralgia, and her sore foot worse than it ever was before.

Well, no sooner did they reach the graveyard, with the sack on their back, than from behind a big stone rose up the two sheep-stealers, looking as big as pine-trees in the darkness. Now, when the thieves saw the widow's sons with the sack on their back coming towards them in the gloom, they thought it was their companions coming with a sheep, and they said in a loud whisper—



THEY WERE SLOW IN REACHING THE GRAVEYARD.

"Is she fat or lean? Is she fat or lean?"

Well, when the widow's two sons saw them and heard what they said, they thought they were ghouls, and dropped the sack, crying—

"Fat or lean, there she is for you!"

And, so saying, they ran and ran, and when they reached their own door the wind had not passed them. But, quick as they were, the old woman with her rheumatism, her lumbago, her neuralgia, and her sore foot was there before them; and that is the most wonderful part of my story.

THE UGLY MRS. DURING.

By RICHARD PRYCE.

CHAIN DURING did not know that his mother was ugly. He combatted her objections to the taking of the photograph. She did not, indeed, give her reasons for the objections she raised, and he did not guess them. It was not that his faculties of perception were not sufficiently fine, but rather, in truth, that their fineness was such as to enable, possibly even to cause him to overlook a thing which to the outsider was more than obvious.

When he looked at his mother's face he did not see the irregular features, nor the faded hair that grew in such a hopelessly unbecoming way round the high forehead. He did not see the expanse of unqualified temple, the want of balance in the relation of head to throat, the ill-placed ears. Neither did he see that her caps and bonnets aggravated a grotesqueness which it should have been their office to conceal.

To have called Mrs. During a plain woman would have been to be prodigal of compliments. Her nose was long and insistent. You saw it at once. It caught your attention and held it. When you were talking to her, even after it had ceased to surprise you, perhaps, indeed, after you had fallen under the spell of the charm of her manner, your fascinated gaze returned to unwitting contemplation of it. This was when you saw her for the first time.

"What a funny little woman!" you said to yourself, conscious that you must be quoting the words of every commentator who had preceded you; and you looked at her nose.

Then you saw that the twinkling eyes were much too small, that they looked out over little mounds of cheek, and that they were quite unshaded by eyebrows.

There was a lavish waste of flesh in the composition of the face.

Mrs. During's figure had neither dignity nor symmetry. It was not altogether ill-proportioned, but the tendency to a stoutness, to mitigate which height was lacking, made Mrs. During comical even at a distance. She did not know how to dress, and the uncompromising plainness of her gowns would have been trying to a less notably ugly woman.

Chain During, I say, saw nothing of all this. He looked at his mother and saw the outward expression of a goodness that was notable and inherent. He saw, somehow, the beautiful soul of the woman who had been everything to him since he was old enough to appreciate an affection that was self-sacrificing and unfathomable.

There came a day when Mrs. During fell ill. Chain sat beside her bed and wondered what he would do if his mother died. Mrs. During thought that she was going to die, and when she looked at Chain and saw how his eyes rested on her face she smiled, and when she thought that he did not see her she cried a little. But he did see her, and he pressed the hand he held. It was a very pretty hand. Mrs. During had hands for a sculptor.

Chain laid his face beside hers on the pillow. When he raised it presently, and bent over her to ask her if there was anything that he could do for her, she looked up at him with the love that transfigured her face. She wondered, as everyone else wondered, how she had come to be the mother of so handsome a son. Chain had straight features and a ruddy skin, and the

litheness of an athlete. Then she thought of his father.

"The two best men have loved me," she thought. "Chain, my husband, never knew that I was ugly, and Chain, my son, does not know. What does it matter, after all? And where I am going it will not matter either."

But Mrs. During did not go where she thought she was going—at least, not just then. She got well and she was uglier than ever.

"IT'S NOT A BIT LIKE YOU," SAID CHAIN.

Her illness pulled her down; it reduced her bulk, but that was not the improvement that you might have expected. Her pale face seemed more unshaded than before, her nose more prominent. After a time, however, she regained her strength and her spirits, and the indefinable charm of her manner was potent as ever. It was this beguiling manner that had blinded the eyes of Chain the husband to her defects, and that blinded those of Chain the son. It had its power even over you, who said, when you first saw her, "Oh, what a funny little woman!" It explained everything to you. It showed you the beauty of the sweet soul that had so unprepossessing a shrine, and after a few minutes it made you question the very ugliness of the shrine itself.

When Chain During knew that his mother was restored to him, he told her a thing that had troubled him on that terrible day when he had thought that she was going to be taken from him.

"I thought that if I lost you—oh! mother——"

"My boy — my dear Chain!"

She drew him to her and kissed him.

"Well, that day when I was thinking everything over—what you had been to me, what life would be without you—I remembered that there was not even a likeness of you that I should be able to look at. I cursed myself because I had never made you be photographed, and I thought it was too late."

"We have not been separated, Chain."

"But now you must be photographed. One ought not to run such risks. It is like putting off the signing of a will."

"But I have never been photographed."

It was true. Mrs. During, with the liveliest appreciation of her shortcomings, had avoided lending them to the permanent impression of photography.

She tried to change the subject. He went back to it. She expostulated.

"My dear, I would rather not be taken," she said.

"But I wish it so much, mother."

"Well, then, some time or other. I won't forget about it."

"Some time is no time."

"I should have to get a dress."

"Nonsense! I don't want a photograph of a dress."

"Well, we'll see about it, dear."

"To-day," said Chain firmly. "I shall look for a photographer this afternoon, and make an appointment for next week. You must please me, mother. I want a likeness of you for myself, and I want one to send to Eve."

Chain During at Oxford had engaged himself to Eve Rochester, his tutor's daughter. Circumstances had hitherto prevented her from making his mother's acquaintance.

When Mrs. During saw that her son's wish was ardent she gave in with a good grace, though with inward misgivings.

The day arrived, and Mrs. During dressed herself nervously. She had never looked uglier. She gazed into the glass, and saw how impossible was the fight against such odds. Her hair straggled away from the large forehead which it could not shade or soften. Her nose seemed longer than ever. She tried to think that it was the light, or that her looking-glass was untruthful. There was so much difference in looking-glasses. She remembered that she looked far worse in some than in others. The thing expressed itself naturally in this way: it would not have occurred to her to say that in some she looked better. Her hand-glass told an unpleasant story about the view of her head from behind. When she put on her bonnet her face had an exposed appearance that her veil, which sat badly, could not mitigate.

She smiled to herself sadly. Then she turned away with a sigh. There was that which was noble in the determined courage of this ugly woman. Chain was waiting for her in the drawing-room.

"Isn't that rather a dark dress?" he said. It was her best dress. She told him so, and he said nothing more.

A fly took the pair to the shop.

Chain During never knew the struggle which it cost his mother to go in. She looked at the photographs with which the place was filled.

"I should like one of you like this," said Chain.

He held a photograph in platinotype of a woman of about his mother's age. Delicate features were reproduced with the clearness of a steel engraving.

"Mine won't be like that, Chain."

Some girls were coming down from the studio, and she saw one of them nudge another. A little explosion of laughter followed.

"Won't you be photographed instead of me?" Mrs. During said to her son. It was a last effort to avoid what must come.

"My dear mother, there are dozens of photographs of me and none of you."

The attendant led the way to the torture-chamber.

Mrs. During was resigned.

The photographer made his appearance. He was cold and indifferent. What matter how he posed such a sitter!

Chain saw a good woman and nothing that was ugly.

"It is for you, Chain, that I am undergoing this," Mrs. During said to herself, and tried to keep the tears from her eyes.

"A little less solemn, please—a little less as if Madam was going through an operation."

The man's manner was not without deference, though his words might lack it.

Mrs. During's face flushed.

"I am not quite ready," she said in a low voice.

Then on a sudden the man understood her. He saw the ordeal through which his client was going, and with gracious tact he devoted his attention to his camera. He spared himself no pains. He arranged his lights and shades that they might deal most kindly with her, he posed her in such ways as should throw none of her features into undue prominence, his wish to gratify her was patent as he entered into the situation. When all was over and she smiled and thanked him she made him her slave.

But with the best intentions the result was appalling. Mrs. During cried a little when she saw it.

"It's not a bit like you," said Chain. "But it's better than nothing."

Eve Rochester, a thoughtless girl, but not unkind at heart, laughed for a whole evening when her copy arrived. She took neither her lover nor her own soul seriously in those days, and in a moment of exuberant mischief she detached the photograph from the cardboard, cut it out with irresponsible scissors in such a way as to fit it on to the picture of a horse which she took from an illustrated paper. She pasted the whole thing into a book of more or less humorous scraps, and she laughed at the effect till the tears ran down her cheeks. It was very funny.

Mrs. During thought so herself, as she came across it accidentally when she was staying with the Rochesters a month later.

"Don't show it to Chain," she said gently, "if you love him."

In a moment Eve's arms were round her neck.

"I didn't know you when I did it," she said vehemently.

IN A MOMENT EVE'S ARMS WERE ROUND HER NECK.

IF one man in England longs for a little rest it must be Lord Kitchener, for since he "from Egypt's bondage came" his grateful countrymen in every corner of the

THE SIRDAR AS A CADET.

country have longed to feast him. There have been distinguished Englishmen who claimed descent from every country; not so the Sirdar. He proclaims himself a sturdy East Anglian. The antiquaries have been burrowing into the story of his family, with the result that they have established beyond the shadow of a doubt that though he was born in Ireland, he is not an Irishman.

The Kitcheners came from Lakenheath, in Suffolk, where the Sirdar's ancestors first appeared (so far as is known) in 1666. His grandfather was also born at Lakenheath. His half-uncle was Master of the Clothworkers' Company, so that London did the right thing in entertaining him at the Mansion House.

One of the soldiers who have come brilliantly out of the Egyptian Campaign is Sergeant Russell, of the Scots Guards, who has received a commission in the Egyptian army. Mr. Russell "'listed" in 1892, and was lent (for five years) to Fuzzy-Wuzzy in 1895. His life-work now lies in Egypt.

The late Jay Gould's son Howard has, like his elder brother, married an actress. Mrs. Howard Gould that is, was formerly

SERGEANT RUSSELL,

Who has got a Commission in the Egyptian Army.

Photo by Price, New York.

MISS KATHRINE CLEMMONS, WHO HAS MARRIED MR. HOWARD GOULD.

Miss Kathrine Clemmons. She is related to Buffalo Bill. The interest in the alliance centres in the fact of the rumoured curtailment of Mr. Howard's legacy under the

Photo by Pirou, Paris.
M. DELCASSE.

will of his father, who left instructions that the lad must marry only with the consent of his family. His sister is a great philanthropist in New York.

After Dreyfus, M. Delcassé has certainly been more talked about this year than any other Frenchman; for his position as Minister for Foreign Affairs has given him a platform for conspicuous publicity. Of course, it is only his official position that has entitled M. Delcassé to so much notice, for, as a private individual, he has little claim to distinction.

On the other hand, Maître Demange, the defender of Dreyfus, has come to the front very slowly. His splendid persistency in the case of Dreyfus and his fine tact have made him the object of admiration even to his enemies.

France is always with us — at this moment in every side of life; for Dumas has deluged our stage, just as if the English dramatist was a *non est*. It is fifty-four years since "The Three Musketeers" was written, yet we have had no fewer than four different versions of the novel this year.

Miss Kate Rorke, who made such a charming picture as Anne of Austria, the Queen of Louis XIII., to Mr. Lewis Waller's d'Artagnan, is less seldom seen nowadays than she used to be. She will celebrate her majority as an actress next March; for it was in 1878 that she "walked on" as one of the schoolgirls in "Olivia" at the Court Theatre. Perhaps her best work was done with Mr. Hare's company. Her sister Mary took to the stage in 1874, under Mr. Wyndham's management. Curiously enough, their father's picture-frame shop is now at the back of the Criterion Theatre, in Jermyn Street. The Rorkes are staunch Catholics, and are always ready to help a deserving charity.

Three curious peerage claims are absorbing the interests of the genealogists. In the first instance, the Earldom of Caithness, which is now held by a farmer in America, is claimed by the Rev. John Sinclair, the parish minister of Kinloch Rannoch, Perth, who says it

Photo by Pirou, Paris.
DREYFUS'S DEFENDER.

ought to have gone to his ancestor, Donald Sinclair, on the death of that worthy's cousin, the ninth Earl, two centuries ago, whereas it was annexed by

a far-off kinsman, whose line has died out. Indeed, since the death of the ninth Earl, two branches of the Sinclairs who have held the title have died quite out.

Then Mr. Arnold Harris Mathew claims the Earldom of Llandaff, and objects to the fact that the Right Hon. Henry Matthews, one of the most familiar Home Secretaries of recent years, has taken the title of Viscount Llandaff.

The Bishops have been very much in the public eye of late, for the anti-ritual crusade, led by Mr. Kensit, followed by the Church Congress, has given them unusual prominence. Hence this group of the Church's great dignitaries is of peculiar interest. Of the Bishops depicted here five were educated at Cambridge, two at Oxford, and one at King's College, London. Dr. Temple, the Archbishop of Canterbury, tops the list, not merely in point of position, but also of age, for he was born in 1821. Next oldest is Sir Lovelace Stamer, Bart., the Bishop of Shrewsbury, who was born in 1829. Dr. Percival, the Bishop of Hereford, who was born in 1834, and educated at Oxford, was once, like Dr. Temple, Head Master of Rugby; while Mr. Welldon, the new Bishop of Calcutta, has made a capital Head Master at Harrow. Born in 1854, he is the youngest Bishop in the group.

Dr. Pulleine, the Bishop of Richmond, is fifty-seven, and is the same age as Dr. Boyd Carpenter, the Bishop of Ripon, who is a great Dante enthusiast. Dr. W. T. Harrison, the Bishop of Glasgow, is sixty-one, while Dr. Blunt, Bishop of

Bishop of Glasgow. Bishop of Hull. Bishop of Richmond. Bishop of Calcutta.

Bishop of Ripon. Archbishop of Canterbury. Bishop of Hereford. Bishop of Shrewsbury.

THE BISHOP-LEADERS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Photo by Albert Sachs, Bradford.

Hull (who was educated at King's College, London), is his junior by two years.

And now they have put a clergyman on the stage in the shape of John Storm, the central figure of Mr. Hall Caine's popular story "The Christian," which has proved a great success in America. Miss Viola Allen, who plays the part of Glory Quayle, spent her summer holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Hall Caine in the Isle of Man.

MISS VIOLA ALLEN AS GLORY QUAYLE IN "THE CHRISTIAN."
Photo by the Miner Lithographic Company.

Viscount Valentia, the new Comptroller of the Household, is just fifty-five. His family—that of Annesley—originally came from Nottingham, and went to Ireland at the time of Desmond's rebellion three centuries ago. Sir Francis Annesley was created Viscount Valentia in 1621, and Baron Mountnorris in 1628. Viscount Mountmorres is quite a different person, although he too is an Irish peer. Lord Valentia has sat for Oxford since 1893.

M. Muravieff, the Russian Foreign Minister, whose hand has been shown so clearly in China, is one of the most astute statesmen in Europe. He is in middle life, and wears a monocle like an Englishman. There is irony in that.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

A KING'S FRIEND.

By F. H. MELVILLE.

A tale of the intrigues in the Court of Scotland in the reign of King James VI. before he became James I. of England.

"TO-MORROW we hunt in Fife," said James VI. of Scotland, turning awkwardly as he left the audience-room with his arm round the neck of the young Master of Gray.

No one spoke, but as soon as the shuffle of the King's steps and Gray's firm tread were some way down the corridor, rumours arose. The French Ambassador shrugged his shoulders with the remark that he

HE LOOKED AFTER THE MASTER OF GRAY, WHO HAD TURNED IN HIS SADDLE.

would try to keep himself warm until it should be his Majesty's pleasure to call him again to his presence. The honest face of Sir Richard Bowes, one of the English emissaries to Holyrood, clouded, and he looked in rather a puzzled fashion, first at his friend Edward Wotton and then at a little dark man who stood in the recess of a window with his back to the light.

"Hunt!" growled a Ruthven Baron, "with the Lord's work of revising the new Paraphrases not begun! Some devilry of my Lord Arran's for certain."

"My Lord Arran is deeply indebted," put in a sarcastic voice. "Scotland is indeed changed if the Lords of the Congregation have ceased to care for the chase—at least when the quarry is noble."

"Let James Stewart, my Lord Arran, remember— —"

"Hush, my lords and gentlemen! The Master of Gray brings the King's will."

Patrick Gray stood posed against the background of dark oak panelling.

"His Majesty commands the presence of my Lord Arran and my Lord d'Aubigné."

"Belial and Beelzebub together," jerked out the angry old Ruthven Lord, as Arran and d'Aubigné left the room, and the courtiers dispersed.

Last of all the little dark man glided from his place in the shadow.

"Yes," said Secretary Davison, "to-morrow we hunt in Fife."

The first of May, 1585, dawned fresh and clear. At seven in the morning the King and his train clattered up the Canongate, passed the Tounis Cross and grey St. Giles' Kirk, through the West Port, and into the open country, talking and laughing gaily. Patrick Gray, a brave figure in green and silver, cantered in front, humming a snatch of a drinking-song.

"Methinks our bonny Patrick has washed in the May dew," said the King to Arran, who, as chief favourite, rode on his right hand. "Never a blither bridegroom rode to a bridal."

"Never, Sire," answered Arran a little absently. He was thinking of the words whispered in his ear as he passed the flowering hawthorn at the Holyrood guard-house. Only four words had been spoken, but four words could cloud the bright May sunshine for James Stewart, the King's dear friend and counsellor.

"Tut, tut, man, ye are either jealous of sweet Patrick or fashioning the answer to our guileless cousin of England and to the noble Guise. Just think, Jamie, of friend Davison and friend Fénelon kicking their heels to-day, damning us up and damning us down." The King chuckled hugely at his own joke, and went on, mouthing his words. "Leave kingcraft to us, Jamie! no fool's brains are in our head. And hey for Geordie Bruce to-day! We'll drink a health alike to England and to France, and — the de'il tak' the hin'most!"

Still Arran could not shake off his heaviness, and gazed at the spring landscape with gloomy eyes. The trees were covered with bloom, and the grass was white with daisies beneath the horses' feet; but he saw nothing of it. The prancing horseman in front jarred on his mood, and he spurred to pass him. Gray turned a smiling face, and, shaking his curbs, playfully caught Arran's horse a flick on the eye with his riding-switch. The beast swerved, and Arran fell to the ground. He rose very dusty and bruised, and looked after the Master of Gray, who had turned in his saddle to have a better view. It seemed to Arran that he was still smiling.

"*One* fall," he muttered, as he crossed himself before remounting, "and the day not half done."

Towards evening the party walked their weary horses over the cobble-stones of the royal burgh of Cu'ross. This picturesque little place had been no unfamiliar ground to James VI.: at Cu'ross House many a roaring night had passed in revelry, and many a morning sun had looked in on the Scots King snoring a drunken sleep in a huge drawer conveniently built into the wall of the dining-hall.

This evening James had promised himself the best of entertainment, for had he not given diplomacy the slip and laughed

in his royal sleeve at the discomfiture of the English "spies" and the French "hawks"? His greeting to Sir George Bruce, accordingly, was effusively cordial when he dismounted at the gates of Cu'ross House, and saw the hospitable door standing wide to receive him.

Arran followed the King and his host silently, but turned on the threshold. The curfew was tolling from the tower on the village green, echoing up the terraced gardens, rosy with apple-blossom and the sunset, and out over the curving bay, with its incoming tide. A black figure was standing at the end of the rough jetty, looking intently seaward. A voice recalled Arran to himself. It was Gray's.

"Doubtless, when my Lord Arran has completed to his satisfaction his ode on the pleasures of a summer evening, he will attend his Majesty to the banquet-room."

Two hours later the fun waxed fast and furious, and upstairs the candles flared on a festive scene. Bruce, at the King's right hand, was pledging in a bumper an eternal friendship with Esmé d'Aubigné. Arran, the hardest drinker of the company, who yet never gave a sign even after an all-night sitting, had loosened his ruffle at the throat, and holding up the slim glass between him and the light, eyed the red star in it without a word. Gray, radiant and flushed, stood beside the King, singing in his fresh tenor the latest ditty from France, while James kept time with head nodding and hand drumming on the table till the glasses rang. The song ended, when suddenly, out of the dark garden, right under the window, rose an imitation of the refrain, but with English words—

> Half-twelve, hullo!
> Half-twelve, you know;
> Half-twelve, hullo, hullo!

It ceased, then was repeated in the distance with a prolonged "hullo."

"'Tis the watchman, Sire, an hour too soon," laughed Gray. "A King is not here in Cu'ross every day."

"Nor yet a watchman with such a fine ear for music," said Arran, rising quickly and going to the window. But peer as he might, the darkness hid the serenader.

"By the Lord, a fine ear for sweet music, as Jamie says," hiccupped the King. "Fill up our glass, bonny Patrick."

Gray flew to do his duty as Royal Cupbearer, and replenished every glass Arran came back to his seat with a cloud on his brow, lifted the goblet and drained it in one long draught. Sir George was the first to go under the table.

"Ye are soon awa' the nicht, Geordie," stuttered the King in a thick voice, "but we 'll no' be lang ahint."

With that he, too, collapsed, and slipping down in his chair, sank prostrate on the ground, his chin in his breast, his tongue hanging out against his wet beard and wine-stained ruffles.

In another moment a strange change came over Arran. He tried to rise, but some weight held him down. With a great effort he rose unsteadily to his feet, pointed at the Master, reeled once or twice, then crashed down on the floor The last picture before his failing eyes was of Patrick Gray, erect and smiling as he had smiled, tossing his curls in the sunshine, while the scent of the hawthorn came on the wind. And with the memory of the perfume flashed back the mysterious message that had filled him with foreboding. The light flickered and danced on the splendid triumphant figure. The shadow on the wall swelled and grew enormous; when it reached the middle of the roof, Arran lost consciousness.

"Half-twelve, hullo, hullo!" hummed Gray, stepping over the King and Geordie Bruce to pass his hand along a moulding on the wainscot. A panel the size of a small door flew open.

"Now, Esmé, the torch—then up with his sacred Majesty."

In a few moments the person of James of Scotland was hoisted on the Master's back, with the feet dangling helplessly and knocking the edges of the panelling as Gray and d'Aubigné passed through the opening in the wall. The door swung to silently, and the banqueting-hall was left to armies of mice.

Meanwhile, a strange procession was going down into the bowels of the earth D'Aubigné led the way, step by step, holding the torch high that the light

tunnel had an end, then, and in the upper air. More than that, there was a hint of curious twilight in the obscurity. Either their eyes were learning to see in the dark or light was approaching. It grew brighter and yellower. Then round a corner flashed the glare of torches carried by three men. The Master laid down his load and signed to the new-comers to take it up. In two or three minutes more

"YOU HAVE CHOSEN, JAMES OF SCOTLAND, AND CHOSEN WELL! THE HAND CLASPED IN ENGLAND'S IS THE FACE TURNED AWAY FROM ARRAN."

Gray, d'Aubigné, and the unconscious King were out of the passage and in the midst of a strange group in a little stone-arched room apparently dug out in the solid rock.

Two men-at-arms stood on guard beside a door that was reached by three or four steps up from the floor of the apartment. The rest of the company, perhaps half a dozen, were singularly peaceable in aspect: the low voice, stealthy tread, and precise dress betrayed in everyone the man of law or of diplomacy. All seemed to wait on the word of a small man in black who approached Gray with the words: "The Queen's business would not wait half an hour after the appointed time, Master; accordingly, we sent to expedite it."

"'Tis well for her Majesty that she has such faithful and punctual servants, else her cousin of Scotland might have escaped both her Royal Highness and the ills of this life together, Master Secretary."

"Is his Majesty not yet conscious?" asked Davison, adding in a lower tone: "The action of the drug was but for one hour."

"Add to that one hour the influence of the rarest vintage in Geordie Bruce's cellars, Sir; but in truth it is full time for work."

With that he knelt down beside the prostrate James of Scotland, and by steady rubbing and beating and rocking, tried to rouse him. When at length he grew tired of his task another took his place—a physician, to judge by his practised manipulation. The result was quickly evident. With something between a cough and a sneeze the King opened his eyes, but not before the Master, quick as lightning, had placed himself beside d'Aubigné, assuming the same attitude of listless dejection. What James saw bewildered him.

"Patrick! Esmé! where are we?" he asked, "and how came we here?"

Patrick shook his head, still looking down, when Secretary Davison interposed.

"Will your Majesty condescend to listen for a few moments to the message of her Majesty of England?"

James scrambled to his feet in ungainly fashion, gaping at the little man. The group kept silence. Davison took it for a sign that he might proceed, and bending low in respect, began to read the preamble of a document he held in his hand.

James's face showed no intelligence. Davison laid the parchment down, and still, with head lowered, addressed him—

"Her Majesty, through me, thus lays a choice before your Royal Highness: either her friendship and support against the enemies of Scotland, in return for which your Majesty do refuse the French alliance and do banish James Stewart, Earl of Arran, or——" "Or," echoed the King, leaning forward. "Or," repeated Davison, slowly raising his eyes, "Her Majesty of England will be also her Majesty of Scotland."

"You dare—she dares——"

Davison made a quick sign to the guard at the door. They opened it and went out, leaving it wide.

"Will your Majesty deign to ascend to the door?"

With awkward agility James mounted the steps and took one look around him.

A cry broke from him.

"Treason, treason!"

He was standing on a large rock in mid-firth, and the moonlight showed him, several paces distant, two boats full of dark figures, and every now and then the glint of steel. Far away to the left ran the black shore-line, with the abbey tower and the woods outlined against the clear night sky. Between the rock and the land lay a stretch of sea like molten silver, and as far as the eye could reach—only sea.

James's knees began to shake with the dread of approaching death: heart and limb alike failed him. If Gray had not sprung to his assistance he would have fallen backwards into the room. "Listen, Sire," he whispered; "they are too many for us. It is yours to decide between liberty and life or imprisonment, the same living death that her Majesty of Scotland endures at the hands of Elizabeth."

"Oh, Patrick, Patrick, we are in ill case! But to insult our Majesty—to force——"

"Pardon me, your Majesty," said Davison's voice at his ear, "'tis but

persuasion her Majesty would use; as a token of good-will accept this from her royal hand."

With that he gave the King another paper, and held a torch near to allow him to read. Gray spelled it out—

"Do acknowledge our beloved kinsman James Stewart, King of Scotland, as lawful heir of our throne of England."

James leapt to his feet.

"Is 't true? Is 't given under her own hand? At last——!"

"On condition that our beloved kinsman do banish from his realm that naughty and mischievous person, James Stewart, of Ochiltree, called Earl of Arran, and do renounce for ever, in sincerity and truth, the alliance of France," finished the master, while Davison nodded, watching the changing expression on the King's face.

"Eh, bonnie Patrick," James stuttered at last "Jamie may gang, for we 'll be King of England—his Majesty of England—of the realms of England and Scotland!" drawing himself up with an assumption of royal dignity. "Is there aught, friend Davison, whereunto it is needful we affix our royal name to complete the pledge of friendship and kinship with our cousin?"

"On this table, your Majesty, lies the treaty awaiting only the name of the future King of England."

It was dexterously done. James moved forward to the table; not a sound was heard but the breaking of the sea outside against the rock, then the harsh scratching of a quill on parchment. The deed was done.

"Now, Master Secretary," said James, puffing out his chest and arranging his collar, "you will accompany us, with our friends Patrick Gray and Monsieur d'Aubigné, to our first reception this day at Cu'ross House." A few minutes later the four were being rowed towards the Cu'ross pier, but not before Gray had found time to hide in his doublet a paper bearing the royal seal of England, granting certain lands in the county of Kent to him and his heirs for ever.

"The reward is royal," he whispered to Davison, "but 'twas well earned. Mark me in this one thing. Say nought of the underground way," then added, "it may be useful again."

Some two hours after the scene on the rock, Arran, in the dining-hall of Cu'ross, awoke from his heavy sleep.

There sat James of Scotland in the big carved chair, with his collar, as usual, twisted to the side and his under-lip falling down with every word he spoke. At his right hand lolled Sir George Bruce, very flushed and dazed after his bout. Opposite to him sat Esmé d'Aubigné, with eyes downcast, playing with his ruffles. Patrick Gray was leaning with careless grace against the King's chair, one hand supporting his head, the other on his hip. It was the scene of the supper-party, but changed in two respects. Instead of the candles burning down in their sockets, the morning sun was glinting in at the bottle glass window-panes, playing over the men at the table. And there was an addition to the company: a little dark man, in orderly black, was standing silently in the background. Arran raised himself on his elbow.

"How in the devil's name——" he began. But James interrupted him—

"My Lord Arran forgets the presence of our Majesty. Stand up, my Lord, and take a lesson in kingcraft."

Arran rose slowly, and James continued: "Were we ill-advised enough to give ear to the counsels of my Lord Arran, the blessed day would never have dawned when James of Scotland might dream of a greater future. Friend Davison, James of England will requite the services done to his Majesty of Scotland."

Davison advanced and kissed the royal hand.

"As for you, James Stewart of Ochiltree, we have certain grave and sure accusations of your loyalty to our throne and person. You will retire under our royal displeasure to Kinniell. Break ban, and your life, titles, lands, and goods are forfeit to the Crown. Leave us."

Arran made one stride towards the King, head thrown back and lip uplifted.

"Friend or kingdom! You have chosen, James of Scotland, and chosen well! The hand clasped in England's is the face

turned away from Arran. But beware, James Stewart; see, a red shadow is on your hands. It lighted when *that* touched you"—pointing to Davison. "Beware of *him*, above all," turning to Gray.

"The man is mad, Sire," interposed Gray soothingly.

The King babbled something in a shaking voice, shielding himself with a weak arm as if from a blow.

"Go, my Lord Arran," said Patrick, with his eternal smile, "or it will be the worse for you."

"Go," echoed d'Aubigné.

"Go!" screamed the King; and Arran went.

Three days later a special messenger handed to the Queen of England a large packet, in the handwriting of Secretary Davison. When she had read it through, Elizabeth once more astonished the Ambassadors waiting in the ante-room by executing a solo dance in hoops and farthingale.

"Lord's mercy!" she exclaimed, pausing to take breath. "What a brave fool will sit, after me, on the throne of England!"

When the last curfew of 1585 was tolled by the Cu'ross bell, Jamie Stewart, Earl of Arran, was wandering, homeless, and another King's friend reigned in his stead.

ELIZABETH ASTONISHED THE AMBASSADORS BY EXECUTING A SOLO DANCE IN HOOPS AND FARTHINGALE

THE PRINCE OF SPORTSMEN

In Somaliland rhinoceros have been a great deal shot at by English hunters during the last few years; but there are still, undoubtedly, fair numbers of these enormous mammals in the far interior; and, especially, in the almost unknown and entirely unexplored region between Lakes Rudolf and Stephanie and the Nile, there is a vast, virgin, great-game country, where the foot of the ubiquitous white man has never yet fallen or the sound of a sporting rifle yet been heard. Here, undoubtedly, rhinoceros, as well as elephants and other kinds of game, exist in large numbers.

But, plentiful as is the rhinoceros still in certain parts of the Dark Continent, it was probably never so numerous as in the good old days in the great hunting-grounds south of the Zambesi. Fifty years ago these huge creatures were scattered thickly over the whole of the vast regions lying between the Orange and the Zambesi. The numbers of rhinoceros, black and white,* shot were perfectly astounding, if it be remembered that this animal is a slow breeder, and that the cow brings forth only one calf at birth. Before the advent of modern arms of precision, the rhinoceros wandered over the whole country but little molested by the black man, from whom, indeed, thanks to its immense size and strength and the great thickness of its hide, it had little or nothing to fear. But since the introduction of firearms, and especially of percussion and breechloading weapons, the slaughter of these animals has been immense. A pair of Boer hunters forty or fifty years ago would slay fifty or sixty easily in a single season. The late C. J. Andersson, single-handed, killed sixty during one season in the 'fifties, chiefly by night-shooting at the scant desert waters to which these animals repaired. Messrs. Oswell and Vardon slew eighty-nine in much less than a year. Gordon Cumming was equally successful in his many campaigns against these and other big game.

It is not to be supposed, however, that, easily as the rhinoceros is at times to be shot, its downfall is a mere matter of nerve and straight shooting. It is distinctly to be classed among the dangerous game of Africa, and, with the elephant, the lion, and the buffalo, wreaks at times a bloody vengeance upon its pursuers. Sometimes the rhinoceros can be shot with the greatest ease with a single bullet. It has been shot dead on not a few occasions while fast asleep in the veldt, enjoying its siesta during the heat of the day. But, at other times, it is by no means easy to bring to bag, and will carry away an extraordinary amount of bullets. Scores of dangerous accidents have happened in its pursuit. That great hunter the late W. C. Oswell, the friend and companion of Livingstone in his earlier discoveries, had at least two narrow escapes from these creatures. In one instance he had wounded a huge white rhinoceros (*R. simus*), the biggest of all terrestrial mammals save the elephant. His horse took fright, and stood spellbound at the animal's approach. The white rhinoceros drove its long fore horn right through the horse's middle—wounding Oswell's leg on the far side—and threw steed and rider bodily over its head. The horse was, of course, killed, while Oswell suffered a severe wound and shaking. In another instance, while stalking on foot, Oswell was chased by a black rhinoceros, caught, and again tossed yards into the air. This time his escape from death was a most narrow one. Both horns had penetrated his thigh—the fore horn clean to the bone, by which it was turned, making a frightful wound—and for weeks he lay confined to his wagon.

Charles John Andersson, the intrepid Swedish explorer, hunter, and naturalist, who first penetrated Damaraland and Ovampoland with Mr. Francis Galton, in the early 'fifties, was all but killed by a black rhinoceros while night-shooting at a desert fountain. The wounded and enraged beast twice charged him and knocked him down, but, probably owing to the dim

* The so-called "white" rhinoceros is, in reality, as dark-coloured as its cousin the black rhinoceros, and must have been, in some curious way, misnamed by the early Dutch hunters in South Africa.

light, missed him with her horn on the first occasion. Andersson scrambled out from under her hind legs after the first onset, and was instantly charged again. This time the aim of the mighty beast was surer, and with her long horn she ripped him from the knee to the hip, trampled over him, so that his upper ribs bent with the pressure, and, snorting heavily, plunged into the darkness.

Mr. Selous, Mr. F. V. Kirby, and other hunters have in recent years shot rhinoceros in South Africa with no heavier weapon than a ·461 Gibbs-Metford sporting rifle. One or two other sportsmen have even destroyed these great creatures with the ·303 Lee-Metford. But, unless the hunter is a steady, cool shot, sure of his nerves and his shooting, he may be advised to follow up rhinoceros with a weapon of heavier calibre, capable of dealing the smashing blow which these beasts often require. A ·577 double-rifle, shooting solid, hardened bullets, or a ·8 or ·10-bore Paradox, using the solid, steel-cored bullet, may be recommended as weapons and missiles powerful enough to stop even the rhinoceros. In South Africa of late years, although white rhinoceros have been rediscovered in the dense reed-beds and jungles of Central Zululand, these animals have become very scarce. The white rhinoceros, never found north of the Zambesi, is nearing extinction, and its black congener, south of that river, is to be sought successfully only in Northern and Eastern Mashonaland, and Portuguese South-East Africa.

Lion-hunting, of old the sport of kings and Pharaohs in Asia and Africa, is still vigorously pursued by the white man, and especially by the sport-loving Briton, wherever that noblest of the carnivora is to be found. Asiatic lions are nowadays so scarce that they but seldom fall to the hunter's rifle. But in Africa, from Somaliland to Khama's country, and occasionally even farther south, they are almost everywhere to be encountered. The lion is, however, not an everyday sort of beast, and, from his nocturnal habits, his presence is far more often made apparent after sun has set than in broad daylight. Occasionally, however, the hunter chances

THE ROAR OF A LION.

upon these animals in daytime, and, their spoor being once found, they can be tracked to those sequestered places, among thorn-bush or reeds, in which they love to lie after their night of prowling.

The attack upon a lion in such quarters is, however, a very ticklish operation, and results not seldom in the severe mauling—sometimes even in the death—of the hunter or one of his natives. It was the fashion at one time to decry the lion as a beast easily shot, and possessing no very exceptional courage. It is true that the lion, being a thin-skinned animal, can be easily laid low if the sportsman's nerves are good, a fair shot is obtained, and the

bullet strikes in the right place. But there are many chances against so happy an ending. The lion does not always afford an easy broadside shot so that the heart and lungs can be raked; and when charging end on, the chances are about as much in favour of the hunted as of the hunter. It is difficult to get a fair shot in a vital part at a lion coming straight for the rifle, and if the bullet strikes in the thick, bony formation of the head, it is as likely as not to glance off or do little harm to the animal. All great British hunters, from Gordon Cumming to Selous, agree in looking upon the lion as at no time an animal to be taken liberties with, and when wounded, as one of the most dangerous and daring of wild creatures. There is no bolder or more ferocious animal on a dark African night than a hungry lion, which will, in the coolest possible manner, take an ox from the span or kraal, or even a man from the camp-fire or hut. One of the most lion-haunted countries in South Africa—or, indeed, any other part of the continent—is Mashonaland and the Portuguese territory lying between that country and the port of Beira. Here lions were, and still are, exceptionally daring; probably from the fact that before the entry of Mr. Rhodes's pioneers, in 1890, they had had but little experience of white men and their weapons. The adventures, deaths, and severe accidents which have happened from lions in Mashonaland and the adjacent region since the entry of the Chartered Company would fill quite a fair-sized volume. The lion, in fact, is still a power in all parts of the immense regions of savage Africa, and his reign is not likely to be ended for many a long year to come. There is no better weapon with which to attack this animal than a ·450 or ·500 double Express rifle. But the ·303, the ·256, or the Martini-Henry ·450-577 are all suitable weapons. In no case, however, should hardened bullets be used. Hollow-pointed Express bullets, or soft-lead missiles which will "mushroom" sufficiently—preferably the hollow-pointed Express—are far more suitable for this kind of game, where not so much penetration as great impact and shocking-force is the effect desired.

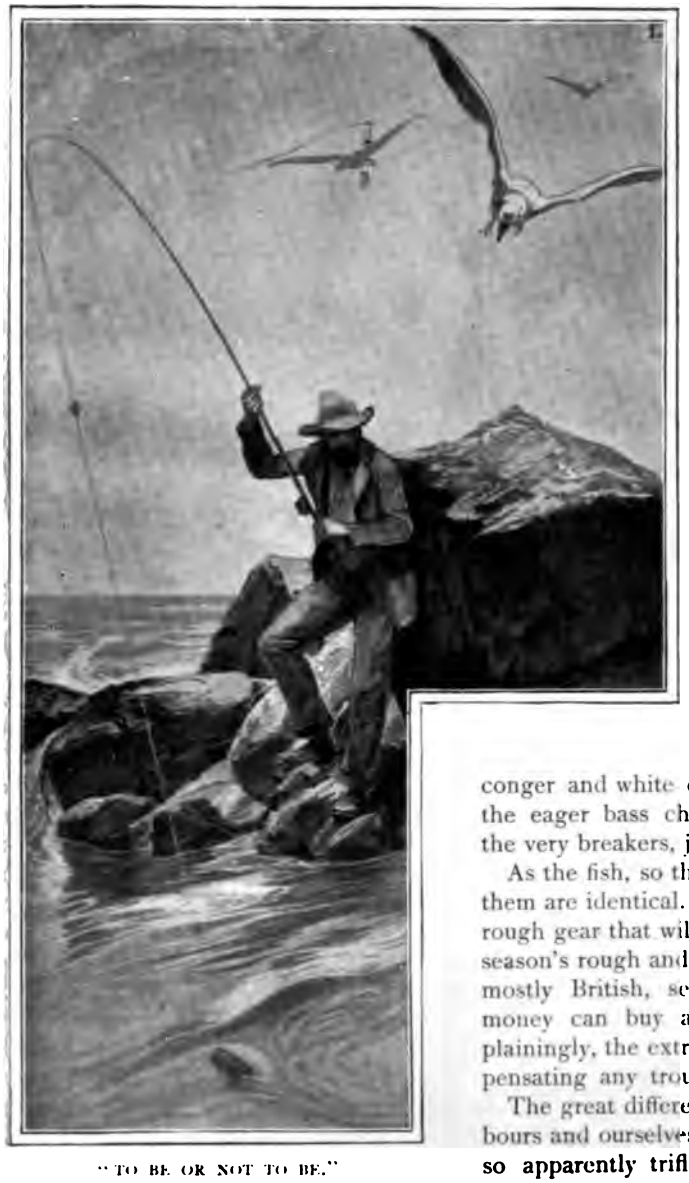
AFRICAN GAME.

FRANCE'S SEA-FISHING.

By F. G. AFLALO,

Joint-Editor of the famous "Encyclopædia of Sport."

SEA-FISHING is sea-fishing all the world over, and whether the baits dangle beneath the shadow of fir-trees mirrored in the Baltic, or amid encrusted galleys in Mediterranean deeps, or in the swirling rock-pools off Hobart, the sea-fisherman exercises the same patience, enjoys the same isolation, owns to the same absorption in the business of the moment, as any day-tripper catching flat-fish from Southend pier.



"TO BE OR NOT TO BE."

The wondrous coast of Brittany bears, like the sister peninsula of Cornwall, the impress of legend and tradition. The sea-fowl that cackle on the rocky islets off Ploumanach speak the same language as those that shriek o'er Cornish wrecks. The sardines of Douarnenez and Cancale will be the next year's pilchards of St. Ives and Mevagissey, or such of them, at least, as escape the meshes of seine and drift-net. And in the rocks there lurk the same black conger and white conger and bream, and the eager bass chases its living food to the very breakers, just as in Cornwall.

As the fish, so the methods of capturing them are identical. The professional uses rough gear that will bear the strain of the season's rough and smooth; the amateur, mostly British, selects the finest tackle money can buy and renews it uncomplainingly, the extra sport more than compensating any trouble and outlay.

The great difference between our neighbours and ourselves—and if I lay stress on so apparently trifling a distinction, it is

because we do well to take note of these national traits—is that we merely waste, whereas they waste and replenish. The great work of stocking depleted waters, which in this country is done only in a playful way by sportsmen and for sportsmen, is, all along the coast of Brittany and farther south, taken quite seriously as a public duty.

Scientific men of experience and enthusiasm pass months on isolated parts of that rocky coast, studying the best methods of propagating the precious fish in strict accordance with natural conditions. If we all jog along as we go now, France and America should be in a fair way of supplying London with fish in another fifty years.

FISHING FOR CONGER: A CATCH.

The amateur may, so far as a retrospect of four years serves me, find off that coast much the same fish as he would expect in South Cornwall. Only, the wind and weather being exceedingly subject to caprice, and the havens of refuge being somewhat far apart, it behoves the angler-yachtsman to keep an eye on the elements. I never actually saw a storm on that coast, for my visit was made from the sea side, and yachting visitors take pains to be elsewhere in doubtful weather. But I understand that the fury of the waves is terrible, and, knowing the Cornish coast in all its moods, I can believe it.

In calm weather, however, it is possible to get admirable fishing a mile or two from the coast, and perhaps the conger-fishing stands out in one's memory as the most famous. The sea-bed must be uniformly rocky—I speak without access to the charts—on that coast, for wherever we anchored I could be certain of several conger, and conger mean rocks. Not every sportsman, it is true, fancies conger-fishing, or, for that matter, any kind of sea-fishing. It is coarse, say the sapient; it is clumsy; it is devoid of art. And the sapient are utterly wrong. Comparatively, perhaps, there is a boisterous roughness about this pastime, but as for the absence of art, I will warrant that a conger—note that the corresponding capture of eels in fresh water is barely classed as sport—is as wary and as easily alarmed as most fish, as quick to resent a taint in the bait, or to vanish at the touch of an unaccustomed hand twenty fathoms up the line. The freshest of bait, be it sardine or squid, must cover the hook, and the latter must be left motionless on the rough bottom. Several lines are used from one boat, and every few minutes the skilful fisherman tries each, letting his thumb and forefinger raise it imperceptibly not more than half an inch. Should there come a faint responding shiver, the hand tightens firmly on the line, without, however, moving it until the strain comes from the farther end.

Then, and not till then, the fisherman strikes well home; there is a terrific hauling, and presently the moonlit water—needless to say all conger-fishing worth the name is enjoyed by night—is churned by the black maniac that curls its tail round the anchor rope, under the keel or gunwale, anywhere for one last effort. Once the fish is in the boat, the trouble is not yet over, for it has to be quieted; and it is no easy matter, by the uncertain light of a hurricane-lamp swinging against the mast, to hit a head that is fore and aft in the same minute of time.

At last, with more or less trouble, the end is at hand, the line is once more over the side, and fresh spoils come to the fisherman's basket.

Of this fishing for pastime, however, the hardy natives know nothing; and the summer visitors from the capital would rather dally with chimeric gudgeon on the banks of Seine. The majority of English visitors, too, prefer sketching the fisherfolk to catching the fish. So the latter, barring the sardines, lead a fairly free existence, undisturbed by man and his infernal machines.

SPEARING BY NIGHT.

VENUS AND MARS AS FOUNTAINS OF HONOUR.

DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND, 1670.

Barbara Villiers married Roger Palmer, afterwards made Earl of Castlemaine. She became the avowed mistress of Charles II., and was created Duchess of Cleveland. The King's son by her was created Duke of Grafton in 1675.

Photo by Dickinson.

DUKE OF GRAFTON, 1898.

NELL GWYN, 1670.

Nell Gwyn started life by being an orange-girl, from which position she became leading actress at Drury Lane, where her beauty and kindness were well known. She too became mistress of Charles II. and had a son, who was made Duke of St. Albans by the King in 1684.

Photo by Kirk, Nottingham.

DUKE OF ST. ALBANS, 1898.

LOUISE DE KEROUALLE,
DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH, 1672.

Louise de Keroualle was a French spy in the English Court, sent by Louis XIV. of France to get an influence over Charles II. In this she was eminently successful, owing to her great beauty. Charles made her Duchess of Portsmouth, and his son by her Duke of Richmond.

Photo by Elliott and Fry.

DUKE OF RICHMOND, 1898.

VENUS AND MARS AS FOUNTAINS OF HONOUR.

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, 1702

John Churchill, for driving the French out of the Spanish Guelders, was created Duke of Marlborough. He was afterwards famous for his victories at Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet.

Photo by Bassano.

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, 1898.

LORD NELSON, 1805.

Horatio Nelson, for his victory at the Battle of the Nile in 1798, was created Baron Nelson of the Nile. For his victory at Copenhagen he received the title of Viscount Nelson; and thirty days after his death at the Battle of Trafalgar, his brother was made Earl Nelson of Trafalgar and Merton, which title the present Peer now holds.

Photo by Elliott and Fry.

LORD NELSON, 1898.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON, 1814.

Arthur Wellesley, after Seringapatam, was made Sir Arthur Wellesley, K.C.B.; and for his conduct of the Peninsular War he was created Baron Douro and Viscount Wellington in 1809; he was made Earl of Wellington in 1812, Marquis of Wellesley in 1813, and Duke of Wellington in 1814.

Photo by Russell

DUKE OF WELLINGTON, 1898.

THE DEVIL'S OWN.

His Satanic Majesty's Kingdom is to be found in all parts of our Earth: He keeps the features of his face widely scattered from pole to pole.

ACCORDING to the theologians, the Devil is always with us on this earth of ours: he lives with, he haunts, men. Sceptically inclined moderns may try to disbelieve this; but in point of geographical nomenclature there is no doubt whatever of the Devil's presence among us. As a matter of fact, the Devil is one of the largest of landlords; his domains are to be found in every part of the world. You have heard the story of the tourist in Ireland who was astounded by the presence of Devil's Bridge and Devil's Hill, and Devil's What Not.

"The Devil," said he to his cicerone, "seems to have a lot of property here."

"He has, your Honour," replied Pat, "but, like the rest of them, he is an absentee landlord." Be that as it may, it will be found that he is the godfather of many curious places throughout the world, his name being given to hills and dales, rocks or rivers, or to other aspects of nature, where the physical conformation of the scene seems past the wit of man to have devised.

THE NOTORIOUS ILE DU DIABLE, THE PRISON OF DREYFUS.

Let me begin with the best-known corner of his lands, the notorious Ile du

Diable, where Captain Dreyfus is dragging out his wretched martyrdom. For the past four years the eyes of the civilised world have been rivetted on the lonely island. The Isle of the Devil is one of three islands, known as the Iles du Salut, off the coast of French Guiana, on the north-east coast of South America. They lie close to one another — Saint Joseph Island, Royal Island, and then Devil's Island. Devil's Island is merely a flat-topped piece of rock rising out of the sea. The hut in which Dreyfus is confined is surrounded by a strong palisade, and outside it stands a Hotchkiss gun, always ready to fire on the prisoner should he try to escape. Indeed, so frightened has the Governor been of such an event that a watch-tower has been built on the adjoining Royal Island, and the two rocks have been connected by telephone. Ireland has always had such sympathy with France that it is not surprising that Ould Erin also possesses a Devil's Island all to itself. It is a high mass of rock topped with shrubs, and it rises out of Lough Tore, near Killarney. Then there is a Devil's Island in Chesapeake Bay, and another in Halifax Harbour.

Photo by Valentine.

THE DEVIL'S MILL, FALLS OF DEVON.

Photo by Frith and Co.

THE DEVIL'S ISLAND, MIDDLE LAKE, KILLARNEY.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE, ST. GOTHARD.

Islands and then the sea, or at least water. You will find that the Devil envies Britannia's dominion on the wave. It is many and many a year ago, in that kingdom by the sea which Captain Cook called Christmas Sound, that the ocean proved so terrible as to induce the adventurous navigator to call it Devil's Basin. The place is encompassed by rocks of a savage character, and rising to such a height that they shut out the light of the meridian sun even during summer. The mysterious character of Minnewaukan, a saline stretch of water in North Dakota, has induced people to call it Devil's Lake. The lake, which is fifty-five miles by six miles in extent, has no outlet, and the natives used to think that the waters ran into the nether world altogether. Further north you will find Devil River, which issues from Lake Trembling, near Quebec, and runs into the Rouge. Crossing the ocean, you may encounter Devil's Current in the Bosphorus, so called on account of its swiftness, although the anti-Turk might regard the name as indicative of Abdul's character. Devil's Water is the name of a stream which rises in the uplands of Northumberland, near the boundary of Durham, and runs through a course of thirteen miles into the Tyne — which is polluted, however, by man himself, not the Devil. Much more curious is the Devil's Bellows, a deep chasm at Asparagus Island, near the Lizard. At intervals a column of water spouts upwards, as if the Devil were working his bellows in the nether world, and the loud noise which accompanies the upthrow of the water adds to the weird character of the spot. Something similar takes place in the waterfall between Perth and Kinross, which is known as the Devil's Mill. The river, after rushing along a craggy ravine and passing into a chasm, which is scarcely six feet wide, falls over a rock into a deep cavity; which it resents violently by lashing itself into a fury of foam. The noise is unceasing, and as the mill-like race rushes on day in and day out, paying no attention to the Sabbath, as all good mills ought to do, it is believed to be the water by which the Devil grinds his corn.

Where you have water you must have a

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE, HOLBURN HEAD, THURSO.

bridge, and the difficulty of bridging some chasms has been so great that in many parts of the world the structure is called the Devil's Bridge. Perhaps the most famous

Photo by Frith and Co.

THE DEVIL'S DYKE, BRIGHTON.

is the bridge over the Reuss, in the Swiss canton of Uri, on the St. Gothard Road, where the river, which is 4593 ft. above the sea-level, forms a picturesque cascade of a hundred feet. In 1830 a single-arch bridge, with a span of 26 ft., was built, but it fell in in August 1888, and traffic had to be resumed on an older bridge 20 ft. below, which witnessed some severe fighting between the French, the Austrians, and the Russians in 1799. There is also a Devil's Bridge spanning a mountain torrent called the Teck, near the town of Céret, in the department of the Pyrenees. For a long time nobody knew when or how the bridge was built, and the simple inhabitants of the district started the legend that Satan and his satellites erected it in one night. Coming homewards, we have the famous Devil's Bridge, near Aberystwyth, in Cardiganshire. It may, indeed, be noted that Wales has long owned the Devil as a proprietor; and we have the authority of Shakspere himself for saying that "the Devil understands Welsh." The bridge spans a gorge 114 ft. deep, through which the Mynach rushes, making four falls of from 18 ft. to 110 ft. within a very short distance. It has a span of 30 ft., and has stood since 1753. So long ago, however, as the twelfth century the monks of Strada Florida Abbey erected a bridge 20 ft. lower down. It is now a mere curve of rude masonry.

The Devil's Road runs through many lands. The Roman road which runs across Bagshot Heath, and is part of the old highway from Silchester to London, was apparently called so because the lights o' London seemed to indicate the road to ruin. The Devil's Road from Belingsgate to Billinghurst, Sussex, is named thus because it is made of flints, while no other flints are to be found for seven

Photo by Valentine.

THE DEVIL'S ARROWS, BOROUGHBRIDGE.

miles. A Devil's Road leads to an inaccessible castle near Paraja, Hungary, which is supposed to have been built by a magic cat and cock; while a

Roman road in Northumberland is called the Devil's Causeway.

Devil's Dykes are also common, this name being given to any peculiar ridge.

Photo by Valentine.

THE DEVIL'S FRYING-PAN, CADGWITH, WEST CORNWALL.

The best known is that near Brighton, rendered all the more famous in recent years by the presence of Gipsy Lee, the fortune-teller. The story goes that the Devil raised it because he objected to the churches in the neighbourhood, and wished to flood them out. One night he appeared with a mattock and spade, and at every stroke of his spade cast up a thousand wagon-loads of earth. Suddenly an old woman appeared on the scene, and his Majesty bolted. A telpher cableway was erected between the Dyke and Brighton four years ago. The Devil's Dyke, Newmarket, is an ancient military encampment, while there is another one at Big Cumbrae, Bute. The rampart which Hadrian erected between the Danube and the Rhine to keep off the Goths is still called the Devil's Wall, and the Devil's Ditch will be found in East Anglia.

Various mountains at home and abroad have been named after Satan. The Devil's Berg (3312 ft.) is at the Cape; Devil's Point will be found in the Cairngorms, Aberdeenshire, and in the Bahamas as well; Devil's Hill is on the Guinea Coast; Devil's Mountain rises severely, near Cape Deceit. Devil's Bit Mountains (2084 ft.), in Tipperary, were so called because of the peculiar gap they form in the sky-line when viewed from certain positions. Then Wicklow boasts of the Devil's Glen, a very wild spot, connected with some weird legends. Devil's Tower is a singular obelisk of granite, rising 625 ft. from the base, in the Black Hills, South Dakota.

Of smaller "heathen" stones I may mention the Devil's Arrows, near Boroughbridge. The Devil's Quoits stand at Little Rolbright, North Oxfordshire. They are said to have been placed there as a memorial of the battle, in 614, between the Britons and the Saxons. The Devil's Stone (12 ft. high), near North Tynedale, was

Photo by Frith and Co.

THE DEVIL'S LIMEKILN, FUNDY ISLAND.

Photo by Valentine.

THE DEVIL'S CHIMNEY, BEACHY HEAD.

the scene of the spot where the Devil (you see the marks of his hoofs) intended to leap a mile. He miscalculated the distance, however, and fell into the North Tyne. Another Devil's Stone stands near Taunton. His Majesty is supposed to have brought it there to pelt the neighbouring churches with, but dropped it in his hurry.

Let me now introduce you to the Devil at closer quarters. The Devil's Nightcap is the name of a ferruginous sandstone (17 ft. by 35 ft., and weighing 400 tons) which stands on a moor near Poole Harbour. The Devil threw it from the Needles at Corfe Castle, but it fell short of its mark. The Devil's Chair is a six-feet-high rock at Petit Plemont, in Jersey. The lower part has been worn away, so as to form a canopy about six inches high. The Devil's Staircase is a wonderful zig-rag road from the top of Glencoe, in Argyllshire, to Kinlochmore, at the head of Loch Lomond. The Devil's Kitchen is a wild chasm (450 ft. long by 300 ft. deep, and 18 ft. wide) in Carnarvonshire; while the Devil's Frying-pan is at Cadgwith, West Cornwall, and the Devil's Chimney at Beachy Head. The Devil's Cheesepress will be found at Lynton. The Devil's Limekiln is a curious chasm (350 ft. deep) which communicates with the sea (in the Bristol Channel, off Lundy Island). You know, of course, the great hollow known as the Devil's Punch-bowl in Surrey, near Hindhead; while there is another—a hollow on the summit of Mangerton Mountain, Kildare, which is 2756 ft. high. The Devil's Cauldron, at Kilchattan Bay, Bute, consists of dry stone walls (10 ft. high and 7 ft. 6 in. thick), and incloses a space 30 ft. in diameter. It is supposed to have been a place of penance. There is another Devil's Cauldron, at Comrie, Perthshire. A stream, after cutting its way through the black crag, whose sides have been polished like ebony, throws itself into a basin and hisses as angrily as the witches' pot in "Macbeth." The Devil's Beef-Tub is a large hollow near Moffat, Dumfries. The Devil's Hole, in Derbyshire, contains several natural chambers, one being about 200 ft. square. The

Photo by Frith and Co.

THE DEVIL'S PUNCH-BOWL, LUNDY ISLAND.

Devil's Den lies near Marlborough, in Wilts.

The Devil's Garden is the name of a series of beautiful hollows among the Stanner Rocks, in East Radnorshire. They are celebrated for the beauty of their flora—so that it is difficult to account for the fearsome name. The Devil's Door stands against the font in the north wall of Wellcombe Church, near Morwenstow, Cornwall. It is opened at baptisms at the Renunciation, so that the Devil who is supposed to come out of the child may get away. The Devil's Gate is the name of a fissure in a rocky mountain at Oregon. The Devil's Key stands on the Mosquito Coast.

Coming to the Devil's person, you will find his "Limbs" in the shape of an island in Fundy Bay. The Devil's Head is in New Brunswick; the Devil's Nose is

Photo by Falk and Co.

THE DEVIL'S HOLE, JERSEY.

on Lake Ontario; the Devil's Nostrils are two vast caverns, separated by a huge natural pillar of rock, in Shetland. Readers of "The Pirate" will not have forgotten them. The Devil's Throat is a dangerous spot in Cromer Bay; and the Devil's

Photo by Valentine

THE DEVIL'S CHIMNEY, CHELTENHAM.

Thumb is in Greenland. So that his august person is omnipresent—in bits.

Cloutie, that is, the Devil's Croft, is to be found in many a Scotch village. It was a waste piece of land set apart by the villagers for the Devil, and was left untilled.

The Devil has also his chosen people, for the Inns of Court Volunteers are known by the nickname of the "Devil's Own," lawyers having justified themselves in the popular imagination in merriting that title.

Finally, let me give you the recipe of an old Frenchman for raising the Devil—

> Take a black cock under your left arm and go at midnight to a spot where four cross-roads meet. Then cry three times, "Poule Noir!" or "Poule Noir à vendre!" or else shout out "Robert!" nine times. The Devil will duly appear, taking the cock and leaving you a handful of money.

I once tried it, but I regret to say I could not make the ghost walk.

A YANGTZE HOLOCAUST.

By C. W. MASON.

Mr. Mason has already shown his great knowledge of China in his book, "The Shen's Pigtail."

IT was Christmas Eve, and my first night in China; I was gazetted to Hankow, and took my passage from Shanghai on the river-steamer *Peching*, the eight hundred miles up the Yangtze against the tide taking, with stoppages at the various treaty ports, about a week. The bulk of our cargo were Chinamen, some six hundred of them, going home for their New Year; there was also a consignment of raw cotton in the hold forward, and treasure in the safe-room.

The first stage of our journey, to Chinkiang, was uneventful, save to me, for whom the great river from Tibet was full of mystery. There is something weird in China travelling by night, for all native traffic ceasing at sunset, you pound along the great flood in as much silence and solitude as on the ocean; yet the dim form of the banks, the occasional yapping of a dog, or the cabin-light of some junk tied up for the night, reminds you that you are surrounded by teeming millions. And once we passed a solitary down-steamer, the thrashing of whose screws sobbed down the darkness long before we saw her; then round a bend an array of lights swept down on us, the sirens shrieked and echoed dismally, awakening far away the plaintive yapping of invisible dogs, and we were alone again. So the night passed.

During the day the scene was still monotonous, and cold the wintry sun; the banks, all reed-grown and untenanted, hiding the populous villages behind. Junks we passed, and lorchas, goose-winging up or sliding down like waifs abandoning themselves unheedingly to tides, which in their own good time would bring them to the bourne of some undefinable errand; only the barbaric steamer hurried, while the Land of Flowers slept in its inertia of centuries.

China's New Year, at this time, coincided nearly with our own, and there was little doing. We landed some chests of opium, and some piece-goods and passengers, at Chinkiang, and left the little settlement behind us for the second stage, a few hours to Nanking. Both decks of the steamer, and even the bridge, overflowed with the swarm of native passengers.

"You would not stand much of a chance in case of a row, I suppose?" I said to the captain, who was snatching a meal in the saloon. I was the only European passenger going up.

"Quite right, Sir," he replied; "only luckily the beggars don't know it. No fear of *them*, though. The mere sight of the walking-beam is enough to funk them with the power of civilisation. It's a singular thing that I've carried many thousands of Chinamen" (he called them by a local epithet which is not conveniently written down) "up and down this river, yet each trip I could swear that not five per cent. have ever been on a steamer before. *They* are all right."

"Of course, I'm a griffin, and don't know the people," I remarked. "But I must say I have noticed some very ugly faces in the crowd, and whispering together, too—about *you*."

"Have you?" he said. "Have you?" I had not failed to observe that he wore a particularly anxious air, and had been on deck very frequently during

the day, so that I was tempted to play the alarmist.

"What should you do in case of an outbreak? Do you carry arms aboard?"

"You can see for yourself," he answered irascibly, pointing to a rack full of rifles round the step of the mast, in the saloon. Then, as if he wanted to hear no more, he poured himself out a tumblerful of square-face and drank it off. That was his fourth glass.

I walked to the rack and endeavoured to extract a rifle, but was unable to. The muzzles, I observed, were rusty.

"At any rate, they would not be able to rush the stack for themselves," I said, returning to the table. "I suppose you keep the ammunition in your cabin?"

Captain Beard frowned up at me suspiciously. "What are you driving at, Sir, if I may make so bold?" he growled. "Do *you* want to seize the ship? If you want to know, then, those rifles have not been cleaned for a year; I have lost the key of the rack. And as for the ammunition—why, damn it, Sir, I don't carry any."

ONCE WE PASSED A SOLITARY DOWN-STEAMER.

"I see," I replied, humouring him. "Then you rely on your European crew to quell any disturbance among the passengers?"

"You must be a griffin if you think we carry a white crew," he muttered, giving me up as a bad job. "My dear Sir, with the mates and the engineers, we number five Britishers all told, and if that isn't a match for five hundred fukies I should like to know what is. Then there's yourself, Sir," he added sarcastically.

"Just so," I replied, "and the only one who is disengaged, and mixing with the passengers. You might swear me in as a special, captain."

He put his hand to the bottle, but withdrew it again; although the gin had flustered him, he peered at me with a very piercing scrutiny.

"Look here, mister," he said, "I can see you're a griffin, or you wouldn't bear-bait a captain on his own ship in the way you're doing. Either you know something, or you're sent up by the company to keep an eye on me. Now, what are you driving at, young man? What are you worrying about?"

I hastened to propitiate him, remembering that I knew not the temper of a Yangtze skipper. "Nothing, captain; nothing more than the fact that I've noticed nearly a score of evil-faced villains who pretend not to know each other, and yet continually get together in little groups, whispering excitedly. I should have thought nothing of it if I hadn't noticed *you* were suspicious, or worried, and have not turned in for more than an hour since we left Shanghai. Christmas night, captain: if there's anything wrong say if I can help you."

He banged on the table, and ordered a bottle of champagne.

"Goes with anything, Sir; you are all right, if you *are* new, and we will split that quart fair and square between us." As a proof whereof he gulped off his first glass and filled up his second while I was sipping the surface.

"Now you want to know what's wrong, do you? Well, I'll tell you. We've got cotton aboard. That cotton's smouldering. The moment the hatch is lifted off, this ship's on fire and my occupation's

gone. Now sit tight, sit tight, my boy! I 've known cotton to smoulder for weeks without burning, only you wanted to know why I don't turn in. I shan't turn in until we get to Hankow, and have dumped those blasted bales into the river."

"But why don't you do it now?" I gasped. I glanced anxiously through the window, expecting to see a lurid blaze break out on the spot.

"Pooh, pooh!" he said, "there 's no danger, and I might be mistaken after all. A pretty figure I should cut tallying out the whole blooming cargo to find a mare's nest! No, no; to Hankow it 's consigned and to Hankow it shall go, if we burn for it."

"But what grounds have you for suspecting it?"

"Only this old nose of mine, that has smelt cotton before, and always pokes self into the hold when we pass Woosung. If it 's foul play, to make me lose my berth and swindle the insurance companies, they shall find old Beard is not in his dotage yet."

"But why on earth should you imagine it is directed against you?" I asked, feeling reassured on the whole question by this symptom of bottle-sensitiveness.

"That 's asking me to tell tales," he replied. "You 've not heard, perhaps, of captains getting hints to throw away an old steamer, and not being in particular favour when they won't *take* hints. Mind you, I 'm not accusing the company; I know they hate me, and I know they 're a set of damned thieves from manager to stevedore, but I 'm not saying a word against them, mind. All I say is that if they want to burn this ship and steal the treasure, it 's not Captain Beard who 'll be a party to it, that 's all." And having finished the champagne, he gloomily reverted to the stone bottle.

I suddenly became aware of a cadaverous face thrust against the window of the saloon (which stood on deck amidships, with a passage on each side), and I called Captain Beard's attention to it.

"Oh, ah," he said, as the face was hastily withdrawn; "oh, yes, that 's all right, matey. That 's one of them. That 's one of the skunks who do the company's dirty work. They know there 's a fuse of rice-paper in one of them bales, and they know it 's Christmas night, when this child takes a drop too much at times. But they won't catch me napping this trip; no, not another?—well, then, just one more drop, share and share alike, to show there 's no ill-feeling to old square-jaws; must finish the bottle. . . ."

"*Shao - la: ho! Shao - la!* Fire! Fire!"

A fearful stampede swept past the cabin windows, shrieks of terror belaboured the silence of the night, and a huge volume of smoke, threaded with sinuous flames, blotted out the peaceful starlight through the forward windows.

Beard lifted his head, and never in my life have I seen anything so heartrending as that questioning look of half-drunken despair.

"They 've got the hatch up—on purpose," he said; then, with a sudden gulp in the throat, he dropped his head on the table, knocking over the bottles.

The quick irruption of the mate aroused him: "They're breaking open the treasure-room, Sir," he said.

"Let 'em," said Captain Beard; "let 'em. They shall frizzle in their own fat, if I burn every mother's son of the crowd. Follow me, you two."

The captain, with a stern face and a steady step, which were appalling in their menace, led the way up on to the bridge: looking down we saw a square hole of luridness in the dark deck forward, from which huge tongues of flame leapt, momentarily transformed into smoke, only to burst out the brighter. The hatch-cover with its tarpaulin had caught alight, and was carrying the fire to the railings.

"Port a little," said Beard to the steersman quietly; "easy at that, I see there 's a firm bank a little way up! Now starbud: cram her over to starbud! Hold on at that! Easy down there!" he called through the tube; "turn her off; now astarn; full speed astarn! Easy!"

Beard had run the *Peching* nose on into the bank, and with a heavy shock, and a bit of a jump, we stuck there.

"How's that?" he said grimly; "that's about what they want, I reckon. A nice little jump off, and then a promenade with the goldbags. Call up the engineers, and all come forward."

The captain went into his adjacent cabin, reappeared with a Winchester carbine, and led the way down on to the deck. The wind was right up-stream, against the tide, and as we lay broadside to it the starboard side of the uncovered hatch was comparatively free from flames. The Chinese had begun to perceive this, and were crowding up on either side of the saloon, debating whether to make a rush. The pitch in the deck seams was bubbling, and the heat from the inferno was scarcely tolerable.

But the moment we started to cross the deck a throng of maddened Chinamen followed with a rush. The first of them jostled Beard, who with a careless push threw him into the furnace.

"Not so fast, my friends, not so fast," he said with a terrible jocularity, facing round and barring the narrow road with his rifle; "the white man goes first, you know, when there's danger, although I'll be the last man on the old *Peching*."

Beard had pushed us in front of him, and we now stood on the bows, with the grassy bank below us, looking back on a terrible scene of insanity. Beard stood in the middle of the windward passage, between the burning hold and the bulwarks, barring the road to safety. Throngs of Chinamen, their sallow faces ghastly in the flame-light, crowded the gangways, the windows of the saloon, the bridge, and the rigging, all looking towards us, the bows, and salvation. Small gangs pushed forward into the open deck between the saloon and the blazing hold, and shrank back again from the heat; the braver or more desperate, by ones and twos, rushed across towards us, and were stopped by the captain's boot; if they struggled, his maniacal arm swept them into the furnace.

This was the horror that held six hundred Celestials spellbound, howling with panic and yet afraid to rush. During the intervals *Beard stepped* aside and leaned against the railing, brushing off his charred whiskers and hair, which had taken fire.

"Hot work, this," he called back to us; "but it'll be hotter in hell. You chaps had better jump."

"Come back, you madman!" we shouted, when we realised what he was at. "What are you doing, preventing the poor devils from saving their lives? Come back!"

The mate rushed aft to pull him away, realising now that drink and the shock had deprived him of his reason; but he had scarcely come level with the hatchway when the charred deck gave beneath his foot, and flames leapt up and devoured him. He was held as in a crocodile's jaws, whose mephitic breath deprived him of the power to struggle. When Beard perceived what had happened he indeed dragged him away, but by that time he was already burning. And now another yawning gulf stretched between us and the unfortunate maniac, cutting off his own retreat, and preventing us from overpowering him; and we could only sit helpless, shouting to the Chinamen to knock the captain down and crawl along the railings.

The sparks had by this time set fire to the woodwork of the bridge, while the cargo below was burning back to amidships, as was evidenced by ominous volumes of smoke issuing from the sides of the steamer. The poor devils of passengers had all this time been stampeding to and fro like herds of mad swine, and many were trampled to death, and many driven over the bridge or railings, and suffocated close to the open hatchway or drowned. Now that the vessel was taking fire aft, and an explosion of the boilers was imminent, they gathered once more to make a rush for the bows. Before I write down the sombre end of this madness, let me try and picture to you the fearful glory of the sight.

The *Peching* had swung a little with the tide, but still kept her nose buried in the bank, and her stern wobbling in the river. Forward was a fierce light of huge flames pouring out of the cargo hold. Beyond was the inky darkness of the great river in

THIS ONE MAN CUT OFF HUNDREDS FROM SALVATION.

which the stern of the steamer lost itself. This alone was a splendid picture, as the huge blaze swirled with the breeze, or was momentarily darkened by a monstrous emission of smoke. But this was but the setting of the human tragedy, unspeakable in its awfulness. Six hundred shrieking wretches jostled between the flames and the sullen water, separated by a few paces from an easy drop on to dry land. What separated them? The flames? The flames might still be passed to windward, along the railing, for one man had stood there all this time, and though singed, was still full of maniacal vitality. This man alone separated them. This one man cut off hundreds from salvation, and danced to see them raving. We might, indeed, have pulled him back, but it would have taken us some minutes to get past the break in the deck where the mate had fallen; also Beard threatened us with his rifle, and we expected each moment to see him succumb to the heat.

"Who 's preventing them?" he shouted. "Let them come on. I insist on only one thing: that they shall strip naked before they pass. There are some bad men on board this ship. Some thieves have fired the cotton in order to break into the treasure-room. I 'm responsible for that treasure, and I 'll see that none of it leaves this ship. Strip, you scoundrels, strip! and you shall pass off as whole as nature made you, with the benefit of a kick. *To cefoo*, you skunks, *to cefoo*!"

The maniac, all on fire now, was dancing over the crackling deck and flourishing his rifle. We saw now the root of his insanity: whether the ship burnt and hundreds perished, he would not let the thieves leave the ship with their booty. We shouted ourselves hoarse—in vain. The night was a pandemonium of agonised howls and noises. Some who understood his few words of northern dialect flung off their clothes and came past him into safety. The rest, driven to despair, made a rush. Then he began to shoot.

When Beard had emptied six cartridges there were no more Chinamen to be seen. They had all fled to the stern, crushing each other to death by scores, and flung themselves like rats into the water. Unlike rats they could not swim. By the lurid streaks cast over the water, hundred of loose sleeves and despairing faces and floating pigtails could be seen hurried down into the darkness by the tide. A small crowd of villagers had collected along the bank, and some sampans had put out from a neighbouring creek. These boatmen, with their national philanthropy, struck the drowning victims on the head, held them to the boat's side while they rifled their belts, and then dropped them back into the river.

Meanwhile, Captain Beard, having rid the ship of its pirates, sank back exhausted against the taffrail and moaned piteously for water. He was quite unrecognisable now, his hairless head being like the skull of a blackened skeleton. Then he roused himself and began taking off his boots. His toes were charred, and he fumbled piteously. We were making desperate efforts to get to him.

"No, my boys," he called back, adjusting the muzzle to his head. "You keep clear and take a roll in the cool grass. No man shall step into the shoes of Captain Beard while he is alive, you may plank your dollar on that! Say here lies Bill Beard, who did his duty to his owners and cussed them with his dying breath. Go in, you——"

He forced his toe into the trigger-guard and blew his head off. Almost simultaneously the boilers exploded, and the *Peching* began to burn itself out.

* * * *

During the next week there was an exhibition of five hundred corpses laid out on the bank for identification, and trade in coffins and photographs was brisk. It was one of these ghastly photographs, containing rows and rows of peaceful faces, and suddenly confronting me at the bottom of a drawer, which set me writing this reminiscence of my first Christmas in China. They were placarded up at all the ports along the river during China New Year, eleventh year of Kwang-hsü. People made jokes on them; but five hundred souls slept the eternal sleep unmoved, without smiling.

REPRISALS.

By GEORGES MONTBARD.

The Author of this story of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71 served with great bravery in the French Army, and was himself cognisant of the incident which is here described. He is able to produce proof from the "Gazette des Tribunaux," as to the accuracy of the details, though of course the characters are unreal.

A DETACHMENT of Prussian infantry, commanded by a single officer, was occupying the village of Lorges in the Ardennes. All the valid adult male inhabitants were serving with the French colours. Only women, children, old people, and a few invalids and cripples remained in their homes, where they had to endure the invasion barricaded behind their doors.

The detachment had been attacked at daybreak by a party of Francs-tireurs. The sentry, a Pomeranian giant, had been surprised and strangled by one of the most determined of the corps, and the Prussians, after desperate resistance, had been all slaughtered, with the exception of a handful of prisoners released after the fight, and a soldier, dangerously wounded, lying in a barn beside a dying Franc-tireur, both of whom received attention from an old peasant-woman.

The Francs-tireurs, on their side, had met with heavy loss: the corpses of both parties, rigid and horribly disfigured, lay strewn on the ground, giving proof of the rage of the adversaries and the violence of the struggle. The Prussian officer, in a hand-to-hand combat with Jean Rénan, commanding the Francs-tireurs, had fallen with his skull cloven in two by a sabre cut.

The Francs-tireurs had just left the battlefield.

As the last man disappeared in the fringe of the forest, a squadron of Hussars at full gallop dashed into the village. They burst into the street with a sound of thunder, making the very ground tremble. An order resounded, a mighty flash flamed above the heads of the horsemen; they had drawn their sabres. Twenty paces from the corpses the commander shouted—

"Halt!"

The squadron halted short with a great clanking of steel. The commander urged forward his horse, which stopped three feet from the bloody hecatomb. The animal, affrighted, shied, and with a blow of his hoof staved in the skull of a corpse. The chief looked on the scene. His old face—yellow, parchment-like, wrinkled, all pleated near the eyes—became marbled with greenish tints, and beneath his grey moustache of coarse hair, trimmed brush-fashion, his lips were crisped. Intense rage rose within him, and he made a violent effort to suppress it.

At his orders four troopers fell out and posted themselves at the head of the bridge. As they passed, guiding their mounts with a firm grip on the rein, the terrified animals neighed loudly, reared, and refused to advance. Then the men pricked them with the spur and they darted off in a gallop.

The commander dismounted, and in the company of an officer moved among the dead. From time to time, in presence of a wound more fearful than the others, he pronounced a few brief words, and his voice trembled. They saw the slain officer

lying with his head split in two, and then both gave a start.

They had come to the Pomeranian soldier. The four troopers, in vedette, a few paces in advance, had difficulty in managing their horses, which snorted, sniffing the air behind them. The imprint of the fingers was still deeply marked in the soldier's blackened, swollen flesh, and the face had become dreadful.

The commander shuddered—his countenance was deadly pale. Then his rage, controlled for the moment, knew no bounds. It burst out like savage thunder, boiling over in a torrent of imprecations. He made a gesture of wild passion, and abruptly retracing his steps, yelled out orders.

Four Hussars rushed at full gallop towards the Mayor's house, two hundred paces off; a part of the squadron dismounted; estafets set out in different directions.

The anger of the chief had spread to the soldiers. Those in the first rank had described the terrible scene of carnage to those in the second, and the horrible details had passed from rank to rank, goading the men to mad excitement. Restrained by a discipline of iron, they allowed naught to be seen of the passion that growled within them, and remained impassive, stiff, rivetted to their saddles.

Then the commander in a hoarse voice ordered—

"Break in the doors. Search the houses. Make the inmates come out, willingly or by force, men, women, and children, and bring me all that scum."

The chiefs let loose the worst instincts of these armed brutes. A blast of fury coursed over the men, and with savage clamour they dashed against the houses. The doors flew to pieces beneath the pressure of shoulders, beneath the shock of beams that they procured and used as battering-rams when the wood did not cede to the pressure of bodies. Then they poured into the interior like a hurricane, sabres above their heads, amidst a deafening racket of spurs, of steel scabbards rebounding on the boards, knocking against the walls. And in a frenzy to destroy they struck about at hazard, as if seized with madness like veritable *énergumènes*, smashing the humble furniture of the unfortunate inhabitants, reducing to atoms the few pieces of cracked crockery spread out on the dressers, sacking everything within their reach.

The women, panting, with parched throats, haggard looks, ran like hunted beasts seeking to escape. The soldiers pursued them amid abominable ribaldry, roughly clutched hold of them and dragged them into the street. They chased, with cruel oaths, the children, who fled, bewildered and white with terror, calling after their mothers with piercing shrieks.

An invalid was not going quick enough; they drove him along with blows from the pummels of their sabres, and when, overpowered by their violence, the wretched creature lost his equilibrium and fell at full length, wounding himself in the head, and then made vain efforts to rise, they burst out laughing around him and pricked him with the points of their sabres to force him to get up.

A band of these frantic men came to the barn where the two wounded were lying. The old peasant woman had just finished dressing their wounds. They caught sight of the Franc-tireur beside a wounded comrade, and they uttered a wild cheer. One soldier raised his sabre. The peasant woman, tall and thin, had stood up. She uttered a supplication, and instinctively stretched her arm over the head of the dying man to protect him. The blade came down, cutting off her hand and splitting the Franc-tireur's head. She remained erect, threatening, as pale as death, her arm, with the bleeding stump, held out, and fixed them with her eyes widely distended. Her harsh and heavy look, filled with crushing contempt, fell upon them. Then, in the silence that had all at once ensued, she spat in their faces.

"Cowards!"

And she leant tottering against the wall, her arm still rigidly pointing to the door with its mutilated wrist.

Mute terror, inexpressible shame, nailed the Hussars to the ground before their

comrade gasping his last breath, before the wounded man they had just put an end to, before this white-haired grandmother they had struck, and who had just branded them with the most cruel insult that can be inflicted on man. Then, while the deadened rumble of the soldiery buffeting and insulting their prisoners growled outside, they left the place in silence, one by one in single file, without raising their eyes.

When the last had left, the old woman sank down between the two corpses.

All the male inhabitants were now massed in a flock on the square before the church in front of a line of infantry, a battalion of which had just arrived.

Behind the infantry women stood in groups. The youngest uttered low lamentations, and from time to time convulsively clasped their children, pressing themselves close to them; others, old ones, bent double, with heads shaking, peasant women with angular features, tanned faces seamed with a network of deeply furrowed wrinkles, held themselves up stoically. They were leaning on their staves with their great dry hands and knotty fingers, which were deformed by labour, and which age and cold agitated in an incessant tremble.

Terrible news had just burst like a clap of thunder on this wretched gathering of women, children, infirm old men, shivering in the fine cold rain which had just begun to fall. The Prussian commander had made known that in consequence of a detachment of his troops having been surprised and massacred, along with his officer, in the village, three of the male inhabitants would pay with their lives this attack against the armies of King William, and be shot. He left them, however, the choice of the expiatory victims, and accorded them two hours wherein to make it, adding, with the hypocritical and

THE SENTRY, A POMERANIAN GIANT, HAD BEEN SURPRISED AND STRANGLED.—SEE PAGE 383.

ferocious *bonhomie* so characteristic of the people of his race, that they would be shut up in the church along with their priest, so that they might the better collect their thoughts and take a decision in all tranquillity of mind.

A stupor had overcome them; then they thought there must be some mistake, so unlikely and inhuman did the thing appear to them. They repeated among themselves that it could not in God's name be possible that they could for a single instant be considered responsible for the result of a combat in which, neither directly nor indirectly, had they taken any part, being ignorant even the previous night that the Francs-tireurs would arrive on the morrow. It was all pure nonsense, and had not a leg to stand on. Surely when the commander learnt the facts he would change his mind. "L'Ancien" would tell him the whole affair, and matters would be arranged. They would be allowed quietly to return home. And then a load was lifted from their hearts.

"L'Ancien" had asked to speak to the commander, who had granted his request, and two Hussars with drawn sabres had brought him to his presence. To his explanation the Prussian chief had replied dryly that such were his orders, and they would be strictly executed. Then he had roughly dismissed him. The old man, with great emotion, had returned between his escort, and had communicated the sad result of his interview. Then these poor unfortunates, who had commenced to hope, all at once realised the horror of their position and fell into dismal consternation.

The Mayor, who had just been brought forward by the four Hussars despatched to find him, might well affirm on his honour that the inhabitants had absolutely nothing to do with the affair, that their age and extreme weakness placed them, moreover, beyond all suspicion of such a nature; the commander would pay no attention, and brutally turned him away.

The village priest had hastened to the scene on learning the incredible news. He endeavoured to demonstrate the iniquity of this unheard-of measure. The Prussian chief remained inflexible, and, addressing him rudely, pointed out to him that he was meddling with what did not concern him, uselessly wasting his time, and that he would do better to devote it in preparing for their last moments the victims who would be designated.

The priest had withdrawn broken-hearted, and rejoined his flock. The commander had immediately afterwards given orders to incarcerate the men in the church.

Then the pitiful procession of feeble old men, of sickly beings, of invalids whom a breath of wind would have blown over, went painfully towards the church, between a double line of sturdy soldiers with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets.

The pastor—followed by a child, his choir boy—marched at the head. Beside him was "L'Ancien," his pipe at the corner of his lips, the cross of the Legion of Honour sparkling on his breast, his head bare, holding up his tall bent form, and setting back his shoulders, his eye cold and clear. He advanced with great indifference, haughty looking, having still, notwithstanding his years, something magnificent in his aspect. Not far off, his grandson dragged himself along on his crutch.

When they crossed the doorway and penetrated into the nave, the chilly dampness of the church struck them; they shivered and their thin shoulders rounded. "L'Ancien" tapped his pipe on his thumb-nail to knock out the ashes, and put it in his pocket.

An old tan-coloured dog with long coarse hair, a sort of poodle crossed with a spaniel, with perhaps a wire-haired terrier for a grandfather, slipped in with them, between their legs, to the holy place.

The women, behind the soldiers, followed the mournful procession sobbing, and the children, seeing their mothers weep, burst into tears, and could not make out why their fathers and grandfathers went away thus between soldiers.

At intervals, some of the women in the excess of their grief rushed upon the men of the escort, trying to pierce their line, to embrace for the last time, some a

THE PRUSSIAN OFFICER, IN A HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT WITH JEAN RENAN, HAD FALLEN WITH HIS SKULL CLOVEN IN TWO BY A SABRE CUT.—SEE PAGE 383.

husband, others a son, or a father or grandfather, before the terrible lottery should decide their fate. The soldiers, with oaths, drove them back with the butt-ends of their rifles, and then in a sort of frenzy the women vomited horrible imprecations in their faces.

A young girl who succeeded in breaking through the escort to say one more adieu to her father was unmercifully beaten, and fell unconscious.

An old crone, bent double, wanted to approach her son to see him before he was led off: a soldier dealt her a blow with his fist in the breast, and the poor feeble creature sank down on the ground with the blood pouring from her mouth.

When the last of the prisoners had entered the sacred edifice, the door closed upon them, and two sentinels were placed there. A cordon of troops was established round the church to prevent the women and children approaching.

Exhausted and cold, the prisoners seated themselves on the benches. The priest, with consoling words, exhorted them to submit with resignation to the hard trial that Heaven had sent them. They listened mechanically to his words, but heard not; they remained dejected, their eyes gazing at nothing, absorbed in their thoughts, suffering from their own grief and that of those who belonged to them remaining outside, thrilled to the marrow of their bones when the heartrending lamentation of a woman pierced the walls and reached their ears.

"L'Ancien," standing aside in the angle of a side-chapel, was conversing with his grandson. An animated discussion had arisen between them. "L'Ancien" all at once put an end to it with a word. The younger, in a last supplication, wished to insist, but at an imperious gesture from the old man he was silent. Then he pressed his grandfather to his breast and kissed him on the forehead. "L'Ancien" gently broke away and went near the others. His countenance was pale and grave. He said to them—

"My dear friends. Before an hour is past we must have made the choice of three amongst us to be shot"—and beneath the sombre, vaulted roof, wrapped in shadow, his voice vibrated with strange solemnity. Then his look passed over the group and he paused.

His words had penetrated like glaives into the hearts of these unfortunate creatures, sinking on their seats, petrified in their anguish. This rapid vision of approaching death thus suddenly evoked by him, galvanised for a moment their inert bodies, their fear-stricken brains. A glimmer lit their dull pupils, and they turned with an effort their heads towards him.

However aged, however feeble, however crippled they were, they clung, by a thousand slender threads, as do all old men and persons affected with incurable diseases, to that remnant of life, that semblance of existence, which lingered in them, a vacillating flame always on the point of dying away. A revolt also took hold of them against the fatality which delivered them up thus brutally to death, with at the same time an invincible despair at the impossibility of escaping it.

Yet, if at once they had taken three of them at hazard, the first come, seized them, stuck them against a wall and shot them there and then, before their brains, paralysed by the sudden shock, had been able to recover their lucidity, form an idea of the thing, realise the frightful truth—it would have been hard, no doubt, but it would have been over at once: they would have quitted this vale of tears almost without knowing it. But no; they had been left, on the contrary, the time thoroughly to reflect on their position, to turn it round and round and examine it from every aspect. They were packed in this sanctuary like a herd of cattle reserved for the slaughter-house, awaiting the butcher's pole-axe. The fatal hour had been fixed, and by a cultivated refinement of cruelty they were condemned—they, these innocents, these feeble ones, united together by bonds of blood and affection—mutually to send one another to death, unless they preferred, like a vulgar band of rascals dividing the produce of their thefts, to leave it to chance to mark the victims. There was surely no

God in heaven that such things could happen.

And then all the strength of will that remained in them collapsed: immense prostration overcame them, while a great confusion overwhelmed their minds.

A senile dread of death seized them, they cursed the pitiless vanquisher, the ferocious enemy, who inflicted upon them this horrible torture.

Some sank down on the forms as if they would have gone into them and disappeared for ever. Others, seized with trembling, mumbled incoherent words,

THE FRANCS-TIREURS ADVANCING TOWARDS THE VILLAGE OCCUPIED BY THE PRUSSIAN INFANTRY.—SEE PAGE 383.

they who had already one foot in the grave, at the same time as shone at moments, in the recesses of their disorientated souls, sudden sparks of abnegation and of duty. They feared to die, but they feared still more to have to owe to the death of their kith and kin those few days of existence to which they clung so despairingly. And the insufferable rending of this struggle betwixt the cowardice of the flesh and the generous impulses of the soul martyrised these poor creatures, and seeking to master their fright, to collect their thoughts, to brace themselves against this calamity. Several had risen, and very calm, as if relieved of a great weight, chatted together deliberately. These had recovered their self-possession: inflexible decision could be read in their features. They had to choose three victims among them. So be it! Well, they would choose themselves; that would cut short all tergiversation, and this thing they were so thoroughly decided to do, that nothi-

should dissuade them from it. Thus rid of lancinating fears, of humiliating hesitations, all their minds serene again, they were longing for the moment of the *dénouement* to come.

"L'Ancien" saw very well by the play of their faces the terrible combat that was taking place in their innermost beings. He guessed the invincible discouragement, the momentary effacement of energy, and also the sudden exaltation of lowered dignity; and if he felt a sparkle of patriotic pride in observing the manly resolution of some, his heart, on the other hand, experienced supreme commiseration for the painful incertitude and pitiful weakness of the others.

With him it was another thing. He had long since made up his mind, and it had been easy for him to do so. He had so frequently been face to face with death that he no longer feared it. By dint of risking his life so many times, he had become very easily accustomed, like all old soldiers, to the idea of losing it. As one had to die at some time, it mattered little to him whether it was to-day or to-morrow, and when a possibility occurred to render service to his comrades, in wishing them a last adieu, the good opportunity must not be lost. And next, the most in need of compassion, after all, were those who remained. He thought, then, of the terrible blow his death would be to his old helpmate, bedridden for years, and his eyes moistened. He met at this moment the distressed look of his grandson, and he fancied he felt his will bending. But he braced himself up against his emotion. He next thought of the two others, the little ones; of the Cuirassier killed at Reichshofen, of his brother, the "moblot" who was fighting on the Loire, who would avenge him—die perhaps, if he were not already dead. At that a shadow passed before his eyes, his whole frame shook, and he felt as if his heart were breaking.

But he pulled himself together, and with very great gentleness, infinite kindness in his voice, he said to these assembled people—

"My friends, ninety years have passed over my head. I have had my time, and am good for nothing. I may just as well take my departure to-day, when my death can save the life of one of you, as loiter here for months to end stupidly in my bed. In my quality of 'Ancien,' the place of honour is my due. Therefore, I open the march. Three are required; I will be the first. Whose is the turn?"

And turning towards his grandson, he added—

"You owe yourself to yours. Console your grandmother and embrace your wife for me, and the youngster if he returns."

"Grandfather!" sobbed the cripple.

"It's done! Don't let us say anything more about it," concluded "L'Ancien." He raised his hand with an air of command, left the group, and waited.

Immediately another rose, and with the help of his crutches went and placed himself beside him. He had sunken eyes, a lead-like complexion. He was dying of cancer in the stomach. He smiled sadly and commenced—

"My people are dead. I am here alone with a malady that gnaws my entrails. My days are numbered. It's only a question of the date. I mark it!

"It's better to leave in good company when the chance happens than to drag on my agony for months. I will be the second. We'll make the journey together, 'L'Ancien,' if you're agreeable?"

The latter silently pressed his hand.

At the same moment a third left the ranks, an old hirsute fellow with red hair turning grey, a puny thing with the shrewd head of a fox; but the small black eyes full of *finesse* were frank and kind. He had but one arm, was half paralysed on one side, and leant on a crutch and stick to walk.

He was a vagabond, a beggar, whom the parish had on their hands. One day he had come, no one knew whence, with his dog, harassed, dying of hunger, stripped of all. They had taken him in, and he had not gone away. As he was gentle and serviceable, they had kept him and he was grateful. He pronounced in his shrill voice—

"*Ma foi!* I'll make the jump too. I've never known father or mother, and

SHE REMAINED ERECT, THREATENING, AS PALE AS DEATH, HER ARM, WITH THE BLEEDING STUMP, HELD OUT. SEE PAGE 384.

if I don't know where I come from, sure I shall know where I'm going. I'm only a useless rag, who has lived lengths of time on your charity. I pay my debt. I've had enough, after all, of this lazy life. I'll put my name on the list. I'll do like 'L'Ancien' and the comrade!"

And advancing with a hobble, he put himself near the two others and added—

"We are full up now; only——"

And his voice became humble and trembling.

"There's one thing I should like to ask you, if it would not trouble you too much.

It's about my dog, my poor Brûlot, whom you all know, and who has never done harm to anyone, the good beast——"

And with his rough hand he caressed the coarse hair of the animal seated between his legs, who gently wagged his tail, raising his eyes to him.

"There'll be none to look after him when once I'm gone, and that idea worries me a bit. I've only him in the world. He's the sole being that has any real affection for me, and if it would not be encroaching too far on your complaisance, I should be very glad, when I am no more here, if he could have from time to time a bone to pick and a corner in a stable to sleep in. He will not cost you much, and will not make old bones, for he's already a good bit advanced in age, the poor brute. I should go away, all the same, more contented knowing that, after me, he would not lead a vagabond life, and would die peacefully on good warm straw."

He wiped away with the back of his cuff a tear that came on his short red lashes, and, stooping down with difficulty, he took his dog's head and embraced it, saying gently -

"The time will seem long when you see me no more, won't it, old fellow?"

The animal looked at him full in the face with his great brown eyes, with pupils circled with gold. He knocked with little jerks of his snout the old, hairy hand caressing him, and in presence of his master's sad countenance his look sparkled with intelligence and betrayed anxiety. It seemed as if his instinct warned him that a danger threatened.

"Be at ease!" said "L'Ancien" to the poor man, leaning his hand on his shoulder, "your dog will not suffer. Eh! you others?" And he looked towards his comrades.

These had risen amidst a tumult of words and lamentations.

CASTING A PROUD LOOK AT THE CHRIST HE ADDED "I SHALL HAVE DONE AS HE DID: I SHALL HAVE DIED TO SAVE THE OTHERS!" SEE PAGE [illegible].

The abnegation of these men sacrificing themselves thus to the common weal, accomplishing so simply such an act of abnegation, had brusquely torn them from the torpor wherein was foundering all that still remained of virility in them. A rapid reaction had set in, awakening the noble instincts dormant in their innermost being! A burst of energy now shook these decrepit bodies, these sick, these feeble ones, and gleams sparkled in their poor dull eyes.

And, in the exaltation of their will, suddenly strained fit to break, of their violently over-excited minds, they pressed round these three men, unwilling to accept that life which they offered so tranquilly.

They also, they clamoured, were old, crippled, disabled, alone, tired of dragging themselves along day by day on their crutches, of struggling against incurable ills. Why, then, should others rather than they have this privilege of being the first to rid themselves of this execrable burden, of this insupportable existence? They were equal in misfortune, they would be so before destiny. The others were the first to decide, it was true, but it was a surprise; they had taken advantage of a moment of confusion in their thoughts to secure the good places, and that was not right; comrades did not act thus. They also wanted to take their chance: they would all draw lots for the victims, in that way there would be no favour shown.

They had had enough, after all, of this sluggish life they were leading. They also wished to die. It was their right. And they exhibited their wounds, exaggerated their ills, brandished their deformed stumps, showed their emaciated limbs, pulled up their flabby soft skin, and with their sticks and crutches they struck heavily on the flagstones.

They would not have life, purchased at the price of blood. Were they Judases, then? And after that they implored, they ardently claimed the right to die, to die that death which a minute before they feared so profoundly.

"L'Ancien" made a gesture and there was silence.

"My old friends, what you are doing is well. But time flies, the hour is at hand. What is the use of undoing what is done? Whether it be one or the other of us, little matters. We are all resolved to die. They only ask for three. Here they are. We have taken our places the first; we keep them, that's all. Let our fate be accomplished. Only you'll tell those outside, and the young ones when they return from the war, that the old ones did their duty."

At the moment he finished, the church door opened half-way, and a Prussian officer advanced, escorted by two soldiers. He held his helmet in front of him point downwards. His spurs resounded on the stones, beating time to the deadened and regular step of his men.

Solemn silence ensued. The officer came up near them, and said in French—

"I have come from the commander. In my helmet are tickets, three of which are in coloured paper, arranged for drawing lots. Are you ready?"

"We are," replied "L'Ancien"; "but you can take away your urn"—and he pointed with his finger to the helmet which the officer presented—"and tell him who sends you that it is our own will, and not chance, that has made the choice amongst us."

The officer let the tickets fall to the ground, and putting on his helmet again, answered—

"Then all is settled. They can come and fetch you?"

"When you like," said "L'Ancien."

The officer drew out his watch, and added—

"You have three-quarters of an hour more."

Then he turned round, ill-at-ease at the glacial silence, and reached the door, which closed upon him and his escort.

Now the priest, his cassock covered with a surplice, advanced from the choir and stopped near the group. He was greatly moved, and his voice trembled when he said to them—

"My dear brethren, three of you have just given a great example of courage, of grandeur of soul, and of renunciation, of

which the Almighty in His infallible justice will know how to take account. May His all-powerful mercy descend upon them and His infinite goodness give them a share in eternal felicity!"

And turning towards the three men, who kept apart, he added—

"In a few minutes you are going to appear before your Divine Judge; the moment has come to be reconciled to Him. Collect your thoughts, look backward on your past, confess to Him your faults from the innermost depths of your hearts, and very humbly ask His pardon for your sins."

And the priest, prostrating himself, prayed fervently.

The two companions of "L'Ancien" with his assistance had knelt down. The beggar leant with one hand on the form to maintain his equilibrium on his valid knee. They bowed themselves and began to pray in a low voice.

"L'Ancien" moved away a few steps and remained standing up, grave, thoughtful. His grandson approached behind him, and seizing his hand, pressed it in a despairing grasp. The old soldier quivered, his austere features softened; then, without turning round, he very slowly withdrew his hand.

The priest, his orison concluded, gained the altar, knelt down on the steps, and again prayed; while the child, who had put on a black gown and surplice over his clothes, lit the *cierges*. He raised himself up, his face all white, bathed in tears; descended the steps, made a final genuflection before the altar, and followed by the boy, disappeared in the sacristy. He returned at once with the holy oil, which he set on a table between two candles.

The two invalids were still praying. He went up to them, received their confessions, gave them absolution, and knelt down, mingling his prayers with theirs. Afterwards he stood up, traced in the air a sign of the Cross, and the funereal ceremony of the Extreme Unction commenced.

The choir-boy reached him the crucifix, which he gave the two men to kiss. Then taking the aspergill, he dipped it in the benetier, and shook it over their heads while his voice ascended slow and grave beneath the arched roof—

"*Asperges me, Domine, hyssopo et mundabor: lavabis me et super nivem dealbabor.*"

Then he sprinkled the company, and drops of holy water fell on the denuded skulls, the bowed foreheads, the hands crossed one upon the other, which quivered at the icy contact.

"*Exaudi nos, Domine,*" continued the priest, and he recited the symbol.

"*Credo in unum Deum.*"

And in a low murmur the assembly responded "Amen!"

The two men bowed a little lower.

When the Litany was over, the priest took the vessel containing the holy oil, uncovered it, and dipping in a thin silver spatula, made unctions on their eyelids, ears, nostrils, lips, and ended by anointing the palms of their hands.

He pronounced a last orison, and the two men got up. They had to assist him who was paralytic, for his benumbed leg refused to do its work.

The priest had approached "L'Ancien." The old man had danced him on his knee when quite a child, and he, on his side, felt a warm affection for his elderly friend, and held him in high esteem. What grieved him was the indomitable stubbornness of the old soldier not to accept the Divine Word, and Heaven knows how often he had sought to make this stray lamb return to the fold. But each time had met with an amicable and mocking indifference, and his efforts to lead him back to more Christian-like sentiments had miserably failed, in face of his despairing obstinacy. He was about to make a supreme attempt to conquer this soul for God on the point of quitting its carnal envelope.

"L'Ancien" received him with a smile; he knew what the priest wanted of him.

"And you, my old friend," said the latter, with an emotion he could scarcely dissimulate, "will not you also become reconciled to God, on the very eve of finding yourself face to face with Him?"

"It's useless to insist, my child," answered "L'Ancien" gently; "it would be like preaching in the desert. All you

could say to me would not alter my determination. I am, and shall remain until the end, the old reprobate I have always been.

"Apart from honour, from what I owe to myself and others, I don't believe in much. One can't remould oneself; the imprint has become too deeply set, and at my age one doesn't care about changing one's habits. And then, my boy, between us two, I don't take kindly to the idea of becoming intimate with people all at once like that, just at the moment when one thinks to have need of them: it doesn't seem to me very straightforward. I've done my duty as well as I could all my life, and I can say at present, until the last minute. If your God be just, as you pretend, I fear not to find myself in His presence."

And casting a proud look at the Christ placed above the altar, he added—

"I shall have done as He did: I shall have died to save the others!"

The priest had shuddered on hearing the blasphemy. The old man resumed—

"Come along, my boy, calm yourself and don't bother yourself any more about my soul than I trouble about my skin. You follow your trade of priest, as I follow my trade of soldier. Each his calling. I have acted as well as I could in this world, come what may in the other—if there be one."

And he pressed the hand of the priest, who dropped bewildered on his knees, exclaiming, with arms extended towards the rigid Christ—

"O Lord Almighty! Thou who art goodness itself, pardon him his offences, for he knows not what he says. Have pity on him, merciful Lord! Touch his heart with Thy infinite grace, and cause Thy light, I beseech Thee, to enlighten him, so that he may return to Thee and enjoy, evermore, Thy eternal bliss, accorded to Thy Elect."

His voice was stifled in a sob, and he remained prostrate, his forehead on the stones.

The two flaps of the church door now opened, and daylight burst in, piercing the obscurity of the sanctuary. An officer appeared on the threshold standing out in sombre silhouette against the sheet of light. He took a few strides and said—

"The commander sends me to inform you that the hour has arrived, and that those whom you have chosen must prepare to quit the church."

"L'Ancien" and his two companions approached the door.

"Here we are," said "L'Ancien." "We are ready!"

The officer went out and returned a few minutes later saying—

"Come!"

They bade the others a last adieu and followed him. When they had crossed the threshold the two sentinels closed the doors after them, allowing only the priest accompanying them to pass out.

The beggar's dog had slipped through unperceived and trotted along with trailing tail at his master's heels. The soldiers wanted to drive him away, but he persisted in following, and no further attention was paid to him.

A picket of infantry, with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets, in charge of a lieutenant, awaited them. The men placed themselves on either side of the prisoners, and the order was given to advance.

The women, separated from the group by a double line of soldiers, could not perceive the designated victims; but they knew the hour was near, and when they had seen the doors of the church open, they had understood that it was all over, that there was no longer hope. Then a prolonged wail of lamentation rose in the air.

"L'Ancien" felt a chill enter his heart; his two companions quivered.

The Prussian commander was on horseback near the entrance to the cemetery. From afar he saw the prisoners coming. When he glanced at the old man and the two invalids dragging themselves along on their crutches, his face darkened. When the group passed before him, he turned towards an officer at his elbow and said aloud, pointing them out with a contemptuous gesture, whilst signing to the picket to stop—

"They call *those things* men, those shreds of flesh!"

At this brutally cruel remark, the old man had drawn himself up indignantly. His keen gaze met that of the Prussian commander, and he replied in brief biting tones, full of unutterable contempt—

"Yes, *those things* are men, and brave men too! for they are going to death to save the heads of kith and kin, and it's the wretches who insult them on the way who are not—men."

The commander grew pale at the outrage, bit his lips, and did not answer.

"After all," continued "L'Ancien," "if you find that *those things* do not make up your lot of human flesh, you can take from the heap to complete the measure—there are some more in the church. They won't grumble.

"If one has a few extremities the less, and the inside of the carcase passably damaged, without counting loss of power for want of oil in the machine, the heart is still good. One still knows how to die decently, Monsieur le Commandant des Hussards!"

In the chaffing tone with which he accentuated his words, there was such an indefinable mixture of bitter raillery, of provoking and disdainful irony, that the commander, livid with rage, placed his hand on the handle of his sabre, which he half drew. Then, thinking better of it, he gave a diabolical grin, thrust his weapon back all at once, leant towards one of the escort, and said a few words to him in a low voice. The soldier, immediately leaving the ranks, went up to the old man, hesitated a second, and tearing off his cross, threw it to the ground and crushed it beneath the heel of his boot, returning at once to his place.

The old man remained impassive at this supreme affront. He made not a motion, not one of his features moved, only his face became as white as linen, and perspiration stood out on his temples. His eyes took a glacial fixedness, and his tall form seemed to become still taller as he cast on the commander a look of crushing authority and threw in his face—

"He who placed it on my breast made the father of your master dance attendance on him like a lackey! He cut down those of your race like ripe corn, in battles, but he did not have old men assassinated in out-of-the way corners, nor women beaten—he!"

And shrugging his shoulders he turned away, feeling immense disgust.

With a furious gesture, the exasperated commander pointed to the cemetery, and the picket, resuming its march, crossed the entrance.

Rain continued falling cold and heavy, and on the ground, now become slippery, the lame man and invalid advanced with difficulty. The priest murmured to them words of consolation, and supported them when they stumbled. They were firm and resigned.

They had reached the end of the cemetery and were on a bit of clear ground bordered by a wall. The chief of the picket commanded—

"Halt!"

Everyone came to a standstill.

He was a young lieutenant, fair, nice-looking, very short-sighted, got up in full rig, his uniform pinched in at the waist and adjusted with most scrupulous care.

He moved about quite at his ease, in no hurry, light-hearted, very satisfied with himself, excessively preoccupied not to soil with mud his fine new boots, and perfectly indifferent to the fate of those three wretches whom a gesture of his would presently send into eternity.

He disposed his men in two lines, fifteen paces away from the prisoners, thanked with a coquettish pout the sergeant who had picked up and presented, while gravely inhaling the effluvium, to him his deliciously perfumed pocket-handkerchief which he had inadvertently dropped, and had the priest put in the rear of the picket on the left.

He caught sight of the vagabond's dog camped between his master's legs, and sent a man to drive it away. The animal went off for a moment, and returned to his place. The young officer made a facetious remark of doubtful taste, and ordered them to leave it where it was.

The beggar looked sorrowfully at his dog, gave it a caress, and signed to it to go away. He did not wish the beast killed along with him. The animal obeyed reluctantly, and moving off with drooping ears, stood a few paces distant with eyes fixed sadly on his master.

The lieutenant went up to the prisoners. They were already in a line, back to the wall, facing the picket.

"L'Ancien" was between the two others. The rain had stuck a few locks of his white hair to his temples.

The sight of this tall old man, erect, holding up his head, awaiting death with such tranquil serenity, flanked by these two poor, weak beings, shivering in the icy rain, hardly able to support themselves on their crutches, was most imposing and terrible.

The officer asked if they desired to have their eyes bandaged. They refused.

"I want to see with my own eyes how the Prussians shoot old and infirm men!" added "L'Ancien."

The officer slightly bowed with feigned politeness. He smiled coldly and ironically behind the glasses of his binocle, and replied, in his squeaky voice, that within a minute his legitimate curiosity would be satisfied. He turned round on his heels and with minute precautions, so as not to dirty his boots, he tripped to rejoin his men.

The priest, prostrated in the mud, recited in a faltering voice the prayers of the dying.

The lieutenant gave an order, and in a single movement the rifles were lowered with a dry click.

In the short silence that followed, one heard the voice of the priest, which resounded lugubriously—

"*De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine.*"

The officer raised his sabre, a crack resounded in a thundering roll, and in a cloud of smoke the three men fell, struck down to the ground.

Then a shrill, distant shriek of most poignant grief rent the air and died away. The women knew that the sacrifice was consummated.

The sergeant approached, to assure himself that the victims no longer breathed. "L'Ancien" and the invalid had been killed outright, and lay with their faces to the earth.

Alone the beggar, fallen on his back, still gave some signs of life.

His dog in a bound had flown towards him as soon as he saw him fall. With two paws resting on the beggar's chest he gently licked the wounds, uttering plaintive howls.

The sergeant, bending down to give the regulation shot to the survivor, who was gasping, sought to drive away the animal, which he struck with his heavy boot.

The beast, at the blow, bent his loins with a yelp, but did not move from his place, and flattened himself out on his master's chest. In his eyes, deadened with a blueish veil, stubbornly fixed on the livid features of the old vagabond, there was an expression of intense desolation. The sergeant then endeavoured to tear him off the body, and seized him by the skin of the back. The dog turned his head and bit his hand to the bone. The soldier yelled with pain, and exasperated, discharged his revolver between his two shoulders, lodged a bullet in the moribund's ear, and went off, his hand bleeding, swearing like a damned soul.

The poor brute, mortally wounded, had rolled a few steps. Then very slowly and with infinite pain, a flood of blood pouring from him, he dragged himself along on his belly until he reached his master's corpse, uttered a low moan, and, bereft of strength, fell beside him. He once more licked the beggar's old, cold, rough hand, and stiffened in a last convulsion.

In the grey sky, beneath the icy rain, the black silhouette of the priest, kneeling in prayer beside the three corpses, stood out, sinister and sombre, whilst at the angle of the church disappeared the last Prussian soldier.

By LOUIS WAIN.

THIS despised little creature, the mouse, mighty enough to terrorise a home in its ghostly character of mere nothingness in the dimness of night, has at last found friends powerful enough to look after its interests.

The British Mouse Club will sound strange to the many, but stranger still is the fact that its president, Mr. Sam Woodiwiss, is the owner of the champion cat of last year's National Cat Club Show, and has the cream of the bull-dog fancy in his kennels. The man who can sit in

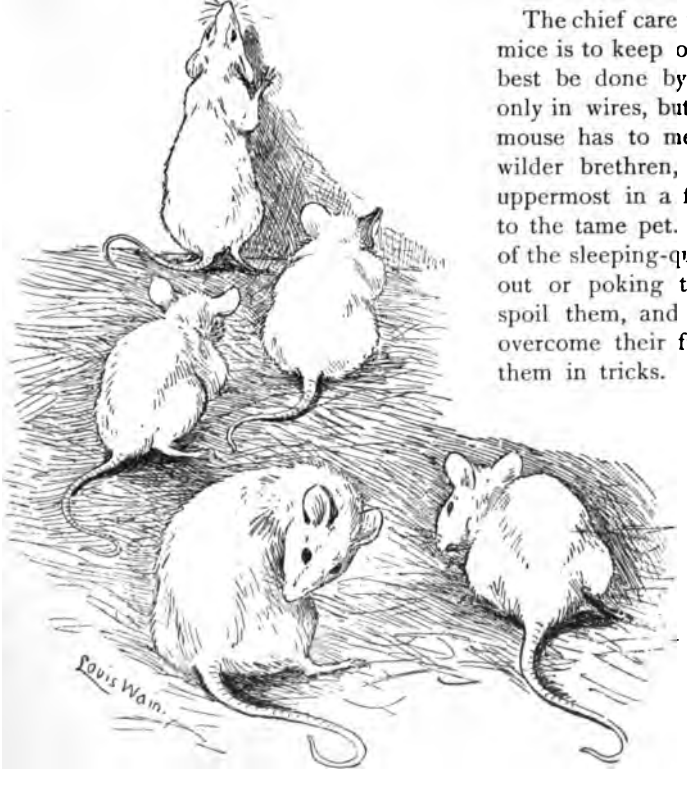
his arm-chair with one fancy tortoiseshell mouse in his watch-pocket, its mate keeping count of the gold in his purse, and their family going through his letters and note-book in his coat with all the fearlessness of despots, while his prize cats snooze

on his knees, and his bull-dogs sit sniffing the warmth of the fire at his feet, is in the enviable position of being dubbed a character, and soft-hearted at that. It certainly needs a little more than the usual amount of courage to overcome an inborn repulsion to these small pets, but once the trail of a mouse-tail over the hand has ceased to rasp one's feelings, the keenness of the fancier becomes dominant, the pattering of the little cold feet on the palm makes no impression on the nerves other than delight, and the

delicate softness of the fur impresses one rather as a vitalised velvet. On the score of age they are desirable pets, in that a mouse of three years old is a patriarch, and does not end his days a victim to the hundred and one ills which mar the failing years of an old pet dog or cat; add to this fact that they are no trouble to keep, are of cleanly habits, are cheaply fed, and are an endless source of amusement if trained to perform queer antics, and many will be inclined to overcome their prejudices in favour of another inmate of the home. Truly, their sphere of usefulness is limited. If you want a singing mouse, he must first of all develop asthma, and you must choose a mouse, too, for the purpose of song who has taken to music from his birth, the rule being, no asthma, no song. In a natural state, the mouse will be of use in disposing of dead carrion, bits of meat, bacon, etc., but petted and caged, he must be looked after and fed upon the simplest of foods: canary-seed, dry bread soaked in milk, oats and bran form the daily meal, which should be given regularly, while in cold weather a little chopped suet or well-boiled meat will help him

through the winter. If these directions are carefully followed and the feeding-tins are kept well scalded and the cages constantly cleaned out, the objectionable smell usually associated with mice will be got rid of, and the pets become practically inodorous.

The chief care which is to be taken of mice is to keep off enemies, and this can best be done by enclosing the cage not only in wires, but glass also, as the tame mouse has to meet the jealousies of his wilder brethren, who generally get the uppermost in a fight, and show no mercy to the tame pet. Indiscriminate opening of the sleeping-quarters, and rushing them out or poking them about, will utterly spoil them, and render it impossible to overcome their fright sufficiently to train them in tricks. People rarely realise the relative difference in size between the human and the small creatures, and speak to them in tones which must be colossal to such mites, or handle them as though made of india-rubber. The result very often is death from extreme fright or internal injuries received through roughness of touch.



ALBINO OR WHITE MICE.

It is well to remember that the mouse is gregarious, rarely thriving alone; in fact, to get well-kept specimens it is essentially necessary that the nest should be shared with a companion, as in that case all their affection and intelligence comes to the surface, and they then are so much easier trained. For learning, the pure Albino is easiest taught; but a dash of black by way of marking will get you a more sensitised animal, who, when he is once broken in to climb flagstaffs, etc., will take to tricks as a humorist takes to joking—because he cannot help it. The trouble, however, with obdurate pupils lies rather with the teacher than the animal, of whatever colour. As a race, the fancy mouse is both intelligent and thoughtful, and his memory abnormal.

One species, the so-called waltzing mouse, is smaller, by-the-bye, than the general run of fancy mice, and seems to be of more delicate build and constitution than all others, probably from inbreeding, as the refinement of this mouse is unmistakable. Its habit of waltzing is most curious; it always happens when the cage is brought suddenly in the bright light after being in the darkness, or when the mouse suddenly rushes out of its dark nest into the light. The little morsel rushes round in giddy circles for quite a minute, with its snout pointing to a centre, when the action is reversed, and the circles are completed in the opposite direction. Then slowly recovering itself, it goes about as other mice do, apparently unaffected by its strange freak. It is usually supposed to be caused by a parasite in the brain, but it is more probable that the smaller brain is not properly developed, as the tendency is passed on to every fresh generation. Very much the same thing happens to human beings. Instance a man standing on the brink of an overhanging rock high up a mountain-side and looking for the first time down into immeasurable depths straight underneath him; the brain, through the sight, cannot accommodate itself at once to looking downwards such a depth, and gets beyond itself and upset, as it were, with the result that the man feels giddy and, twisting round in a circle, falls over. With practice day by day, the brain ultimately accommodates itself to looking downward, and the feeling of giddiness wears off. Much the same thing happens to good shots shooting down into valleys for the first time.

SPINY MICE.

In the case of the waltzing mouse the sudden change from darkness to light is analogous in this way—that the smaller brain, which is practically the nerve-centre, being undeveloped, is not sufficiently receptive to the sudden change from darkness to light, hence the giddiness until the brain becomes strong enough to accommodate itself to the altered circumstances of the strong light. The giddiness, which has become characteristic of a type, consequently will never be cured until the smaller brain is developed by breeding out into stronger types, and the brain of the mouse advanced to its proper proportions. This it is not to the interest of the fancier to bring about, as the waltzing mouse would then be a thing of the past.

Another curiosity which threatens to become popular is the spiny mouse, of which there are many varieties of a rich fawn colour, with markings of white on the chest and behind the ears to the neck, and the tail corrugated like a screw. This mouse, as its name would imply, has the whole of its back covered with little spikes, giving it a very curious appearance. It is as lively as a squirrel; in the dark its eyes distend enormously, and it rushes about prick-eared like a kitten, apparently at nothing. It is scentless, and lives and thrives on nuts, carrots, dates, and corn. It is of the fancy mice proper, however, which most fanciers take an interest in—the many varieties of self-colours, "broken colours," "even colours," and so-called "Dutch-marked" colours.

The "self-colours" include sables, oranges, albinos, blacks, creams, chocolates, silvers, blues, etc. Broken colours depend upon a patching of colour upon a white ground. Even colours depend for their type upon even marking upon a white ground, following the Dutch rabbit marking. The Club is much exercised about breeding black-and-tan and tortoise-shell, the latter being most difficult of all to breed. Those whose ideas of the mouse are associated with the wild brown creature of the larder will be astonished at the size and perfection to which most of these fancy specimens have been brought without being obese. It is hoped, with the increase of membership of the British Mouse Club, that the next step forward taken will include the establishing of a stud-book and the inclusion therein of the many beautiful varieties of foreign and wild mice, also the dormouse, both squirrel-tailed and garden varieties, the jumping mouse, the lovely Jerboos, the Hamsters, and the American white-footed mice, the Egyptian gerbil, the Barbary mouse, the voles, and the exquisite Norwegian lemmings, all of which at present are confined to private collections.

IN CONFIDENCE.

By MRS. ERNEST LEVERSON.

ONE of the most delightful things about Dorothy is her conventionality. She cultivates it because she knows that it gives me unspeakable pleasure. We have been married two months, and she has done everything that should be done by a newly married wife.

She has carefully, on several occasions, forgotten to order essential meals. She has exclaimed, in housewifely horror, at the wild extravagance of the cook, who suggested a *guinea*-fowl as a "change" for dinner. She has had her wedding-dress "cut low." And she has, of course, an inveterate, incurable dislike to all my former feminine friends.

There was, I imagine, a certain amount of (perhaps natural) indignant feeling among these when I escaped—at two-and-twenty, think!—from the thraldom of Platonic flirtation to the liberty of married life.

But to this there was one great exception—Lady Damer—and that exception was the very person of all others for whom Dorothy cherished the most bitter suspicion, disparaging admiration, and contemptuous respect.

(The respect is for her clothes. Dorothy is too great an artist herself to refuse to these marvels the common justice of the appreciation: "*Doucet*, of course. . . . No wonder!")

If ever there was a person who absolutely forgot the past in the present, Lady Damer is that person. She was the only one of them all who was filled with a sympathetic liking for Dorothy, with a friendly interest in me. I met her for the first time after my marriage without fear, as she was without reproaches. I need hardly say it is exactly this cordial attitude that my wife resents most. Dorothy is never tired of criticising Blanche Damer's "Japanese" eyes, of commenting indulgently on how marvellously well-preserved she is (considering she is quite twenty-six) and in general, about all that concerns Lady Damer, of *hoping for the best!*

When the excitement of moving the piano about to see where it looked best had begun to pall, and the amusement of smashing glass fire-screens (decorated with storks and water-lilies), and weeding out other woeful wedding presents, had subsided, I began to feel that I needed some useful occupation. I therefore resumed my "Bureau de Consultation Sentimentale," that had made me famous at Oxford. I am a born confidant, and the fame of my impersonal view and my astonishingly good advice had induced me to give up amateur work and become a professional.

There is no fee. Entire frankness is all I ask of my clients. And, however useful I am able to be to them by my strangely varied experience, sound judgment, and curious, unerring *flair*, I can assure you that by their confidences I am amply repaid. No indiscretions, naturally—no names are mentioned. It is usually unnecessary.

Almost as soon as I resumed this interesting responsibility I received a letter from my dear old friend Hazell Woodruffe, saying in his quaint, intelligible way that he was "off colour," had "the hump," "the blues," and various other odd, unpleasant diseases that seemed all

somehow to be vaguely and unaccountably produced by his having spent a most charming summer at Dieppe. I had heard incidentally that Lady Damer had also this year spent a charming summer at Dieppe, and I wondered whether it was the same summer—whether they might, so to speak, have shared it between them. I had my conjectures. During the three months I had not seen her there was time for many accidents.

The day that Hazell called, Dorothy had gone to spend more or less of the day with her father on the river.

The moment Hazell entered my consulting-room I saw the case was serious.

HE SEEMED TO HAVE BECOME A MERE ORDINARY ACQUAINTANCE.

He is fair, boyish, and good-looking, with an air of being too tall and too large for the occasion when he is not in the open air. From the disjointed words of sulky despair that he murmured, I gathered the trouble was that "she" had changed

since they were at Dieppe. A friendship of the most Platonic nature had there been established. They had danced in the Casino, and read poetry on the beach, and sat for hours on the terrace discussing sympathy, the fashions, and the immortality of the soul.

Now he never saw her alone; she appeared uncomprehending when he pointed it out, and had gradually grown more and more polite, so that he seemed to have become a mere ordinary acquaintance, "Worse," as he gloomily remarked, "than a perfect stranger!"

(Much worse! Lady Damer is deeply interested in Perfect Strangers — when they look like Hazell.)

"And the cause of the change?" I asked, assuming the professional, experienced "bedside manner" that I keep for the invalids of romance.

"I can't think—unless——"

"What's his name?" I asked dreamily.

"You're right, Cecil. There's always someone else there now. A sort of literary—no—artist chap, with a pointed red beard. She says he's very interesting because he's writing an article on Centaurs, and collects Greek jewellery. The sort of person you wouldn't suppose would count."

"One never knows what may count," I said solemnly.

"I say, do you think you can make it all right again? Like it was at Dieppe, I mean. Oh, do, old chap!" said Hazell helplessly.

"I will, if you'll follow my advice."

"Oh, I say! Of course I will!" Hazell beamed. "Come, direct me. What shall I do?"

"Nothing. . . . But you won't really take my advice. You'll go straight back, write her a letter of nine pages, and then tear it up and write the same thing, more concisely, in twelve. You'll tell the messenger to fly; and then run after him and get the letter away, and send her a telegram asking if you may call in half an hour, and then jump into a hansom and arrive ten minutes before the telegram."

"Don't be a fool! I shan't. Tell me."

"Remain away. Lady Damer is sure to get tired of Centaurs."

"Centaurs, indeed! Such rot, isn't it? Do *you* see anything in them?" he asked anxiously.

"Nothing. They are sure to pall; and so is Greek jewellery."

"I hope so, I'm sure. Such bosh! Would you believe it, my dear boy, she told me he said he was so fond of it that if he had only one Greek earring he would wear it! Ass!"

"As a pin, of course," I added hastily.

"Oh, *I* don't know! He's fool enough for anything."

"His name?"

"Lance Challoner," said Hazell, with an effort and an air of intense distaste for the name, and a jealous contempt of its owner.

"Oh! He's not a fool. . . . But that's nothing. Lady Damer never—I mean Lady Damer always—— Look here, I am sure it's all right, and you can leave it to me. Now, you go away and don't write or call — and come here again to-morrow morning."

Hazell took his hat, and was shaking my hand in superstitious gratitude, when the servant announced "Lady Damer is in the drawing-room, Sir."

"Lady Damer!" We both started. "But didn't you tell her Mrs. Carington was out—out for the whole day?"

"Yes, Sir. But she said she would come in, as she wished to consult you."

"Show Lady Damer in *here*," I said. "Now, Hazell, go in the library" (it led out of my consulting-room) "and wait, in case I want you."

He went. I kept him on the chance of Dorothy's coming home. She would never understand!

Lady Damer came in, blushing as if she were going to consult a palmist. She wore a vague bodice and a very definite skirt, and her tired long eyes looked up out of a fresh little face under the brim of a large black hat. Lance Challoner had probably painted her just like that.

"What a pretty house you have, Cecil! and how sweet your wife is," she began. "You are lucky!"

Dorothy had been far from sweet at their only meeting.

"You're very charming to say so. Is there anything I can——"

"Oh, yes. Look here; I'm very unhappy. I know all about your talent for advising people. And I come simply to ask you what to do."

"Is it about a man?" I asked rather brutally. It *was* wonderful how entirely she had forgotten! Dorothy would never believe it.

"Yes, it is. This is the exact case. There's someone whom I sat to, and whom I thought at first very interesting. He writes about Centaurs, and collects Greek jewellery."

"Oh!"

"But now—he's rather a bother. He keeps on calling. And—and I want to get rid of him. What shall I do?"

"Give him to somebody else."

LADY DAMER IS DEEPLY INTERESTED.

"Oh, but who?"

"It's true it's not a very good moment for disposing of an admiring artist," I said thoughtfully. "Most of the Platonic friendships are settled for the season. And——"

"Do you think Mrs. Carington——"

She paused. Thoughtlessly, she had gone too far.

"I beg your pardon, Cecil. I *am* absurd! Of course you don't like your wife to have friendships—yet!"

"Not at all. I like her to have friendships, awfully. She has already had several; and we've only been married two months!"

"Really!"

"Yes. But they're all with the same person—me, you know. And I don't know that I should call them Platonic, either," I added.

She blushed again, looked slightly reproachful, and then went on: "You see, there's someone else. Just before—Mr. Challoner—I met a dear boy at Dieppe—he was at Oxford with you. You can't think how——" She paused. Then went on—

"The artist was wonderful, but he is a little impossible."

"After the impossible, the inevitable is almost a relief," I said, wondering what she would think I meant, and wishing I knew myself.

"Ah, Cecil, how right you are!" she sighed. "But he's offended with me. And I don't like—to write to him. Do you think he would ever—come back! Do you think he—still cares?"

At this moment I heard the door, and Dorothy's voice in the hall. She would *never* understand this consultation!

"Ask him," I said hastily, and opened the library door.

Then I went up to meet Dorothy. She said she had missed the later train, and so had returned by the earlier one. How like her!

Rushing up after her, I found her standing in the drawing-room, looking round it

as if she had never seen it before. Also, she looked at me as I came in as if she wished never to see me again. This was rather horrible. But I was determined not to be on the defensive. What had I done, indeed! Merely my duty in the exercise of my profession.

"Well, Dorothy, did you enjoy your day?" I asked, with secret nervousness.

Before answering me, Dorothy quickly moved a china ornament out of its place on the mantelpiece, considered it, and put it back.

I had never seen her handle our little Dresden boy so roughly. There was something rather sinister to me in her deliberate pause.

Then she said, very quietly, in an entirely new voice, rather high and cool—

"Since when has it been the custom for ladies to call on the *bridegroom* instead of the *bride?* Is this a new rule in etiquette?"

"Dorothy!" I exclaimed, hurt at being spoken of by her as "the bridegroom," and feeling that sarcasm was not her strong point.

"How is it *she* is here the first time I go out without you?" she went on, still in that dreadful new voice. Then, with sudden violence, "Don't smile like that!"

"My dearest child," I said with what seemed, but was not, calm indifference, "it was arranged that I was to begin my work to-day, and Lady Damer called, quite unexpectedly, to consult me professionally on a matter of sentiment."

"Yes—alone!"

"You are mistaken; she is not alone. She is with Hazell Woodruffe. They're talking over something rather important now, in the library."

"*Are* they? Well, all I can say is I think it's disgraceful. I'm shocked at you, Cecil. I didn't think it of you, I must say."

"My dear, don't be childish. You're quite wrong. And—besides—however that may be—however right you are—the very fact that—after all——"

"Well?"

Her look made me feel quite guilty, and I realised how absurdly easily one can be put in the wrong by the attitude of another person.

"Why, if Lady Damer, as you seem to think, ought not to be encouraged to discuss things with Hazell—doesn't that at least just show—that she can't possibly be interested in *me?* I'm simply her adviser—the physician of her soul."

"Not at all. It only shows the sort of woman she is! Cecil, I thoroughly disapprove of your 'Bureau de Consultation.' I see no advantage in it *whatever.* What good do you ever do, pray?"

"I have done *lots* of good. Even to-day. You would think so if you only understood the peculiar circumstances. But, of course, it's all in the *strictest* confidence."

"Then tell me all about it directly."

"How can I, Dorothy? It would be a dreadful thing to do. Quite unprincipled. These confessions are sacred—sacred as if they were to a priest or a solicitor. They are privileged. And they're so amusing! I wouldn't for the world do such a thing as repeat them; I'm far too conscientious. And, besides, I haven't time now."

There was a pause. Then Dorothy said—

"You haven't time, have you? Not *time* to be unreserved with your own wife! *And*, too conscientious! Well, I have a conscience too. There are two people who ought to know what is going on in the library. They are Sir Henry Damer and Hazell's mother. Dear Mrs. Woodruffe! *I* will write and tell them. *I* have scruples too—and plenty of *time!*"

She made a step towards the writing-table. Much agitated, I stood in front of her.

"Dorothy! You mustn't speak like that. How can you! Write to Sir Henry Damer! Why he has consulted me over and over again—himself!"

"Why, he's fifty-five!"

"I can't help that—he's very romantic. I can't have my clients worried. Poor old Mrs. Woodruffe, too, who regards you almost as—as—a niece! You *couldn't* distress her in such a way. No, Dorothy,

your better nature will prevail; you are unlike yourself."

"Better nature, indeed! Didn't Mrs. Woodruffe write to *us* a most pathetic letter all about how depressed Hazell has been lately, and she couldn't think what was the matter—how he never spoke to her now except to say, 'Oh, do shut up, mother!' and ate practically nothing but bananas? Well, poor thing, let her know the cause. That woman!"

Cut to the heart at realising this was actually a quarrel—the first—I was about to answer when Lady Damer came gliding in. She greeted Dorothy with smiling grace. A loud shutting of the front-door conveyed to me that Hazell had gone.

Dorothy rose surprisingly to the occasion as Blanche murmured that she did not like to go without seeing her hostess. Social habits are stronger than death, and good manners cruel as the grave. Dorothy might suffer agonies of suppressed temper, but she took off her hat with laughing apologies, ordered tea, and sat chatting in the most natural way with Lady Damer, though with a certain cold brightness. Blanche was more at ease, but seemed *distraite*. Quite suddenly she said—

HER LOOK MADE ME FEEL QUITE GUILTY.

"Mrs. Carington, may I speak to your husband a moment?"

"But — of course!" Dorothy rose. "Shall I go upstairs, or will you go down to the library again?"

"Neither, if it doesn't bore you. It's

no secret. Mr. Carington, thank you *so* much for smoothing over that misunderstanding. It really was *quite* a misunderstanding. Isn't it charming; we're going to winter in Egypt—Sir Henry and I!"

"Oh, are you really? *When?*" asked Dorothy.

"Why, in the winter, of course! But we go to Paris next week, first—to stay a month. And Mr. Woodruffe has arranged to come with us. Won't it be nice?"

"Charming!" I said. "His mother was saying she thought he wanted a change."

"Yes, *she will* be pleased," said Dorothy, with intention.

Lady Damer rose. "Good-bye, then, my dear Mrs. Carington. I shall see you when we come back in the spring. Oh, how sweet you look with your hair like that! You really ought to have your portrait painted by Lance Challoner! Oughtn't she, Mr. Carington?"

I saw her to the door, and said: "It's from Lance Challoner you're running away."

"I can never thank you enough," she replied.

When I returned, Dorothy was smilingly standing in front of the glass.

"Do *you* like my hair like this?" she asked.

I think I convinced her.

WHEN I RETURNED, DOROTHY WAS SMILINGLY STANDING IN FRONT OF THE GLASS.

FRECKLES.

By W. PETT RIDGE.

USUALLY the 6.32 p.m. from London stopped in a casual way at the small wooden station whose name was set out in giant letters of whitened pebbles on the bank; and the engine having sneezed while one or two passengers alighted, and the guard having told the office-boy that if he received any more cheek he would report the office-boy to the Superintendent, the train went on to pursue its journey into the heart of Kent. A July evening found commotion on the narrow platform which a sun had been baking all day, so that the shoes of the waiting villagers left imprints on its tarred and gravelled surface; the office-boy, big with importance and glad to show authority in the presence of a long-limbed, freckled-faced girl who stood back near to the bed of geraniums, ordered them to stand back and go higher up and to come lower down, all in the way of a bustling dog controlling a flock of sheep.

"All with no tickets," shouted the office-boy presently, as the train came in sight far away on the straight lines, "get off of the platform."

"We're expectin' of somebody," urged one or two of the elders. The freckled-faced girl prepared to leave.

"*You* can stop where y' are," whispered the office-boy to her. She nodded and came back. "All the rest get down there by the signal-box and wait," he ordered authoritatively.

They obeyed, and made a lump of patient heads near to the level crossing as the oncoming engine whistled at them and drew the train up to a halt. Three or four London children who had had their heads out of the window turned the brass handles and jumped out on the platform. Each bore a label, tied around the neck, and the one boy of the party was addressed to Mrs. Naylor, of Rose Cottage. The long-limbed girl stepped forward to him.

"You want Mrs. Naylor, don't ye?" she asked shyly.

"Wha's that to do with you?" demanded the short boy from London. He had a sharp, acute face, with his hair brought down well over his forehead; his collar was clean, but worn at the edges.

"She's down this way."

"Dessay I can find her," said the short boy curtly, "without you puttin' *your* spoke in."

"Let me carry your parcel for ye."

"Look 'ere," said the boy, with truculence, "when you're wanted you shall be sent for. Meanwhile, keep yourself *to* yourself, and don't you interfere with me. Unnerstand that, if *you* please."

The train went on, and the children, giving up their tickets to the office-boy, offered themselves and their labels to the consideration of women waiting for them. A hard-faced middle-aged woman took the short boy, and, catching his hand sharply, took him over the level crossing without a word; the long-limbed girl following at a space of a few yards. They walked across the station yard with other women and children to the main road, where they separated.

"You seem to 'ave a rare fund of lively conversation, you country people," remarked the boy satirically, as they went down the dusty road. "Don't you get tired sometimes of talkin' so much?"

"Less noise from you," said the hard-faced woman, "if *you* please."

"Your name Naylor?" asked the boy.

"Mrs. Naylor," she admitted.

"Mine 's Sizzle," he said proudly. "Sizzle Aub'ron Tabor. Lay you don't get eristocratic nimes like Sizzle down ere in this Gaud-forsaken place."

"We have what chrissen names we like," replied the woman tartly.

"What 's yours?"

"My chrissen name is Ruth. My 'usban's name is Saul. Both," added Mrs. Naylor, showing in her turn something of conceit, "both took straight from the Bible."

"Well, I 'm 'anged!" remarked the boy.

"And you 'll 'ave to behave yourself," went on Mrs. Naylor inconsequently, "the fortnight you 're stayin' down 'ere; and you let me find you up to any of your London tricks, and I 'll punish you jest the same as if you was me own boy."

"How many kids you got?" asked Master Cecil Tabor.

"'Eaven," said Mrs. Naylor, with something of a catch in her voice, "'Eaven 'an't blessed us with no children. There 's only the two of us, Saul and me."

"You 're a juggins," remarked the boy, "to worry about that. There 's plenty of youngsters up in Red Cross Street, where I come from. I reckon anyone could buy as many as they liked there for about three a penny."

"This is where we live," said Mrs. Naylor. "Come round 'ere to the back. Goo'-night, Sarerann." The girl responded.

"Why not go in the front door?" asked the boy.

"Because it ain't Sunday," she replied curtly. "Give your shoes a brush with this bass-broom."

The boy looked back at the roadway as the long-limbed girl passed, and noticed that she went on towards the next cottage, the garden of which was separated from that of Rose Cottage by a wooden barred fence. He imitated the warning sound of an approaching bicycle, and was pleased to see that the girl started affrightedly. In the garden someone who appeared to be a gentleman of colour was washing himself at a basin stood upon a wicker-bottomed chair, and he looked up, his grimy face covered with soapsuds, as the two came into view.

"Wha' cheer, Rewth," he said, rubbing the water from his eyes. "You 've found 'm then?"

"Can't you see I 'ave," she replied tartly. "Get rid some of that coal-dust and come in to your tea."

"'Aving a bit of a sluice down, ole man?" asked Master Tabor familiarly.

"Jest gettin' one or two coatin's off," replied Mr. Naylor. "Jiggered if I don't sometimes wish I was a miller 'stead of being in the mucky coal business."

"It makes you a bit dark-complexioned," agreed the boy. "You ought to treat yourself to a powder-puff."

Mr. Naylor had dipped his face again into the basin of soap-water, but on hearing this he threw his head back and roared cheerfully, repeating the last words of the boy's remark with great enjoyment. He came into the kitchen presently with his eyes still black and a dusky look about the rest of his face, and when his wife told him (not, it seemed, for the first time) that his hands were a disgrace to the village, he took the reproach good-temperedly. The three sat down at the white-clothed table to a bread-and-butter tea with green young lettuces tearful at having been plunged into water, and a home-made cake that the boy eyed acutely.

"A pretty character you are," said Mrs. Naylor bitterly, "to 'elp me look after this boy for a 'ole fortnight. Why, to look at you, anyone would think you were a——"

"Say grace, Rewth."

"For what we are 'bout receive Lord make us truly thankful," said Mrs. Naylor, bowing her head. "A low tramp!" she added, looking up.

"What made you marry him?" asked the boy from his side of the table.

"There!" she said with melancholy triumph, "even the boy asks that question. It 's a puzzle to everyone, young and old, 'igh and low, rich and——"

"ELLO!" HE SAID, REGAINING HIS COMPOSURE, "FRECKLES!"

"I suppose," said the boy, eating with great appetite, "it was only because you couldn't get no one else to."

"Jigger me!" roared Mr. Naylor with great delight, "if the boy ain't hit the nayul right on the head."

"And I 'll hit him there too," said the woman sharply, "if he talks with his mouth full. Pull up your chair closer, me lad, and behave, and leave off sniffin'."

There seemed at first some probability that the advent of Master Cecil Tabor would increase the number of domestic jars at Rose Cottage, but the fact appeared to be that Mrs. Naylor had always reached a high standard of acerbity, and any change that she made could only be in the direction of amiability. Indeed, later in the evening, when the boy from the Borough, on being ordered to bed, obtained a respite by proceeding to give imitations of music-hall favourites whom he had seen at the South London Palace, he succeeded in arousing a smile from Mrs. Naylor that had been dormant so long that it seemed rather confused and awkward, but was presently followed by other smiles of more assurance. Feeling, later on, that this show of interest was undignified, she gave the boy a good shake and took him up to his small bed-room, where she delivered from the landing, as he undressed, a brief address on the sin of going to theatres, pointing out that these bordered the way to destruction, besides costing money. The boy listened to her for some time, and then, being tired, assured her that she knew nothing of what she was talking, and turning his tired young head on the pillow, went instantly to sleep. Mrs. Naylor walked downstairs and upbraided her husband for not having brought home his cash to be locked up in the usual way.

The boy was taking a first survey of the back garden the next morning, in order to ascertain the possibilities for mischief, when a head appeared over the wooden fence—a head that at this early hour of the day was so fiercely studded with curling-pins that it looked at first sight as though the young woman wore a silver helmet. She coughed, and the boy started from the white currant-bush to which he had been applying himself.

"'Ello!" he said, regaining his composure, "Freckles!"

"My name ain't Freckles," said the girl, "it's Sarerann Francis."

"Your nime's Freckles," he retorted. "Don't you get in the 'abit of conterdictin'. *My* name's Sizzle Aub'ron."

"I think I shall call you Suet Puddin'," she said shyly. "You're very white about the face."

"I can see what's the matter with you," remarked the boy threateningly, "you want your 'ead punched. Stay where you are, and in about two twos——"

"Don't hit me," begged Freckles, bobbing down on her side of the fence. "I don't like being hit."

"What's my nime, then?" asked the boy threateningly.

"Sizzle something."

"Sizzle Auberon Tabor." The shrinking girl repeated it carefully. "Ah!" said the London boy, "don't you ferget it, mind, or else you'll be sorry you was ever born."

"Come out and 'ave game cricket presently, when I've finished 'elping mother with the 'ousework," suggested the young woman.

"Dem fine 'and at cricket, you."

"I can bowl round-arm," she said, "and chance it. 'Ev you ever played?"

"Been at it all me life," said the boy, with some want of exactness. "I'm the chempion in our street. We get a jacket and fold it up against the wall, and we make a ball out of anything we can get 'old of, and a bit of wood for a bat, and——"

"Sarerann!" called a voice. "Come 'ere this minute, you good-fer-nothing young 'ussy, you!"

"Ten o'clock," whispered Freckles, preparing to go.

"P'raps I shall be there and p'raps I shan't."

As a matter of fact, the boy found himself turned out of the cottage after breakfast, Mr. Naylor having started on a round from his coal depôt with a wagon loaded with fat sacks of coal, and Mrs. Naylor,

first tying a handkerchief fiercely around her head, and enveloping herself in a brown holland cover, threw herself with remarkable energy into the work of giving the place a tidy up, which appeared to consist in taking every spotless article laboriously from its place, dusting it, rubbing it, breathing on it and rubbing it again, and eventually returning it to its place in its former immaculate condition. To escape being treated in like manner, the boy went out into the roadway, and discovered presently, to his great annoyance, near a dry ditch into which he slipped, the reason why stinging nettles are so called. He was kicking the nettles and swearing at them resentfully, when a stump fell near him, followed by three more, followed also by a ball. Picking these up, he saw Freckles pointing with one long arm down the road, and he obeyed by carrying them in the direction indicated. There he found a triangle of grass with a barn at the base, which bore posters of a long-departed circus. Freckles appearing, the wickets were pitched, and Freckles said, "Dolly I first innings"; but the boy shouted, "Bags I first go!" and, seizing the bat, declared that in Red Cross Street, Borough, and in other places in London where the national game was played, men always batted first, and girls had to bowl. Anxious to comply with the rulings of town, Freckles took the ball and sent down a round-armer that missed the boy's bat and hit his wicket; but he declined to give up the bat on the ground that the first ball was always given "for love," and was never taken seriously. He found many other ingenious excuses afterwards for not going out, with the result that Freckles had to do most of the running in her awkward long-legged way. The London girls who had arrived with him went by in charge of one of the villagers, and he was about to holloa to them when Freckles begged him not to speak to them, and he consented, with the proviso that she should acknowledge that he could beat her at cricket—a wholly unfounded claim, to which she at once gave her cordial consent.

"What's your father work at for a livin'?" she asked, as they walked back for dinner.

"He don't work at all," replied the boy, glancing at her aggressively. "You mind yer own business, Freckles."

"Is he independent?"

"Yes."

"Live at 'ome?"

"No he don't," snapped the boy. "He's put away at Wormwood Scrubbs jest now, if you must know."

"Why don't you and your mother go with him?"

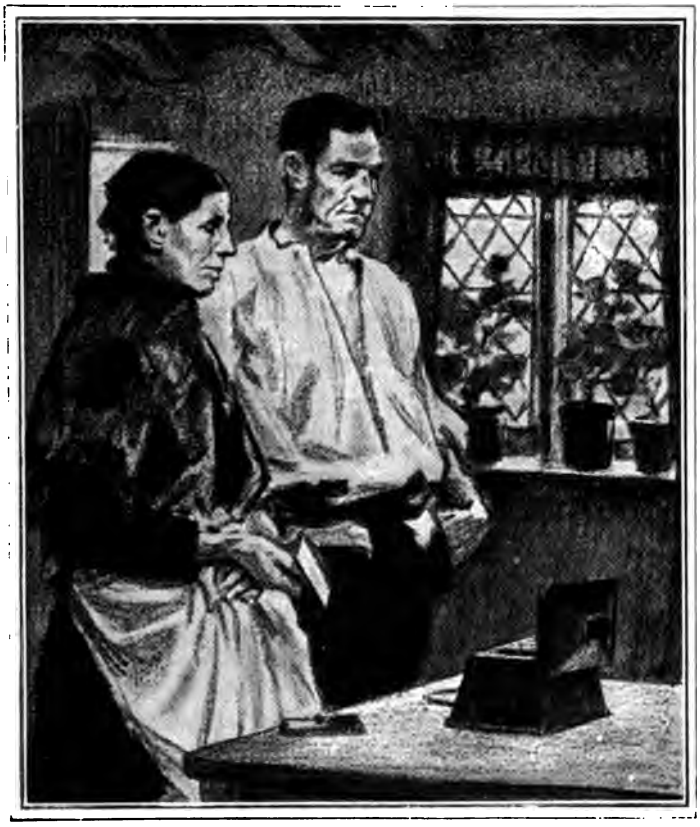
The boy looked at her curiously, as though to ascertain whether her attitude was one of ignorance or whether she was only assuming this as a cloak for impudence. He appeared satisfied.

"Silly kid!" he said disdainfully.

The other days of the first week saw him increasing in the favour of his hosts and in the admiration of Freckles. His alertness, his quaint effrontery, his comic songs, his amazing coolness—all these things were new to the couple in whose cottage he was living; when it was found that they were backed up, after a few days, by unexpected little touches of affection, then even Mrs. Naylor gave up her attitude of reproach, and her voice softened when she spoke of him. And when Mr. Naylor was engaged in the laborious work of making up his accounts in the evening and checking his cash the boy was of real use, for he could tell how much five hundredweight at twenty-five shillings a ton came to before Mr. Naylor had written the figures on the slate. Sunday came, and he was conveyed, much against his wish, to the Congregational Chapel, where he showed some signs of restlessness during the prayers, and murmured, "Time, time!" under his breath; but his interest awoke when Freckles and other muslin-dressed young women of the parish, up in the gallery near the harmonium, commenced to sing. Later in the day he so far unbent as to make a defiant offer to Freckles across the wooden fence to accompany her to evening service, and Freckles, walking with him into chapel that evening, knew the joy of pride.

Because everything in this world has an end, Cecil Auberon Tabor's holiday

finished, and the office-boy at the station was perhaps the only person in the village who was glad of this. Mrs. Naylor baked vigorously all through the day that the boy might have something to eat on his two hours' journey to London ("He must keep body and soul together," said Mrs. Naylor), and was thus enabled to load him up with meat pasties and cake in sufficient quantity to have kept the whole party of child visitors for a week. To her great regret, Freckles was unable to see him off at the station: the absence of her mother with a married daughter Linton way obliged her to remain in charge of her house, but the London boy kissed her, and said that likely as not they might run up against each other again. Freckles was only able to wave a tearful farewell as the train rushed Londonwards with brown faces of excited children out of the window. Mr. Naylor from the coal-wharf also sent up an *adieu* that might have been shouted by a fog-horn.



THE TWO STOOD LOOKING BLANKLY AT THE CADDY FOR SOME TIME.

"Saul!" cried Mrs. Naylor that evening.

"Now begin again," answered Mr. Naylor, from his wash-hand stand.

"Come 'ere this minute! Come at once! We've bin robbed! There's bin burglars! Oh, Saul, we're ruined!"

"You're makin' a lot o' fuss 'bout nothin' at all, I expect," remarked Mr. Naylor, as he came in leisurely.

"That fi'-pun note that you locked up safe in the tea-caddy last night is gone!"

"Well I'm jiggered!" exclaimed Mr. Naylor. The two stood looking blankly at the caddy for some time. "Sims almost," said Mr. Naylor hesitatingly, "as though our — your London boy must 'ave bin and gone and took it."

"Saul," replied Mrs. Naylor, "you was a fool when I knew ye first, and a fool you'll be till the end of the world. I'd trust that dear boy with untold gold."

"But this was a fi'-pun note," urged Mr. Naylor, thinking he had detected a flaw in the premises.

"I'm ashamed of you, Saul, for even dreamin' of such a thing."

"Any way," said Mr. Naylor, "it's gone."

"Yes," admitted Mrs. Naylor, "it's clean gone. We'd better send for young 'Obman."

Young Mr. Hobman arriving, took off his peaked cap with its little rampant silvered horse and loosened his waist-belt, and said at the outset that he should

have been sent for earlier. When the unreasonableness of this remark was pointed out, P.C. Hobman waved the protests aside and remarked that he had not belonged to the Kent County Constabulary for eighteen months without knowing something of the Law, and if this did not mean a case for the Assizes why then he would eat his walking-stick. Mrs. Naylor ventured to submit that it was necessary, before having a case at the Assizes, first to catch a prisoner, and P.C. Hobman, admitting the force of this rather grudgingly, applied himself to the work of investigation. He searched the back garden for footprints, and Freckles, who had heard all the foregoing talk, watched him from the fence nervously.

"You 've had a bit of a boy from London staying with you," said P.C. Hobman presently. The two nodded. "Then," said the constable, "it's him what's took it!"

"You're a darned young idiot," burst out Mrs. Naylor, with vehemence.

"That's as may be," said P.C. Hobman equably. "But, anyhow, I 'll borr' a trap and drive over and see our Instructin' Constable, and we 'll see what steps ought to be took."

"Better be half go and look after them gipsies," suggested Mrs. Naylor wildly. "Them 's the characters what do all this sort of thieving."

Freckles, from the fence, gave a sigh of relief that was but temporary.

"The boy took it," said P.C. Hobman doggedly. "The gipsies cleared off two days ago. I 'll trot up to London Bridge by the parly in the mornin' and we 'll nab him in rather less than no time."

"Hi!" said a voice from the other side of the wooden fence.

"Did you call, Sarerann?"

"Yes," said the girl, with a white face. "I can save you the trouble of sending up to London. I took your fi'-pun note."

"And what 'ave you done with it, you bad, wicked, good-for——"

"Burnt it," said Freckles.

"What ever for?"

"For fun," said Freckles.

"Call your mother this minute."

"She won't be 'ome to-night," said Freckles calmly. "There 's a new baby at sister Judith's at Linton."

"My girl," said P.C. Hobman, "I shall most likely have to cart you into Maidstone first thing in the mornin'."

"I don't care," said Freckles, with a nervous effort at impudence. "I don't of'en get an outing."

"I ought to take you to-night."

"I 'll look sharp after her to-night," said Mrs. Naylor, "whilst you go and see your Instructing Constable about it. And I 'll give her such a talkin' to——"

Poor Freckles, under lock and key in the room that had been occupied by the boy from London, had to listen to Mrs. Naylor's hard, reproachful voice for many hours that night—the while Mr. Naylor slept peaceably. She took all the reproofs without sign of emotion, until Mrs. Naylor pictured the contempt and indignation of the new baby nephew at Linton. In the morning she prepared stolidly for the arrival of the constable. She was looking out of the window, ready dressed for the journey to Maidstone, when a whistle clipped her attention.

"Hullo!" said the office-boy. "In the wrong 'ouse, ain't you?"

"Shall be in a wronger one soon," said Freckles ruefully.

"Got a parcel for Mrs. Naylor," called the boy. "Tell her to 'urry down and sign for it. I must get back sharp to my monthly abstract."

The signature "R. Naylor" being written in the office-boy's book, Mrs. Naylor took the clumsily tied little parcel. It was really more like an amateur envelope than a parcel, and it contained a letter—

I took this away by mistake in the hurry, and I send it back with comps. I am very sorry. Please forgive me. I am going to be a better boy.

Yours truly,
CECIL AUBERON TABOR.

Don't tell Freckles.

The five-pound note was inside.

"Sarerann," said Mrs. Naylor solemnly, "when he grows up, your new little nephew will be as proud as proud o' you."

M.P.'S AND THEIR FADS.

By ALEXANDER MACKINTOSH.

It is strange that all great men are slaves to some fad or other, and our House of Commons gives many good instances of how nearly all our statesmen ride the hobby-horse. Mr. Skinner's caricatures explain themselves.

"HOBBIES" (quoth Mr. Brooke in "Middlemarch") "are apt to run away with us, you know," and he adds, "it doesn't do to be run away with." Many busy members of Parliament differ from that discursive-minded country gentleman. It is good for them, they think, to be "run away with" by a fad or hobby. There is at least one member of the House of Commons, an Irishman, who shares the hobby of John Tipp, of Elia's South Sea House, but unless he indulges in Strads, his foible for the fiddle

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

need not be dear. It has been said that the most expensive hobby in the world is standing for Parliament. Not a few of the gentlemen who have seats at present at St. Stephen's may be inclined to agree with that opinion. Others think

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

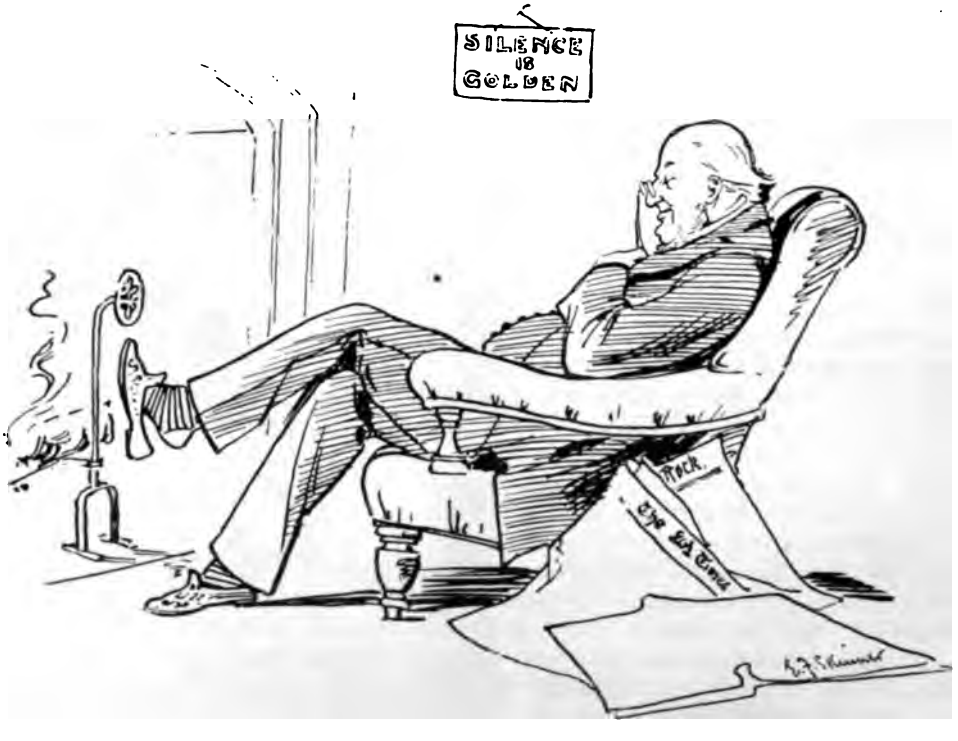
that fancy farming is still more expensive; some have shared Sir Walter Scott's experience of building and planting; a few have found how dear a hobby it is to run a newspaper. But that which is a mere fad in the onlooker's eye may be serious business in the mind of the faddist. There are many men who object to the application of the term "fad" to their cherished nostrums. Among such are vegetarians and advocates of universal arbitration. It is not with these that we are concerned, but rather with hobbies that members ride—sometimes to death—for their own amusement.

Most notorious among members' fads is Mr. Chamberlain's devotion to the orchid. Day after day his coat is adorned

with the flower, sometimes with one for the morning and another for the evening A gallant Admiral displays a fine specimen now and again, but it is pre-eminently with Mr. Chamberlain's name that the orchid's Parliamentary fame is linked. For many years he has indulged in this hobby, remaining true to it through all the changes of his political life. Not even his worst enemy could say that to this thing he is "constant never." One could no more think of him deserting the orchid than of his abandoning the single eye-glass—or Mr. Jesse Collings. In his thirty greenhouses are many flowers, but the orchid is the undisputed favourite, and to it a considerable number of the houses are devoted. There are thousands of specimens, including many hybrids of the Colonial Minister's own rearing. Some of the most beautiful which he wears in dress debates resemble butterflies; his favourites are Cattleyas and hybrid Dendrobiums. If this is not an aggressive fad—as some persons would describe anti-vaccination—neither can it be regarded as unpretentious. On the contrary, it glories in being seen, and boasts, sometimes, of its costliness. As much as

"DIZZY."

three hundred guineas has been paid for an orchid. A Paris paper amused its readers some years ago with a story of a British statesman who, finding in the French capital a rare and beautiful orchid, bought it for a large sum and then crushed



SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.

it under foot because he possessed one of that sort and wished nobody else to have another. This was, of course, a pretty Parisian invention. Mr. Chamberlain does not ride his hobby to extravagance. Nor does he keep it for his own exclusive use. In his son, Mr. Austen, he has an imitator who sometimes sports the orchid as well as the eye-glass, although the young man's own fancy, it is reported, turns to the farming of a bit of land adjoining Highbury.

MR. GLADSTONE.

Statesmen's fads might form an interesting chapter in personal history. What was Disraeli's? Not the growing of primroses nor the rearing of peacocks, but rather the writing of novels and the display of Imperialism. All the world knows what was Mr. Gladstone's lifelong hobby. In his heart he may have been as proud of his skill in felling trees as of his additions to the Statute-Book. Sir William Harcourt's fad, if one may say so without political prejudice, is to seclude himself in the New Forest when he is most looked for by the public. "I am one of those," wrote Leigh Hunt, "that delight in a fireside." Sir William Harcourt's affection for his own fireside is regarded as a fad by politicians whose domestic inclinations are less fully developed. The "brave and bimetallic Balfour" stands at the head of those members whose hobbies are outdoor games. Lawn-tennis formerly shared his affection with Handel, and more recently the bicycle has almost run away with him. Golf, however, is his favourite fad. His devotion to it has made the game fashionable in England, and has increased its popularity even north of the Tweed. It is a game that knows no seasons. His colleagues may be hunting or yachting, deer-stalking or pheasant-shooting, but Mr. Balfour plays golf spring and autumn, summer and winter. During the Parliamentary Session he snatches a Saturday afternoon for a round at Tooting; when he goes to the seaside to deliver a political speech his host arranges a match on the nearest links; on his way to Balmoral he has had a game between trains at Aberdeen; and every autumn he hurries to North Berwick, where for a month or two he plays almost every day and all day. His zest as a player is sportsmanlike. He learned the game in a thorough manner, and has pursued it with an assiduity worthy even of so good a cause. Some golfers are always duffers, but Mr. Balfour's play has steadily improved, and he has twice won the Parliamentary handicap.

The Order-Book of the House of Commons is a monument of legislative fads; there are some even on the Statute-Book. Proportional representation is the fad of a few members, bimetallism of others. Some find a fad in anti-opium or the local veto, worthy objects which, when pressed out of season, become tiresome. Telephones are Mr. Provand's fad, and Mr. Arthur O'Connor's is in the rules of

MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR.

the House. Mr. James Lowther's steadfast adherence to Protection through good and ill report is smiled at as a political whim, and another member is laughed at because he has "conventual establishments" on the brain. Mr. Jesse Collings's

cry for three acres and a cow was regarded at first as a fad, but ceased to be such when taken up by politicians of both parties. One of the purest Parliamentary fads is that of Mr. Cuthbert Quilter, who annually ballots for a Bill to promote the purity of beer. Whether he would drink it himself is doubtful, but pure beer cannot be mentioned in the House without the thoughts and glances of members turning towards Mr. Quilter.

A hobby with interesting results was pursued for several Sessions by Mr. Martin, a London banker and member for Mid-Worcestershire. Mr. Martin devoted the spare time of a busy man to obtaining the autographs of his Parliamentary colleagues. In a couple of dumpy volumes he placed miniature photographs of the members with brief chronicles of their careers, and opposite each record appears the autograph. It was in the last Parliament chiefly that Mr. Martin pursued this pleasant hobby, leaving the volumes with the attendant at the foot of the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, and catching members as they went in and out. Though a pleasant, it was also an arduous fad. Mr. Martin personally knew only a small number of the 670 members, and it was difficult to hunt them all up and seize them in a signing humour. The result, however, possesses permanent interest. Many hunters for autographs envy Mr. Martin his albums. He will have to guard them closely in order to prevent the famous names from being cut out. The only

MR. MARTIN.

notable signature awanting is that of Mr. Gladstone: to obtain his autograph was always difficult. One member of no importance flatly refused to sign the book—namely, Mr. "Jimmy" Caldwell. For this omission Mr. Martin may console

MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

himself. The album finishes at York with a caricature of a barrister in wig and gown, beside the much esteemed name of Frank Lockwood.

Another interesting hobby is that of Sir Benjamin Stone, a member for Birmingham. Sir Benjamin, whose business is that of a practical chemist, is an enthusiast in photography. He has travelled much, written books on his travels, and illustrated his books. Sir Benjamin's hobby has been turned to account in the Palace of Westminster, where his camera may be seen during the Session in many nooks and corners. He has handed over to the British Museum, as the nucleus of a new record department, photographs of one hundred members,

taken on the Terrace by the side of the Thames, and a similar number of exquisitely printed views of the most interesting features of both Houses. All the members whose photographs have gone to the Museum were taken on the same stone on the Terrace, so that the surroundings in each case were identical. In the course of his self-imposed labour, in which he keeps an assistant busy, Sir Benjamin has brought some strange things to light. At Westminster Abbey he unearthed an old box, which was found to contain Exchequer tallies of great antiquity and interest, and in the Houses of Parliament, also, his prying camera has revealed even to those best acquainted with the building some unfamiliar features.

If Mr. Augustine Birrell has a fad, it is Dr. Johnson. The word is not to be

COLONEL SAUNDERSON.

found in Johnson's own Dictionary, but, like the Bourgeois Gentilhomme who spoke *prose* for forty years without knowing it, the great Doctor, if he lived in the days of the Boswells of monthly magazines, might have learned that he had more than

THE LATE SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD.

one fad. Some men have great hobbies. Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, for instance, plays with the Empire. Happiest, however, are they who find fads in small things or in occupations far outside the ordinary business of their lives. Colonel Saunderson paints; Sir Frank Lockwood, with impartial hand, caricatured friends and opponents. His hobby never failed to amuse wearied members. It was interesting to watch one of his sketches travelling from hand to hand along the front bench, honourable gentlemen behind peeping over right honourable shoulders to see the caricature. Sometimes it passed to the second bench, at other times it slipped into the pocket of one of the leaders. Lord George Hamilton's fad is destructive. It is his habit when seated in the House to take a sheet of paper and carefully cut it into small pieces. There are members who write poetry. Sir Wilfrid Lawson has for many years been addicted to this innocent amusement. The Muse visits him on a back bench, where he scribbles his inspired lines on a copy of the Orders of the Day or any scrap of paper at hand. Of course, they are "picked up" by somebody who

does not know their authorship, but who, recognising their political beauty, sends them to a sympathetic paper with the result that the genial teetotal baronet blushes twenty times in a Session to find himself famous.

In the poet's realm Sir Wilfrid has recently met a rival in the member for Gateshead—he of stalwart frame and great shaggy head. Mr. Allan has challenged criticism with the publication of his poems. Some lines in a newspaper on the storming of Dargai by the Gordon Highlanders may give an idea of his style—

> Not a voice spake in despair;
> Not a look of fear or care;
> Not a coward heart was there—
> 'Mid the Gordon Highlanders.

To a Newcastle paper he recently contributed a poem entitled "Jack shall be King of the Sea," from which the following is taken—

> The flag that cowed the roving Dane,
> And shattered Gallia's might
> Tho' leagued with proud and haughty Spain
> Waves still in glory's light;
> As in triumphant days of old,
> Its laurels bright appear,
> While from the hearts of seamen bold
> This song salutes the ear:—
> The soldier may be lord on land,
> And brave in battle be,
> While Britain's sons man British guns,
> Jack shall be King at Sea.
> Hurrah! Hurrah!

It is, perhaps, in games and sports that the majority of members find their hobbies—

MR. JAMES LOWTHER AND MR. HENRY CHAPLIN.

at least, such hobbies as are known outside the family circle. Mr. Chaplin and Mr. Lowther, not content with Bimetallism

SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

and Protection, fly to the Turf. Others are at their happiest when riding to hounds; a few seek delight in steeple-chasing. There is a large Parliamentary team of cricketers. Among these is Mr. Lyttelton, who can keep wicket to any colleague's bowling. Viscount Curzon has a partiality both for cricket and for music; and Mr. H. W. Forster is a crack golfer, as well as batsman. Lawn tennis also claims its devotees. Mr. Herbert Gladstone divides his affection between tennis and music, politics taking a back place. Sir Edward Grey, who loves the fresh air and the life of a country gentleman better even than the atmosphere of the House of Commons, has more than once won the amateur tennis championship. When Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs he was accustomed to devote part of one day a week to his favourite pastime, and it has been said that at the close of a game he remarked, "Now I have nothing to live for till next week." Sir Edward is an expert also in dry trout-fishing, and while a

member of the late Government he was caught poaching—by inadvertence, of course—in a Devonshire stream. Many members have learned to play billiards as part of a liberal education. A few find in it their chief hobby. This was Mr. John Bright's favourite pastime. Mr. Fenwick, the miners' member, is fond of a game, though, as he confesses, he doesn't play particularly well. Mr. Bromley-Davenport has excelled as a football player, and Mr. Tennant, it has been said, skates like an angel.

A quiet rubber with a good partner is the hobby of a section of our legislators. Mr. W. E. Forster was very fond of whist. He would play dummy and even double dummy if a game could not otherwise be made up. A good story of Mr. Forster at the whist-table is told by Mr. James Payn. One afternoon, at a time when the Nationalists were jeering at him as "Buckshot," the statesman had won a good many rubbers from the novelist, and the latter looked resentfully at him for the partiality with which Fortune was treating him. "If it would be any satisfaction to you, my dear fellow," said Mr. Forster, with

SIR EDWARD GREY.

his humorous smile, "and a relief to your feelings to call me 'Buckshot,' do it." Among Parliamentarians of the present day there is a considerable company of chess-players. Mr. Parnell, the brother of the Irish "leader," Mr. Plunkett, and Mr. Atherley-Jones are some of the keenest. Chess is the only game—except, of course, the great political game—played at the House of Commons. Whig and Tory, Home Ruler and Unionist, forget their partisan differences over the chess-board. At this game old Churchmen even would sit down with the late Mr. Charles Bradlaugh. Mr. Henniker Heaton is an enthusiast, but his fad is really the reform of the Post Office—a hopeless fad, other men think.

MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE.

"I have no time for a hobby," says the hurried man who forgets that what makes Jack a dull boy may have the same effect on his senior. There are other people whose habits and hobbies shrink from observation. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, for instance, keeps the curtain down on his personal life. If he has a fad it is not generally known, unless it be in his dislike of smoking, a practice which, in the well-fed, he regards as waste. Other men make a fad of smoking. Mr. Labouchere is not happy if he is deprived of a cigarette for more than an hour at a spell. Certain observers describe proportional representation as Mr. Courtney's fad. Others are inclined to think his fad lies in brown waistcoats. Mr. Curzon's hobby is travelling. Mr. Bryce's hobby is hill-climbing. Not content with the ascent of Ararat, he climbs every hill at home and abroad near which his fortunes take him. When at Aberdeen he varies speech-making to his constituents with trips to the hills in the county. Sir Howard Vincent is another member with a hobby: it is generally understood

to be volunteering. He takes great interest in the Queen's Westminster, of which he is Colonel. All the doings and

MR. HENRY LABOUCHERE.

recreations of the corps enlist his sympathy. Some of his friends, however, say that volunteering is really the serious business of his life, and that his Parliamentary crusade against foreign prison-made goods is really his fad! Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles's fad is to know everything, his particular hobby being navigation. How he delights to fire at the very Civil Lord of the Admiralty a volley of seafaring words! In this respect he beats even Admiral Field, although he cannot vie with the Admiral in the seaman's gait.

"BOBBY" SPENCER.

There are many other fads. There are fads, for instance, in clothes. Mr. Coningsby Disraeli, who resembles his celebrated uncle in several points, sometimes attracts attention by the cut and colour of his garments. Mr. Courtney's brown waistcoats have already been mentioned. He appears in them at all seasons of the year. Yet Mr. Courtney cannot be called a dressy man. Certain other members excite the admiration of the tailoring and hosiery trades. It is their ambition to show off the newest tie, the smartest coat, the latest stripe in trousers. A wealthy member once boasted that he had thirty-six pairs of new trousers. Another member sets the fashion in hats; more than one devotes an ambitious mind to boots. Mr. "Bobby" Spencer's hobby was in the direction of high collars. Several new men have aspired to succeed him, but not one has achieved the same notoriety. "Costume," said Mr. Gladstone, "is a matter not without importance, and has given trouble to Speakers of the House of Commons." This remark was made àpropos of the fear that Tennyson might wear a wide-awake in the Upper House. Mr. Gladstone may have been thinking of the invasion of the House of Commons by low hats and soft hats. One of the earliest innovators was Mr. Joseph Cowen, who could squeeze his soft "Kossuth" into

PROFESSOR BRYCE.

his pocket. Old-fashioned gentlemen were inexpressibly shocked, and even in our own day Mr. Blake and Mr. Allan are regarded

as faddists because while sitting in the House they wear wide-awakes. Some men are fickle even in their fads. They like a change every year. "What's his latest fad?" is asked in their case with wonderment. But most of the hobbies mentioned have been lifelong. The list might be extended indefinitely. There are, for instance, the collectors. Mr. Aird collects pictures, and entertains artists, and Mr. Horniman collects antiquities, while Sir Henry Howorth writes letters to the *Times*; Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman reads French novels; Sir John Lubbock studies ants, bees, and wasps. And so on! These are "the feathers, chips, and straws of life" — almost all of them harmless hobbies, some of them amusing, and a few useful. "'Tis strange to see the humours of these men, These great aspiring spirits that should be wise." Well, they are not very foolish, after all; and no one except the faddist who is a bore grudges our legislators their peculiar fads and fancies.

MR. AIRD.

While relating all the hobbies and fads of the members of the Lower House, perhaps it is excusable to mention two notable figures in the House of Lords. Lord Salisbury makes chemistry his hobby, and probably his opponents think him more at home in his laboratory than in the Foreign Office; while Lord Rosebery owes a great deal of his popularity to his success on the racecourse.

LORD SALISBURY.

LORD ROSEBERY.

ON entering the fifty-first year of his reign, the Emperor of Austria is not only in the public eye—he is in the heart of the civilised world. December should have been a month of great rejoicing for Francis Joseph, for it was on the second of that month, fifty years ago, that he became Emperor of Austria on the abdication of his uncle Ferdinand I. and the renunciation of his father, Archduke Francis. As it is, December was drearier for him than even the wintriest weather could make it, for his beloved Empress was not there to receive the congratulations of his subjects. December means much for the Emperor, for it was the birth-month of his consort, and also of the Archduke Francis, his nephew, who will succeed him.

RUDOLF, THE LATE CROWN PRINCE OF AUSTRIA, AND HIS SISTER, THE ARCHDUCHESS GISELA, AS CHILDREN.

Our quaint old photograph recalls one of the saddest memories of the sad old Emperor, for it pictures his heir, Rudolf, who died so mysteriously this month ten years ago, at the age of thirty-one. Sitting beside him is the Emperor's elder daughter, the Archduchess Gisela, who is married to Prince Leopold of Bavaria. Neither the Archduchess nor her sister, who married the Archduke Franz Salvator, has children.

Signor Mascagni seems to have grasped greater popularity with his new opera "Iris," which was recently produced in Rome, than he has got from any of its predecessors since the famous "Cavalleria Rusticana." "Iris" is a Japanese opera—real Japanese; not the jolly Jap-Jappy sort of thing we are accustomed to.

The year that has passed has increased Lord Salisbury's authority, after all the criticisms that have been passed. He

looks very grave, as if the affairs of State pressed as heavily on his spirit as they did on his ancestor and namesake who

LORD SALISBURY.

From a forgotten Photograph.

served another Queen—Elizabeth, to wit—so faithfully. But Lord Salisbury has always been a solemn-looking man. This picture of him, reproduced from a faded and forgotten photograph taken thirty odd years ago, proves that.

Lord Crewe will be forty-one on the 12th of this month. His literary touch—the instinct for letters is still more apparent in his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Henniker, who writes stories—he inherited from his father, Monckton Milnes (the biographer and friend of Keats), who was created Baron Houghton. Lord Crewe's mother was the daughter of the second Baron Crewe. He entered political life sixteen years ago as private secretary to Lord Granville, when the latter was Secretary for Foreign Affairs; and he rose to the top of the tree as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, (1892-93), for which he was created Earl of Crewe. At Crewe Hall, his house in Cheshire, he has got a magnificent library of 30,000 volumes, and some fine pictures. The Earl trains racehorses in conjunction with the Duke of Portland, and he is a patron of Cabby.

The Archbishop of Canterbury seems austere, but there are moments when he ripples into reminiscence of the pleasantest kind. On a recent occasion he told the boys of St. Edmund's School, Canterbury, that the school he attended (at Tiverton) was a pretty rough place. All the boys washed at a pump in the morning. "That," said his Grace, "was not so nice in some ways as washing in one's bed-room; but it had its merits, because if a boy was inclined not to wash himself, the others washed him." The Archbishop, however, was sure that the boys were really gentlemanly chaps, and though they "did tell untruths to the masters, they considered themselves bound never to tell lies to anybody else."

Captain Paul Aloysius Kenna, of the 21st Lancers, won his V.C. at the Battle of Omdurman by saving the lives of two of his fellow-officers. He first took Major Wyndham on his horse, after that officer's charger had been killed, and then he

Photo by Lekegian, Cairo.

CAPTAIN KENNA, V.C.

returned to assist Lieutenant de Montmorency, who had gone back to recover poor young Grenfell's body. Captain Kenna is thirty-six.

Sir William Butler, the new Commander of the Forces at the Cape, is an Irishman, like so many of our best soldiers. He was born in Tipperary sixty-one years ago.

Photo by Lambert Weston, Dover.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM BUTLER.

He has served in many campaigns; he has written several books, including "The Great Lone Land"; and he married one of our greatest military artists, Miss Elizabeth Thompson, who is his junior by five years, and who exhibited her first Academy picture, "Missing," in 1873, the year that Sir William published his "Wild North Land." Sir William was knighted twelve years ago.

Mr. Newbolt has put himself in the public eye by issuing another volume of verse; but it can hardly be said to have increased the popularity he won with "Admirals All," which came in the nick of time, when naval equipment was the rage. Mr. Newbolt is thirty-six. Though he is the son of a parson (the Vicar of St. Mary's, Bilston), he has the blood of soldiers in his veins. He was educated by that splendid teacher and writer, the late T. E. Brown, at Clifton (with Mr. Quiller-Couch), and at Corpus Christi, Oxford. He writes verse and practises law. Mr. Quiller-Couch celebrated his thirty-fifth birthday last November.

Lieutenant the Hon. Raymond Harvey Lodge Joseph de Montmorency, of the 21st Lancers, who was one of the four V.C.'s decorated through the Battle of Omdurman, is the eldest son of Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency, who belongs to the same family as Lord Mountmorres, the peer-journalist. One of the earlier members of his house, Hervey Morres (for that was their original name), was also a cavalryman, for he served as a captain of horse in Cromwell's regiment in Ireland. His only son, Francis, became the father of the first Viscount Mountmorres (created 1765), and the grandfather of the first Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency (created 1816), changing his name of Morres into Montmorency.

The second Viscount served in the 10th Hussars, and the young V.C.'s father, the present Viscount, went through the Crimea, Indian Mutiny, and the Abyssinian wars, while he has served in Egypt. The V.C.'s mother also comes of a military race, for her father was Field-Marshal Sir John Michel.

Lieutenant de Montmorency, who is just thirty-one, rushed among the Dervishes to

Photo by Lekegian, Cairo.

LIEUTENANT DE MONTMORENCY, V.C.

help Lieutenant Grenfell. Finding that officer dead, he put the body on his own horse, which, unfortunately, broke away,

leaving him in great peril, from which he was rescued by Captain Kenna. Mr. de Montmorency, who now enters his tenth year as a soldier, has a brother who is in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.

No journalist has filled the public eye so completely (and let it be said so deservedly) recently as Mr. G. W. Steevens, who represented the *Daily Mail* at Khartoum. Mr. Steevens, who has just completed his thirtieth birthday, had a brilliant career at Balliol, and was one of the clever young men that Mr. Cust gathered round him on the *Pall Mall*. He first made his mark as a special correspondent when he went to America to deal with the latest Presidential election, and his book on the subject was a success. His impressions on Egypt—he was present at Atbara — prepared us for brilliant writing; but not until he came in sight of Omdurman did he rise to his best work. His battle-pictures are thrilling in the last degree.

Photo by Elliott and Fry.

MR. G. W. STEEVENS,

The Brilliant War-Correspondent.

The Sirdar's brother, Colonel F. W. Kitchener, who has been appointed Governor of Khartoum, is just forty, being eight years younger than his Lordship. His regiment is the 2nd Yorkshire, but he has been in charge of the Transport Department of the Egyptian army. He went through the Afghan Campaign of 1878-80, and has witnessed every step of the victorious march to Khartoum.

Photo by Jacolette.

COLONEL F. W. KITCHENER,

The Governor of Khartoum.

Captain Nevill Maskelyne Smyth, of the 2nd Dragoon Guards, won the V.C. at Omdurman by galloping forward and attacking an Arab who had run amok among some camp-followers. He received the Arab's charge and killed him, but not before he had been wounded in the arm. "He thus," as the *Gazette* prosaically puts it, "saved the life of one at least of the camp-followers." Captain Smyth, who is only thirty, though belonging to the 2nd Dragoon Guards, is attached to the Egyptian army. He served in the Zhob Valley Campaign in 1890-91, and at Dongola in 1896.

The latest claimant to a peerage is the Rev. John Sinclair, the minister of Kinloch Rannoch, who seems to be the rightful Earl of Caithness. The present (or seventeenth) Earl, who has remained a simple

farmer in Dakota, is descended from a younger son of the fourth Earl, who died in 1582; while the Perthshire parson is descended from the eldest son, whose main line was believed to have become extinct in 1765, when the ninth Earl died. But the latter's cousin Donald was then alive, and should have become tenth Earl, whereas the peerage was claimed by a distant kinsman. This Donald was only a common sailor-man, and he did not claim the title because he thought he was illegitimate. The parson is his great-great-grandson.

Photo by the Standard Photo Company, Strand.

TOD SLOAN AND THE WAY HE WINS.

Since the days of Fred Archer no jockey has raised anything like the interest of Tod Sloan, the American. He has invented for himself a new method of riding—that is to say, he seats himself on the withers of the horse, thus removing his weight from the back, and enabling the horse to breathe more freely. He came across to ride for Lord William Beresford, and won 43 races out of 98 "mounts."

Tommy has not been forgotten among the new V.C.'s—indeed, Private Thomas Byrne, of the 21st Lancers, did as gallant a thing as anybody on the field. In the height of the famous charge, he turned back to assist Lieutenant the Hon. R. F. Molyneux, of the Royal Horse Guards, who was lying on the ground wounded, disarmed, and surrounded by Dervishes. Trooper Byrne, although badly wounded himself, attacked the Dervishes and received a second severe wound. But his gallantry enabled Lieutenant Molyneux to escape, and both live to tell the tale of that glorious charge.

The expansion of the governing influence of the Danish royal family seems endless, for the appointment of Prince George of Greece as High Commissioner of Crete gives another of the northern Princes power. Prince George is the second son of the King of Greece, and was born on June 24, 1869. He is four years the junior of his cousin the Duke of York, and a year younger than the Czar. He is a handsome youth, and is popular. It remains to be seen whether he possesses the instinct to govern.

Every English public school is such a republic—all the more so that its citizens are scattered over the world—that the election of every new president is a matter of affectionate interest to thousands of people. Harrow starts the New Year with a new Head Master in the person of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Wood, who spent 1870-90 as chief of Leamington School, while during the last eight years he has been at Tonbridge. Dr. Wood had an excellent career at Balliol, and became a Fellow of

St. John's, Oxford. It is a curious thing that Dr. Welldon, the new Bishop of Calcutta, whom he succeeds, was the son of a master at Tonbridge. Dr. Wood is several years older than Dr. Welldon.

Photo by Elliott and Fry.

THE REV. JOSEPH WOOD,
The New Head Master of Harrow School.

Mr. Marion Crawford has broken out in a rather new line, for till now he has been known chiefly as a novelist. Mr. Crawford has written excellent novels about India, Germany, Austria, and even England; but he loves Italy best. He now lives chiefly at Sorrento, where his villa—a square house of three storeys—overlooks the Bay of Naples. Mr. Crawford has added a large octagonal tower, which serves as a stairway from the top of the house down to the sub-cellar, which is partly cut into the rock, with windows in the face of the cliff on which the villa stands. Mr. Crawford's father was a sculptor. His sister, Mrs. Fraser, lives in this country, and has written some clever stories. He has also a half-brother and a half-sister, living in New York. Mr. Crawford is an expert sailor and was admitted to the examination of the Association of American Shipmasters.

Another sailor-novelist is Mr. Joseph Conrad, whose story "The Nigger of the Narcissus," gives the best description of the sea that has been written for many years. He was originally a ship captain in the South Sea trade; but now he rusticates quietly in England.

OFFICERS OF THE 21st LANCERS.

True Stories about Horse-dealing

By A. S. Appelbee

WHEN we ran old Tom Stubbs to earth we were pedalling a tandem through one of the finest hunting countries in the kingdom, not a hundred miles from Leicester. Of course his name was not really Stubbs, or even Tom. Wild horses—for this is a horsey subject—should not drag his actual personality into the daylight. Ostensibly he was a farmer with an old-fashioned homestead and three hundred acres of poorish land. He was tall, spare, bright-complexioned, as befits a man with an outdoor occupation, as active as a youth, looking fifty, and admitting in his quiet, self-possessed way that he was more than two decades older. He made a fine picture at his own doorstep, stretching his long legs in the sun, and smoking peacefully. His words fell from him in measured tones, and without a trace of the brogue of his county. That had faded away during his intercourse with many generations of horse-buyers. The mention of a mutual friend served to unseal his lips immediately. We found him uncommonly diffident in speaking of his own exploits, but he was brimful of anecdotes which would not stop in the background, and came tumbling over one another as soon as he began to talk.

To two men on a bicycle, accustomed to the bustle of the town and to the ways of the steed that knows no shortness of breath until a puncture is toward, there was something delightfully restful in the secret of the man's success. The conversation had run on brutes with invincible vices.

"I get to understand their natures," purred Mr. Stubbs, with a soft intonation in his voice, but stroking a wonderfully firm chin, "however long it takes. Horses, you know, have characters like men. One is bold and another is shy, one quick, another thick-headed, one sunny-tempered, another nasty as soon as you speak to him. Now I treat each one according to his character, and the commonest fault is that they are timid.

"Take an instance. When I was a young man, living at this very farm, my brother Jim had the next farm. One morning Jim overtook me on the way to market. I was on a half-broken mare which had taken fright at a patch of stones

in the road, and would not pass it. I thought she was timid, so I was waiting until she felt inclined to go on instead of thrashing her as some would have done. Jim waited a bit, but soon began to chaff me, of course, and asked why I did not help her along. Finally he gave it up, and said in a joking style that he hoped to see me before sundown.

"I determined to show Jim I was right, so I waited on. After about an hour I got cross—I was a youngster then [apologetically]—and swore that I would outlast the horse if I sat there until the Day of Judgment. You may laugh, gentlemen, but if you believe me, I was still sitting there on that mare when Jim came home in the evening. He went on again.

"About an hour before sunset the mare gave it up all of a sudden, and walked over as quiet as a lamb. I took her up and down that patch until I reckoned she knew each stone apart, until, in fact, she was sick of existence, and then I put her at everything I could remember that she had ever made a fuss with before. You may guess she did what I wanted her to after that, and I sold her well. Jim spread the story, and I have been more or less in the business ever since."

I recalled to old Stubbs' memory the death of C——, a young horseman of promise belonging to the neighbourhood, who broke his neck a few years ago.

"All his own fault, poor chap," replied the old man. "He was 'making' a shy horse at the time, and brought him up to a hedge several times, but he refused. C—— got in a temper most inexcusably, and put him hard at a stone wall. That made him more timid than ever, and C—— went over and stood on his head on the other side. He never ought to have been a rider.

THE TEAM WAS SET IN MOTION.

"The profits of the business? Well, Sir, did you ever know a man that owned to a profit on a horse-deal?"

We laughed heartily, but more at the old fellow's chuckle and wink, and at the comprehensive sweep of his hand, which seemed to suggest that there was still a wide field uncultivated among the purchasers of horseflesh.

"There are plenty of youngsters to be bought cheap," he went on, "that only want getting into condition and teaching

a bit of fencing and smartness across country to make respectable hunters. Then there is breeding. Sometimes you drop on an unpromising-looking mare that turns out a perfect gold-mine. Why, I had a slovenly grey once that I thought nothing of for years. I can assure you she dropped me some of the best foals I ever had the handling of, all as like as peas."

My companion hazarded a price for a youngster pointed out as her last, but the old farmer was not to be drawn. He mentioned two or three likely buyers, men whose names are household words in the world of sport, beginning with a famous financial Baron, and he added, with another delicious chuckle, that it rather depended who wanted him.

I had heard of the old fellow as an intrepid horseman himself, and a mention of accidents served to raise the point.

"Well," he said reluctantly, "I suppose it is rather a risky business, though my worst accident was in a hotel-yard with a carriage-horse fifteen years old. The only bad accident that ever happened in connection with my business ended in the death of one of my men—a dare-devil rider. When he was close to my door his horse swerved, and he fell down from it, and died from that simple accident."

STUBBS LED THE WAY AND STARTED TO RIDE ACROSS THE FOOT-BRIDGE.

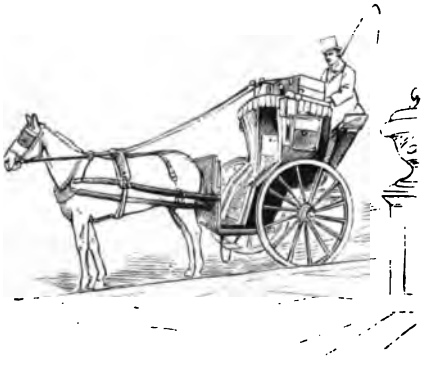
In conclusion, just a couple of anecdotes, as instances of the kind of story that oozed incessantly out of the old man, whenever he spoke.

Many years ago he had a nag sent him to cure that was troubled with an

indisposition to toil. It suffered from the complaint of the man who was born tired, and had been ten years looking for work, without the misfortune of finding any. The youngster had the trouble badly. The sight of a saddle upset his equanimity—equineimity, Stubbs called it unconsciously—and the appearance of a rider caused him to lie down promptly. It was laziness, and no animal had ever mastered him with a dodge of this kind. One morning he took the offender up to a stiff clay-field, where a team of three horses was ploughing in the old-fashioned single file. There he saddled the criminal, and put a youth on him, and—he lay down.

Stubbs went to the top of the long field, and harnessed the nag in the team with two gigantic cart-horses in front, and one behind. He encouraged it to try the gentle art of plough-traction in heavy soil, and the result was the same again—it lay down. Instantly the team was set in motion, and they worked their way steadily to the other end of the furrow without a moment's pause. When the time came to turn, the nag was only too pleased to change his method of progression for walking, but he remained with the plough plodding up and down for the rest of the season. Afterwards he did saddle work without protest, and became a respectable member of society.

On another occasion the old man was hunting, being then in his seventy-second year, and, together with part of the field, got shut off from the hunt by a stream that was too wide to jump, and too deep to ford. Pedestrians crossed it by means of a long, unfenced plank, and feeling confidence in his horse, Stubbs led the way and started to ride across the foot-bridge. At the end of it there was a low fence and a stile. To the astonishment of the on-lookers, all young men, he jumped this with no other purchase for his horse's feet than the precarious hold afforded by the plank. They were not surprised to hear that he was in at the death, but learned with a greater measure of astonishment that the horse was for sale. This feat was only an item in the "making" of it as a hunter.



"THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA,"

By ANTHONY HOPE.

Played at the Duke of York's Theatre.

LADY URSULA had made up her mind, and so the question was settled, although her cousin, Dorothy Fenton, had opposed her scheme. Lady Ursula had put down her foot; and though it was the daintiest in the county, it was certain she would not lift it till she had carried out her scheme. Such a scheme! She had been flouted by Sir George Sylvester—she, the reigning toast of Middlesex. Moreover, Sir George was likely to kill her brother in a duel because of her reckless escapade, so she had determined to see him and to prevent the duel. How? Thereby hangs a tale. Already the madcap maiden had made an effort to thrust herself upon the famous woman-hater, Sir George, and had been routed in such a fashion as to cause her brother to challenge him, despite the fact that he was the deftest swordsman in England.

It was not an easy task that Lady Ursula had set herself, and her alabaster brow was furrowed by temporary wrinkles while she thought over plans. At last inspiration came: petticoats had kept her out, pantaloons should get her in. A pretty suit had been sent home by the tailor for her youngest brother, who was abroad. It would set off her stately beauty to perfection. So she donned doublet and hose and made a vastly pretty figure of a man.

A few minutes later she found herself in the library of Sir George, and when she heard his footstep, wished herself a thousand miles away. He was delightfully polite, complimented what he deemed the handsome lad upon his wit and pretty leg, and clapped him on the back till feminine tears blurred the bright eyes. In a few moments the pair were as thick as a November fog; a dozen words reminded him of the duel in which he had killed his friend on account of a faithless woman—a duel that had made him forswear the hilts of swords and the lips of women. So he agreed that he would back out of the duel, despite the provocation; and the better to arrange the conclusion of the matter, offered to accompany his guest to the rooms of her brother in London. Lady Ursula gasped at the idea, since it involved certain detection by a man with whom she had fallen in love in less time than it takes to tell of it. Sir George left the room to change his clothes: Lady Ursula left it to change hers—or rather her younger brother's—and instead changed her mind, and hastened to London to her brother's rooms. She came too late. He had gone out to mount guard, and left a set of gallant young officers, hot-headed young bloods, and a civilian called Mr. Dent, even more fiery than the military, carousing in his rooms. Poor Ursula felt horribly ill at ease when she found herself in such society. To know that she has shapely limbs, elegant carriage, and a powerful, handsome face is little assurance to a girl masquerading among boisterous young men. They tried to make her smoke, they tried to make her drink, and failed. Then Mr. Dent

tried to make her fight, and succeeded—too well. Ursula was as plucky as a peccary, and perhaps as illogical. She determined to risk the loss of life rather than disclose her sex; and therefore accepted Mr. Dent's challenge, thoughtless of the fact that in so doing she risked both life and secret, since, in the very probable event of a wound, all would be found out inevitably. However, before the man and girl had crossed swords, in came Sir George, apparently in a great rage with Lady Ursula because of her discourteous flight from his house. He claimed the right of fighting the supposed lad in priority of Dent, who gave way reluctantly. Now, the talk of the town at the moment was of a deadly Irish duel, fought across a dining-room table, by two friends, one with a loaded, the other with an unloaded pistol, their choice of weapons having been decided by the dice-box. When Ursula found herself in a duel with Sir George, she, remembering this Irish affair, and being the challenged, named similar conditions. Sir George was horrified.

MISS EVELYN MILLARD AS LADY URSULA.

It may be—who knows?—that he had discovered Lady Ursula's secret, and intervened to prevent her from being injured by Mr. Dent, relying upon his own skill to keep her from harm in fighting with him. This proposal of the girl was fatal to the scheme, and threatened to be fatal to the schemer, who found it difficult to back out of the duel or decline the terms. Ursula had the choice of weapons, in which was little gain, seeing there was nothing to tell which of them carried a message of death, which a message of mere impotent rage. The girl bore herself amazingly: not by a trembling of the hand or even a change of colour did she give the least indication of her feelings—indeed, it was Sir George, the man of well-proved courage, who displayed the only signs of agitation—or rather, one should say Sir George and the young officers, who were dismayed at the scene and anxious to prevent a duel that must end in what would look like a murder and lead to ugly discussion in the law courts, which were unlikely to take a kindly view of such butchery. One after the other the foot-guardsmen tried to make peace or modify

the arrangements. All was vain: the girl had screwed up her courage to the sticking point and could not be moved.

So poor Ursula found herself pistol to pistol, at less than three feet interval, with the man whom she loved. What were her thoughts, what her intentions? Did she mean to fire at her opponent when the word was given, or mark the floor or mar the ceiling? To this day nobody knows, except, perhaps, Sir George, and the exception is doubtful. The man gave way, not from cowardice, but from courage—courage to do the right thing. He stopped the duel, and when the bystanders began to jeer, offered to fight on the same terms with any of them, and so silenced their laughter. Lady Ursula professed to be annoyed, but was really delighted; for not only had her life suddenly grown insurable, but she guessed that he had divined her secret, and that his thoughts of friendship for the handsome boy had changed to feelings of love for the handsome woman.

MR. HERBERT WARING AS SIR GEORGE SYLVESTER.

The position of the two when they found themselves alone was strange, almost absurd. The girl believed that the man knew she was a girl, and that he fancied she was aware of his knowledge: the man had guessed her secret, and believed that she was not ignorant of the accuracy of his guess, and yet each pretended that the other knew nothing, and in consequence they "flirted" in sentences as simple in appearance as the multiplication table and really as full of deep meaning as a Burleigh's nod. However, two young people, thrilling with life and love, can hardly waste their youth in cross questions and crooked answers about their mutual passion; luckily, too, a great deal of trouble arose because Ursula's elder brother failed to understand the puzzling position of his handsome sister towards the noted woman-hater. Wherefore Ursula, for the mere love of peace, consented to lay down her arms, whilst Sir George opened his own to receive her. The wedding-bells rang gaily, and there are many reasons for believing that the amorous duellists lived happily together for half a century.

FINE FEATHERS.

SCRAPS FROM LADY BABBIE'S NOTE BOOK.

THERE is a tide in the affairs of fashion which, taken before the flood, leads a woman into the category of that select few who really attain and deserve a reputation for smartness. For to be smart is, to our modern understanding, better than to be most other things—even desirable ones—and thus one may be ornamental, or intelligent, or extremely worthy, or merely pretty, or own other beatitudes variously; but to fail in that much-desired particular is to miss being first at the winning-post—a parlous state into which no woman will willingly allow she has strayed or fallen while her talents, fascinations, or other possibilities still remain ready for action. The crux of the modish situation may be defined, therefore, by plagiarising an old parable and leaping before others think of looking. There is no particular *kudos* to be got from doing what everyone else does and only doing it just as well, for the honours of war or otherwise lie in that strategic forethought which spells success. Therefore, in these columns, exclusively devoted to the Eternal Feminine and her particular affairs, I shall endeavour to show how the enviable estate of being the admired of others can be achieved—more especially concerning the immediate matter of clothes, of which it may indeed be said that when well considered they present that "first letter of recommendation" which Master William Shakspere authoritatively laid down as being the result of a pleasing appearance. Just look at Queen Elizabeth! We all know she had red hair (not so much admired then as now), insignificant eyes, even if they were very effective in a passion, a thin-lipped mouth, and no complexion to speak of. Yet men raved of her and of her beauty and fascination—some of them honestly, too, no doubt. Nor can there be any question that the stress she laid on clothes—two thousand frocks, were there not?—was not due any more to mere coquetry than to cleverness. For even in those far-off days human nature was, as we are given to understand, made up of similar elements to our modified selves of the century-end, and the way in which one woman wore her farthingale as compared with another would make all the difference between that *chic* and "go" we covet and admire, or the ineffective dowdiness which no doubt at all times, from the earliest period onwards, women have critically deplored in others.

One reflection which dissolves into thin air the misty halo of romance that for long clung round my fond ideas of Mediævalism is that they were all so indubitably dirty despite their fine frocks and feathers. If we only hark back as far as that merciless man about town, Horace Walpole, who tears the veil even from Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's fascinating personality by describing her dresses as being a groundwork of dirt with an embroidery of filthiness, there is given to us matter for some self-glorification that we at least live in times when "the cleaner" is abroad, and the daily tub of our fond affections is no more looked upon as an effeminate luxury or a superstition of "these washing Quaker-folk."

But if the eighteenth century was so averse to the gentle arts of soap and water that it disliked even washing its hands

A HANDSOME DRESS IN SOFT VIOLET-COLOURED CLOTH.

before going out to dinner, as in the case of Sidney Smith's dirty-fisted parson, what could have been the exterior darkness of those Mediæval dames, whose wardrobes, like the Virgin Queen's aforesaid, while being constantly added to, were constantly in use throughout their lives, and never, never, never knew the grateful and comforting attentions of a Pullar, or a Campbell, or an Achille Serre? It were, indeed, better to restrain one's imagination in the matter of such detail, and while admiring the picturesque pageant of the Middle Ages from the sumptuary point of view, rejoice to think that we strut across the stage of a century-end which, while missing much, gives back to our Spartan requirements the elementary and unpoetic but satisfactory and practical clean skin of the ancients.

At the present moment we are harking backwards in our fashions to the ugly early Victorian aspect of things, and except in the matter of the unpardonable crinoline, women have been wearing a curiously retrospective air this season. There is the drooped hat-brim and low-lying feather of the 'forties and the pince-taille, the visite, the pèlerine, the mantlet of Worth's early creation, when all feminine Europe sat, figuratively speaking, at the great man's feet, and to wear a Paris gown or a bonnet that one's husband brought back from the Rue de la Paix was to be at once the mildly admired and wildly envied of one's acquaintance. All the various sorts of fur that obtained favour with our great-aunts are again brought into the bill of things that be by modistes and mode-makers this winter. Even the *fours de cou*, or fox-skin boas of the old pre-sealskin days, are high in favour; and black, silver, blue, white, and even lap-lex is, with lynx, greatly affected of those who think that the costly sable skin has become too much in the manner of the well-to-do multitude. It seems, indeed, that the only form of fox escaping the ultra-fashionable fancy of the moment is the little red Reynard of our home coverts, for which relief the hunting contingent, at least, will offer up much thanks. Fashions in furs are, like all others, subject to change and fluctuation, and may be compared to a game of pitch and toss, seeing that sometimes tails and sometimes heads are in the ascendant, without any connection between their relative merits. Just now heads are in the bill, and boas, muffs, and the orthodox winter hat are generally flanked by one or more masks of the chinchilla, sable, or marten with which the article is trimmed. Long fur mantles, coming quite to the end of the dress, are really considered the smartest form of outdoor garment, and for driving have replaced the velvets of last season's form. Breitschwantz, as it is called in Paris, is even made into entire dresses, and when dyed brown, green, blue, or other tones variously, looks like a particularly soft rich cloth without altogether losing its furry character. No other fur than broadtail could, in fact, be treated in this manner, but being light, smooth, and supple, it is particularly adapted to the long, tight-fitting costume of our immediate manner. Quite an admirably *chic* example of this last cry in garments has, by the way, just been done by Messrs. Simmons and Son, of Haymarket celebrity, whose old renown as masters of costume craft needs no apologia here. The casaque in question, to be technical, is a long tight-fitting coat of breitschwantz quite covering the dress, and moulded to the figure with subtlest curves. Its skirt, widening from the waist, is split up at both sides for about eighteen inches, the edges being bordered with chinchilla. Through these openings the dress peeps as the wearer walks. Chinchilla borders the front from neck to toe-tip, accounts also for the wide revers and roll-back collar and cuffs, while a dainty turned-back toque of the same fur, flanked with a mauve osprey and clusters of Neapolitan violets, completes a perfectly arranged "altogether." That this outfit has been specially ordered for St. Petersburg may sound like the classic sending of coals to Newcastle, but is, in reality, a tribute to the good taste and style which hall-mark all the "creations" of this firm. At Monte Carlo, where people are

more than ever smart as to their garments this season, the short coat and cape are quite read out of meeting, and the three-quarter or kit-kat variety queens it over all other shapes. Quite in another manner, but no less modish, is this costume here illustrated, of soft violet-coloured cloth arranged with a chinchilla corsage on which gold-embroidered applications of violet velvet are laid, with results the most ornamental. Once more the *chic* capote of chinchilla is employed to complete matters, helped to its becoming issues by a rosette of mauve velvet and clusters of the Neapolitan violet. These also appear on the muff, and a Moorish-patterned waist-clasp of dull gold helps as an appropriate detail. This large hat, of the drooped brim type, also claims a measure of admiration, with its well-contrasted effects of grey and cherry colour. The shape is one that particularly accords with the type of woman who is happy in the possession of a profile, as contrasted with her tip-tilted sister, to whom the jaunty toque is much more akin. If women remembered to suit their millinery to their individual styles, instead of themselves to the hat or bonnet of a passing fancy, there would be many more well-dressed people about. For a chapeau gives the last touch or the wrong turn to one's whole appearance, and is, in fact, the pivot on which our successful effects invariably hang.

It is curious to notice how the restlessly constituted modern woman changes not alone her fashions in hats and frocks and furs, but even in the less ephemeral matter of jewellery as well. Our grandmothers, who with much satisfaction to themselves wore jewellery that had been transmitted to them by their far back forebears, would be hugely scandalised, doubtless, could they have foreseen the way in which cherished heirlooms are set and reset, and made to do *chassez croissée* with the ruling fashion nowadays. One season we affect the wearing of golden hearts, not on our sleeves, but the adjacent wrist, and another round our necks, and a third a jewelled zany or a tortoise seizes the wayward feminine fancy. Of course, really valuable and artistic designs of either old or new jewellery will always remain incapable of improvement by change, and though we cannot lay claim to having gone forward in some respects upon the patterns or methods of mediæval jewel-setters, there is no doubt that the modern lapidary is a law unto himself, as the shop-windows of Paris and Vienna, not to omit our own and only Bond Street, can amply attest. One departure incidental and peculiar to the present date is the working of high-class jewellery with imitation gems. So wonderfully advanced is the method of producing simulated pearls and diamonds, in fact, that when wrought up in intricate and highly finished settings, it is next to impossible for the lay mind to discriminate between the real and what is really too artistic and beautiful to be described as the false. The strongest illustration of this new art is to be found in the triplet of shops belonging to the Parisian Diamond Company, where examples of jewel-setting at its bravest, and most certainly at its best, are to be seen. Here are ropes of their now famous pearls, which in shape, colour, and lustre, might mystify even the practised eyes of a pearl-fisher himself, and stomachers and necklaces of diamonds and emerald replicas of historical jewels in museums and private collections. From the tiara or bracelet, copied from the best antique patterns, to the up-to-date version of the jewelled watch, aigrette, or bangle charm, there is a completeness of detail and perfection of finish about the work of the Parisian Diamond Company which has justly popularised their especial wares even among a class which once would have refused recognition to any but their costly and often unattainable prototypes.

The subject of jewellery brings one back, in natural sequence, to the question of evening toilette. Not that the wearing of gauds is by any means restricted to the twilight or lamp-lit hours. Far from it! But as a background for our accredited display of jewels the dinner or ball gown is now and always has been a very potent question indeed, both on that and its

TWO PRETTY CHAPEAUX.

intrinsic merits as well. One favourite temple of fashion which devotes itself with conspicuous success to the rendering of evening clothes is that of our well-known and much affected Peter Robinson's. Among many affairs of bewildering beauty and particular prettiness which are lavishingly displayed for the undoing of our purse-strings and quarterly allowances, none were more admirably composed than a dinner-gown of white brocaded satin and embroidered guipure; this latter material, in a design of arabesques and foliage, being arranged in a tunic somewhat of a princesse shape, which, laid over the bodice, forms a single piece with it. The edge of this rounded apron is hemmed with a garland of small pink roses, and a coronal of the same flowers in the hair was arranged to go with the dress. Blouses, though no longer holding first place in our affections, are very useful for the hundred and one in-between occasions where neither an elaborate nor over-plain "altogether" is admissible; and of these and the useful and extremely ornamental front to wear between the coat edges of our tailor-mades, Peter Robinson's have a large selection.

Three things always grateful to the omnivorous feminine fancy for prettinesses are sweets, perfumes, and flowers. But failing the latter, which are only with us as scentless exotics at this time of year, we fall back on the less evanescent others with extreme appreciation just now; all the more when they are laid as votive offerings at our feet. The subtle scent of violets, which clings so alluringly to the laces and furs of the well-finished dame, is rendered to absolute perfection by Mülhen's Rhine Violets, whose 4711 Dépôt at 62, Bond Street, has become the notable head centre of a notable perfume since its invention. Imitation—which we are assured is the sincerest flattery, but which may be also called the penalty of success—has, of course, been brought to bear, but fruitlessly, by other makers in this connection. This queen of all violet perfumes remains, however, unapproachably the best in its delicate, natural, and lasting fragrance. Rhine Gold is the other bright particular speciality of Mülhen's dépôt, and their Malmaison and Maréchal Niel extracts, distilled from these delicious flowers, have each as large a following as the Rhine Violet of their first fame. When put up in cut-glass crystal flagons, reposing in their satin-lined morocco cases, as illustrated here, any (or all!) of these sweet essences would indeed make especially good cause as friendship's offering for Christmas or New Year favours. The magic number (4711) which now, moreover, represents our exclusive beliefs where Eau de Cologne is concerned, is the crowning success of Mülhen's many excellences, and is as notably the achievement of classic Cologne's many "waters," as is their delicious old English lavender water, redolent of the flavour and fragrance which distinguished it as it came from the still-rooms of our domesticated ancestresses.

Scents from 4711 Dépôt, 62, New Bond Street.

Other sweets, but now of the toothsome order, come up into admiring evidence from Fry's, of the classic Bristol ilk, whose chocolates and fondants and crystallised fruits are put up this season in cases and packets and boxes so fascinating as almost to rival their contents, than which, I take it, no greater praise can be given, for since our own early days and, indeed, beyond them, the name of Fry has been a household word writ large on the schoolroom and holiday horizon alike, one also to which now more than ever the young imagination bent on Christmas merry-making fondly turns. And, indeed, I can imagine few households to whose Christmas or New Year's stores the goodies that come from "Fry of Bristol Town" do not materially contribute.

Oh lovely Jane, Oh merrie Jane,
Thou'rt fickle as can be
Last night you said thoud wed me,
Today you say thou'rt free
But torturing jade I'll ner be stayed
If man faint hearted be

He would give in Now could he w
So faire a flower as thee?
. . . . . .
Ah, artful sire, I doth admirre
A lover such as thee.
There take my hand, you understi
I wished only — to see

LADY BARBARITY.

A ROMANTIC COMEDY.

By J. C. SNAITH.

Mr. J. C. Snaith, the well-known Author of "Fierceheart the Soldier," has chosen the stirring times of the Jacobite Rebellion for the mise-en-scene of this story.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. AND II.

LADY BARBARITY, so called because of the lack of heart she showed to her suitors, but christened Lady Barbara Gossiter, becomes tired of the bewigged puppets of London Fashion, and retires to her family's ancestral seat, High Cleeby, near the Border, where she is welcomed by her father the Earl. While there, Captain Grantley, a London acquaintance of Lady Barbarity, in pursuance of his military duties craves permission of the Earl to escort a Jacobite prisoner whom he is taking to Newgate across the Earl's moor and to billet the escort at High Cleeby for the night, which permission the Earl, an ardent Hanoverian, readily grants. Captain Grantley, who is desirous of making Lady Barbarity his wife, gratifies her curiosity to see the prisoner, whom she finds to be young and handsome. She inquires what punishment is going to be meted out to him, and is told that as he has done good service for the Pretender he will be hanged at Tyburn, a piece of information that fills her with intense horror and pity. On further inquiry she learns that he is of low birth and named Anthony Dare, and that he has preferred death to the betrayal of his friends. She then makes up her mind to cheat Captain Grantley and her father, and immediately sets about the execution of her plot.

CHAPTER III.

THE REBEL DISAPPEARS.

I SAW at once that the moon was come, but for my enterprise's sake I wished it absent. Here she was, however, framed in cloud, with a star or two about her, and a very tell-tale eye. The roof of the woods freezing across the park was a mass of dusky silver that her beams had thrown, and so bold and sharp her glow was on every twig that slept that individual things stood forth and stared at me, and seemed endowed with the hue of noon in the middle of the night. And I am sure the hour was laid for an adventure, and crying for a deed. The light of the moon was made of pale romance, and bade the princess bare her casement, and the minstrel on the sward to sing. This was the disposition of my thoughts as I looked out of the window, and I was so captive to their poetry that a soft touch upon my shoulder startled me as greatly as a blow. I glanced round quickly and found Emblem at my side.

"He hath drained it to the dregs, my lady," says she, brandishing the coffee-pot.

"Faith! you startled me," says I. "Emblem, your foot is lighter than a cat's."

"'Tis almighty cold under the moon, Ma'am," says the maid, "and you would be well advised, I think, to put a stouter garment on."

"Ha! sly minx," says I, "you fear that my employment will be the enemy of soft, white satin, and that it may take a soil or two."

I followed her advice, however, and got into a winter dress, and sent her meanwhile to seek a file in the region of the kitchen. This was a tool I had forgot, but highly necessary, you will believe, when a pair of stout handcuffs are to be encountered. I dressed and cloaked myself with care, and pulled two pairs of stockings on, for slippers on a frosty night are the tenderest protection. I had just perched the vizard on my nose when

Emblem brought the file. I picked the pistol up, set it at her head, and made her deliver up that file with a degree of instancy which hath not been excelled by the famous Jerry Jones, of Bagshot. Thereupon I loaded that dark weapon, pocketed its adjuncts, and, leaving the faithful Emblem white and trembling with the excitement of the hour, set out upon a deed whose inception was so simple, yet whose complex development was destined to commit a great havoc in the lives of several, and to change entirely the current of my own.

Had I foreseen these ultimate occurrences, I should not have set out at one o'clock of winter moonlight in the spirit of an urchin on a holiday. Should I have set out at all? Faith! I cannot say, for the more beautiful a woman is the less restraint hath reason on her. But this I 'm sure of : had my Lady Barbarity only known the strange form the business of that night was to take for herself and others, she had certainly said her prayers before she embarked upon it.

Two clocks were telling the hour together in the hall when I rode down the broad backs of the banisters and attained the mat below without a sound, this seeming the quietest and most expeditious way of overcoming the obstinacy of stairs, that creak at no time louder than at one o'clock at night—that is, unless it is at two. I glided across the tiles and entered the servants' part without so much as waking up a beetle, such is the virtue that resides in dainty slippers, wedded to dainty toes. Emblem had left one of the scullery doors unbarred, and through this I stole forth to the stable. The air was still as any spectre, and I observed its sacred calm so implicitly that a fox actually stalked across the yard, not twenty paces off, with his nose upon the ground, inquiring for poultry.

I was much too wise to take the stable from the front, but by dodging round divers of the kitchen offices, I was able to outflank it, and could peep upon the sentry by the door under cover of a friendly wall. Every beam of moonlight seemed gathered on that bayonet. When that naked steel looked at me thus, and seemed to say "Come on if you dare!" the spirit of my mischief was pretty badly dashed, and began to seek a pretext to retire. There was Emblem, though, and who shall endure the secret laughter of her maid? But while I paused, a gentle snore crept out into the frost and soon was mingling with my ears. The coffee had performed. In an instant what a lion I became! How promptly I stepped up to the sentry's side and took that bayonet from him, for I could not be myself so long as that blade menaced me. I ran across the yard and cast it in an ash-pit—'twas the utmost indignity I could bestow upon that weapon—and counted the feat a triumph for wit over insolence and power. Mr. Sentry had been drugged so heavily and thoroughly that he was now sleeping more deeply than the earth, as I doubt whether even morning would have waked him. The posture of his body, though, was most unfriendly to the scheme I had prepared. His head was jammed in the top corner against one door-post, whilst his heels resided in the bottom corner of the other. The misfortune was that his ribs were in such a situation that they covered up the keyhole. Now unless I could obtain a fair access to that, my labours were in vain. But when engaged on a dangerous escapade, 'tis a sterile mind that lacks for an expedient. Therefore, I gave back a yard or two into the stable's shadow, and looking up, saw precisely what I had hoped to find. Our stables, I had remembered, were of two storeys, the second chamber being an open hayloft, which was only covered by the roof, the sides being composed of rails alone, and set wide enough apart for persons of an ordinary stature to squeeze through with ease. How to reach it was the problem, as the floor of it was suspended ten feet from the ground. It did not remain a problem long, for I stole to a disused coach-house a little distance off, and groped among the odds and ends there collected for a ladder. The brightness of the moon permitted me to find, without the least ado, a short one, exactly corresponding to my needs. I bore it to

the prison, laid it against the coping-stone of the second storey, and hopped thereon as lightly as a robin hops on rime. I was soon at the top and through the bars, and battling with the armies of hay and straw assembled on the other side that strove with might to thrust out all intruders. This one was rather more than they could manage, though. Having made my footing good inside the loft, I began to search for one of those trap-doors that are employed to push the fodder through into the mangers underneath. This involved a deal of patient exploration, for it was very little light that penetrated this encumbered place. But I was now so eager and so confident that I was fit for deeds of every character, and I do not doubt at all that had my task been to find a lost needle among this endless mass of provender, I should have discovered it in less than half an hour. Thus, coming at last in the course of my search to a spot well cleared of straw, one of my slippers trod upon an iron ring, and, much as I regretted the pain that act involved, I rejoiced the more since I had stumbled on the trap. Getting my fingers to this ring, I tugged the door up, and then prepared to scramble through the hole into the manger. I calculated that the distance I had to make was a comparatively short one. However, I was compelled to be cautious in the matter of the hayrack, as, should I become involved in cages of that sort, I must experience many a stubborn obstacle in getting out again. I should like the reader to conceive at this point, if he is able, of Lady Barbara Gossiter, the reigning Toast, whose imperious charms had played the deuce with every embroidered waistcoat in the town; I say I want you to conceive, dear Mr. Reader, if you have imagination equal to the task, this exquisite young person scrambling through trap-doors into mangers in the middle of the night! Yes, it staggers you, and you say it is impossible. I quite agree with that, and confess that when I started on this mischief, or this deed of mercy, call it what you will (for I certainly will not pretend to be better than I am), I had not included feats like these in my adventure. Now I have not, unfortunately, the faintest claim to be called an acrobat; but when the hounds have got scent, and the whole field is in full cry, one does not tarry for the widest and greenest pond, or the quickest set of fences. Therefore, clinging tightly to the trap, I lowered myself with insidious care inch by inch into the manger. 'Twas not possible to perform an act of this sort without committing some little noise. Thus the poor lad pinioned to the manger heard the creaks of my descent.

"What the devil!" he exclaimed, starting up, as I could tell by the brisk rustling of his straw.

"No, child, not the devil," I says, "a person handsomer by far. But hush! lad, hush! I am here to save your neck."

He strangled a natural cry at this injunction, though an emotion of surprise caused him to strain unconsciously against his bonds. The rattle of the manger ring to which the unhappy creature was secured cut me keenly to the quick. They prate of the cruelty of us women, but I wish some of these men would consider their own gifts in this direction ere they tax us for our drawing-room barbarities. Now Captain Grantley, in his haste to take me from the window on the occasion of my visit earlier in the night, had forgotten to re-shutter it, and his omission was now a friend we could not well have done without. It let a lively flood of moonlight in, which had the cunning to show me not only my precise locality, but how one was affected to the other, the work that was before me and the fairest means by which it could be done.

At first the poor prisoner dare not accept the testimony of his eyes, nor could he trust his ears.

"I—I cannot understand," he said.

"Men never can," I whispered. "But if we are silent, speedy, and ingenious, I I think I can save you from Tyburn, Sir."

For these words he invoked God's blessing on me, which was quite a new experience, as the invocations of his sex are much the other way in my case. Then he tried to pierce my vizard with his eyes,

and then rose with slow pain to his feet and pushed his handcuffed wrists towards me, for he had seen me take forth the file. I attacked at once the stout chains by which they were clinched together, and in which the cord was looped. 'Twas no light employ, let me assure you. The file rasped without surcease on the steel for the best part of an hour, and I put such an energy in the task that long before I had bitten through the gyve my fingers ached most bitterly, and I could feel the sweat shining in my face. Whoever it was that had put those fetters on, 'twas plain he was no tyro in the art. But that winter night, had my business been to reduce a castle with my single hand, I could have razed it to the earth, I think. Therefore, at last I overcame the stubborn bonds, and in something less than a minute afterwards the desperate rebel had all his members free. I am not sure but what a bond was forged about his heart, though. For in the stern assaults I had directed on his chains, the spring that held my vizard fell away, the patch of velvet dropped into the straw, and lo! at the lifting of my eyes, I stood unmasked before him. And perhaps I was not sorry for it, since—the charming fellow!—no sooner did he discover that his hands were out of durance than he uttered a low cry of pleasure and of gratitude, and when he regarded his deliverer his eyes became so bright that they must have been sensible of joy. But I was determined that in this present instance, no matter how much beyond the common, my native power should yet assert itself. Wherefore I drew myself to my fullest inches, tipped up my chin and throat a little to let him see what snow and dimples are, and what a provocation poets sometimes undergo. Then I met those fine eyes of his fully with mine own. On this occasion 'twas his that did recoil. Nor was this at all remarkable, since Mr. Horace Walpole had informed me but a week before, for the fifteenth time, that if these, my orbs, should confront the sun at any time, the sun would be diminished and put out. Thus the rebel's own high look yielded reluctantly to mine, and I judged by the twitching of his mouth that 'twas as much as he could do to suppress his wonder and his thankfulness. But he did in lieu of that a thing that was even yet more graceful.

Without a word he fell on his knees before the feet of his releaser, and when I deigned to give my hand to him that he might touch it with his lips, as I thought his delicious silence not unworthy of reward, my every finger thrilled beneath the one burning tear that issued from his fine, brave eyes and plashed upon them softly.

"Madam," he said then, with his voice all passion-broken and shaking, so that it must have given him an agony to speak, "a word can never thank you. May I thank you some time otherwise?"

The moonlight was much our friend in this strange passage, here amongst the straw of a cold, gloomy, and unclean stable at an unheard-of hour of night. Pouring through the window, it wrapped our figures in a sweet vague hue that was as beautiful as it was subdued. It had a mellow holiness about it, too, I thought.

We lost scarce a minute, though, in matters of this character. There was much to do if the rebel's escape was to be effected and him to be hence a mile or two ere his flight was known. Wherefore I commanded him to leave his knees at once, and made him do so brisker than perhaps otherwise he might have done, by saying that his attitude was extremely laughable. Next minute I had committed the loaded pistol to his care, and had informed him that, as the door of the ground storey was locked and a sleeping sentry was huddled against it, egress was cut off utterly thereby. I proposed, however, that we should get out along the route by which I had arrived—namely, by climbing up into the manger, scrambling through the trap into the loft, and descending thence by the ladder I had left.

I was the first to make the trial, as I should naturally require the most assistance in ascending to the second storey, and preferred to be pushed up by the heels from underneath than to be hauled up by the arms from overhead. 'Twas here that I was glad that the sun was not about yet, since I do not doubt that in my attempt

to overcome that ugly trap, I was guilty of showing off a trifle more of petticoat and stocking than consists with the gentility of St. James's Park. Still, I was willing to pay a reasonable price for these present delightful issues. Alas! I did not know that I was only at the threshold of this affair, and that those that lay ahead were to hold more of terror than enchantment.

We soon managed to swing ourselves from the manger to the loft, and when we got among the straw, I fell further to instructing my companion. It was of the first importance that he should have a horse, and I proposed to present him with Rebecca, a blood mare of my own, who was stabled near at hand. However, as we were to discover all too soon, we had reckoned without our host considerably.

Being the better acquainted with our bearings, I went ahead and led the way through the hay and straw, and in the sequel 'twas quite as well that I was foremost. For I was just come to the place where the ladder rested, with Mr. Anthony pressing on my heels, when—

"Down, Sir, into the straw!" I whispered, and smartly as that command was breathed, I was but just in time.

A stream of light rising slowly higher from the ladder was the cause of this alarm. The next thing that I saw was a lantern swinging from the topmost rung, and immediately behind it the face of Captain Grantley outlined dimly in the gloom. His eyes were fixed steadily on mine, yet the keen though quiet smile of greeting with which he met my look, and it must have been a guilty one, appeared to me a miracle of breeding and propriety.

I had to admire this soldier. Not the quivering of a muscle, not the quaking of a tone informed me of the depth of his astonishment. As for me, after the first paralysis of bewilderment I met his gaze with the large, wide look of innocence. I understand that I have a genius for dissembling. But Lord! 'twas needed now. I had gone so far in the affair that I could not now withdraw. Besides, I had not the inclination. The lad was handsome, never a doubt of that. He might be the son of a baker, nevertheless he promised to make an extremely proper man. Thus I felt my heart grow small with fear, while we continued to survey each other with an ingenuous and smiling care. As for my poor terrified companion, I could tell by the soft rustling of the straw behind me that he was disposing his body as far beyond the ken of that lantern, and the pair of eyes that were the background to it, as his situation would permit.

At first the imperturbability of the Captain's mien put me in some hope that he had not as yet suspected the presence of his prisoner. But he contrived to alarm as greatly as he reassured, since he pitched his voice in the very key of drawling languor that only the fops of Kensington routs and drawing-rooms employ.

"Lord! my Lady Barbara, a magnificent evening, don't you think?" says he.

"Do you suppose I would be out of my bed enjoying it unless it was, my dearest Captain?" says I with a countenance of the most simple girlishness in the world.

The trembling prisoner burrowed the deeper in the straw.

Now it would have been a perfect piece of comedy had not that poor lad been breathing so hard and quick behind me. His life was suspended on a hair, and this he knew, and I knew also. Otherwise I should have enjoyed the acting of this play in a fashion that my jaded appetite seldom enjoys anything. Therefore I continued to regard the Captain with a gravely whimsical look; but if he twitched an eyelid, altered the position of a finger, or shifted the altitude an inch at which the lantern hung, I began to speculate upon the fact, and wrote it in my heart. We played a game of cat and mouse, and for once the Captain was the cat. Conceive me the grey and frightened little mouse, trying to dodge the deathly paw that any instant might descend and mutilate it.

"Captain," says I, "are you also interested deeply in the study of astronomy?"

"Astronomy!" cries he, "why astronomy?"

He was a wonderfully clever cat, but trembling little mousie had got him, by her cunning ways, a trifle off his guard, you see.

"Why, my dearest man," says I, putting

a world of surprise into my tone lest the moonlight should not properly reflect the amount that was inserted in my face, "do you suppose for an instant now that a woman wholly in possession of her wits would quit a warm bed at three o'clock of a winter's night to gaze at a full moon from a hayloft, if a question of the heavenly bodies had not summoned her? Do you think for a moment, Sir, that I am here without a reason? Or rank somnambulism you may consider it?"

You would have laughed at the amount of indignant heat, as though I were hurt most tenderly, that I contrived to instil into my accents.

"Oh dear no, dear Lady Barbara!" says the horrid creature as sulkily as possible; "that you are here without a reason I do not for a moment think. You misjudge me there, dear lady."

Captain Grantley was become the devil! I fairly raked his smiling face with the fierceness of my eyes, but when they were driven from it by the simplicity of his look, it was smiling still, yet inscrutable as the night in which we stood. His language was so ordered that it might mean everything; on the contrary, it might mean nothing. This was the distracting part. The man spoke in such an honest, unpremeditated fashion, that who should suspect that he knew anything at all? But why was he here? And why could at least two interpretations be put upon every word he uttered? These the ruminations of a guilty mind!

Hereabouts an idea regaled me. If I could but coax the Captain up into the loft, it would leave the ladder free. The prisoner then might make a dash for liberty, and if he had an athlete's body and sound wind and limbs to serve him in his flight, all was not yet lost, and he had still a chance of life.

"Captain," says I, taking a bearing cautiously, "is the supposition right that a matter of the heavenly bodies hath also brought you into the night at this unpropitious season?"

"Well, scarcely," says the Captain. "'Tis my duty, Madam."

That word in its solemnity made me start. And it was spoken in a voice so pregnant and so deep that it frightened the trembling prisoner too. The violence of his emotion caused him to stir uneasily, and make the straw crack.

"Dear me!" I cried; "did you hear that mouse?" And I gathered my skirts up in my horror, and huddled my ankles one against the other in the extremity of fear.

"A mouse?" the Captain says; "must have been a very big one, dear lady. Say a rat now; liker a rat, I 'm thinking."

"Oh, no," I shivered; "'twas a mouse, I 'm positive. I felt his little tail against my shoe. I have no fear of rats—but a mouse, it is a frightful creature."

"That shoe must be highly sensitive, dear lady," says the Captain, with a laugh and holding down the light. "Ah! I see that shoe is a carpet-slipper. A carpet-slipper on a frosty night. How odd!"

I repeat, the Captain was become the devil.

"Odd? They are indeed," says I. "That careless maid of mine actually crammed my feet in her haste into two rights inside of left and right. But a carpet-slipper is a very elastic article, you know."

"Very," says the Captain, "and very secret also."

"I should think it is," says I, with an air of simple candour. "I would not use one else. You see, my papa, the Earl, objects to these moonlight trips of mine. I thus use carpet-slippers that he shall not hear me pass his door or walk across the hall. And I must implore you, Sir, not to betray me in this matter."

Here I set such a wistful, pleading gaze upon the Captain that it nearly knocked him backwards from the ladder.

"My dearest lady!" and he laid his hand upon his heart.

Meanwhile I had not forgotten my design.

"I daresay," says I, "you would like to have one glimpse, Sir, of Luna and her satellites. I have an apparatus with me. See, here 's my telescope. A little darling of a creature, is it not?"

Twisting half round to where the prisoner was, I began to fumble in my pocket for it. Of course I must bend my head to do so.

"When he leaves the ladder," says I to the lad in the softest whisper ever used, "leap out and down it like the wind. Then it's neck and heels to Scotland!"

Thereupon I took the file forth from my cloak, and so disposed my hands about it that in the insufficient light it became a very creditable telescope. I fitted the point into my eye, and jutted forth the handle with great nicety.

"Venus is in trine," says I, with this strange telescope trained upon the stars.

"And how is Mars to-night?" says the Captain with a gallant interest.

"Mars is out of season, Sir," says I. "He is at no advantage. But Saturn and some others are wonderfully bright. Come up and gaze, Sir. 'Twill interest you rarely, I am certain; and I have here the finest little instrument that was ever fashioned by the artifice of Italy. Besides, the situation of my observatory is most admirably good."

But the very watchful cat upon the ladder betrayed no disposition to come up and hunt minutely for the mouse.

"If you will lend me the telescope," says he, "I think I shall find my present station equally excellent for the purposes of observation."

When he uttered the phrase "for the purposes of observation," he looked as simple as a child. But I had a desire to strike him from the ladder all the same. Not by a single word had he let me know as yet whether design or accident had brought him of all places to this particular ladder at this particular hour. Long as I had fenced he was as inscrutable as his solitaire. I was not wiser in one instance than when I had begun. Yet I was entitled to a guess, and alas! it was a gloomy one.

"Captain Grantley," says I, with a foot-tap of petulance, "I have invited you to my observatory."

"In the middle of the night," says he. It was so deftly couched that for my life I was not certain whether it was intended for a stinging insult or a very neat evasion. But though forced to admire a hit so delicate and so palpable, I was extremely angry too, for circumstances had left me entirely to his tender mercies. Yet the rebel, having heard his speech, jumped at once to the opinion that it was rather an insinuation than a subterfuge, and being a boy, and therefore hot with his heroics, was mighty impetuous for what he considered the honour of his champion. And although the act would certainly have involved his life, he was quite prepared to retaliate upon the Captain's person, that I might be avenged.

Happily I divined his intention just in time. I caught the cracking of the straw, gave back a step and screamed a little, drew my petticoats together, and set one heel as heavily as I could on the uprising rebel's breast.

"The mouse!" I cried; "there it is again. Did you not hear it, Sir? Oh, I am in such horrid fear! Captain, do come up and catch it for me by the tail!"

Now my mind was so involved in the escape of this staunch and honest lad that you will see it was quite heedless as to the degree these requests might implicate myself. In the end, however, the Captain himself proved sufficiently a gentleman to redeem me from this unlucky situation. Grantley, the town-bred fop, had just pierced me keenly with his wit; but next moment Grantley, officer of the King, and defender of his country, came bravely to my aid.

"My Lady Barbara," says he mildly, but abating somewhat the mincing accents of the exquisite, "I think this mummery hath gone on long enough. 'Tis a very dangerous game for us both to play; and, Madam, I think the more especially for you, since the more beautiful a woman is, the more perturbed the world is for her reputation. And, my dear lady, you really should consider the limitations of us poor susceptibles; we are very frail, sometimes, you know. But let us have an end to the acting of this play."

"Play!" says I, with sweet surprise. "Sir, to what do you refer?"

I gazed at him with perfect innocence, but I thought I heard sounds of hard, deep breathing issue from the straw behind me.

"My Lady Barbara," the Captain said, and setting the lantern a point the nearer to my face to mark the effect of his words

upon it, "your conduct in this matter, I will confess, hath been exceeding creditable to your heart. But in the name of the King I summon one Anthony Dare, lying there behind you, to stand forth from that straw."

Now there was not a word in this demand beyond what I should have anticipated from the first, but my adversary had fenced and toyed with me so long that he had almost weaned my mind from thinking that he knew of my attempt and the poor prisoner's situation. And in the very breath of this avowal he let me see that he had ordered his tactics with so complete a skill that the prisoner's doom was sealed. Before the final word was uttered a cocked pistol was pointed at the straw. The lad concealed amongst it, feeling that all was over, made an attempt to rise. Perhaps his idea was to throw himself upon his wary foe, but that, I saw, was certain death. He would have been shot down like a dog. Thus by the renewed pressure of my heel upon his breast, I was able still to restrain him. Indeed, I was already ploughing up my wits to find another plan. It is a part of my character never to surrender until I am compelled. Till my adversary wins, I have not lost, and the nearer he be to victory, the greater the danger that besets him.

"Captain," says I, with a meek, sad smile, "I have played my game, and I have lost it. Victory sits with you. Let me compliment you on your superior skill, Sir, and crave your leave now to withdraw."

I said this as humbly as you please. I hung my head, and the limp dejection of my form betrayed how utterly I was beaten. Every spark of spirit was gone out of me, apparently. The Captain was not ungenerous, and seeing me so badly gravelled and that I took thus sincerely my reverses, was kind enough to say—

"My Lady Barbara, you have played a bold and skilful game, and I tender you my compliments upon it."

My cunning gentleman I could see had been taken off his guard a little by my lowliness of bearing. He did not discern that 'twas in my mind, despite the fact that both the prisoner and myself were utterly at the mercy of his pistol, to attempt quite the boldest stroke of all.

It was now that I withdrew my slipper from the prisoner's breast and walked up in the most natural way one could imagine to within a foot of where the Captain stood upon the ladder, smiling with something of the air of Alexander. I took my steps with such discretion and feigned a simple negligence so well that he suspected nothing. My Lady Barbara being my Lady Barbara, he had, of course, nothing to suspect.

"I wish to descend if you will allow me, Sir," says I, "for I cannot bear to stand by and see my unhappy friend retaken."

He was preparing to accommodate me in this perfectly humane request when, tightening my fingers on the file, I struck the butt of his pistol with all my strength, and straight the weapon dropped from his hand and clattered ten feet to the stones below. The prisoner at my back was marvellously quick. In almost the same instant as the pistol tinkled on the yard the lad was up. He flew at the astonished Captain like a cat, and struck him full and neat just underneath the jaw. 'Twas a murderous blow, and the horrid thud it made quite turned my stomach over. But it was not a time for niceties. The Captain tumbled backwards down the ladder, neck and heels; his lantern was shattered to a thousand atoms; and in two seconds he, the pistol, broken glass, and much good benzoline were in a heap upon the stones. The prisoner waited for no courtesies. He did not even give his foe the chance of a recovery; for, disdaining to use the ladder, he jumped to the ground in such a calculated way that he descended with his hands and knees upon the Captain's prostrate person.

Now it was evident that much more than this was required to provide the Captain's quietus, for so soon as the prisoner fell upon his body he clasped him by the waist and clung to him with the tenacity of a leech. For a full minute they fought and wrestled on the ground, and felt for one another's throats. But the Captain underneath found the arguments of the man on the top too forcible. Thus by

the time that I was down the ladder the rebel had managed to extricate himself, and was running away as hard as he was able.

And here it was that fortune treated him so cruelly. The hours he had passed in prison with limbs cramped up and bound had told too sure a tale. He was unable to move beyond half the pace a healthy and clean-limbed youth should be able to employ. And the Captain was a person of the truest mettle. Despite the several shocks he had undergone and the bruises he had suffered, he was up without a moment's pause, and running the rebel down with rare agility. In his haste, though, there was a highly necessary article that he had failed to regard. That was the pistol lying on the ground beside him. And it will prove to you that I was still playing the prisoner's game with all my wits when I say that I pounced on it and threw it up into the hayloft, where it could be no use to anybody. Then I sped after the pair of runners to see what the outcome was to be. They were racing through a gate that led into the park, which slept in a pale, cold silence beneath the peaceful moon.

I had not run a hundred yards when, alas! the issue grew too plain. Yard by yard the Captain bore down upon his foe. It was only a matter of minutes ere he once more had him at his mercy. But observing their movements eagerly as I went, a thrill of horror trembled through my heart, for I clearly saw the fugitive clap his hand into his coat, and even as he ran, withdraw something from it secretly. He concealed it with his hand. But in a flash it was in my mind that this was the loaded pistol I had given him. And the Captain was unarmed.

If you give rein enough to mischief, it may lead you into many and strange things. But I think it should always draw the line at murder. Much as I would have paid for the prisoner's escape, 'twas more than I could endure to witness a stark and naked murder. Mind, I did not enter into the merits of the case at all. I would have the lad escape at every cost, but none the less, murder must be prevented. And now I saw that the holder of the pistol was tailing off in his speed so palpably that he must soon be overtaken. There was a reason for his tardiness, however. He was waiting till his pursuer should come within a yard or two; then he would whip round and discharge the pistol straight into his body.

This idea, together with the thought that I had armed him for the deed, was more than I could suffer. A wretched sickness overtook me. But it made me the more determined to save the Captain if I could. Therefore, I knit my teeth upon the weak cries of my terror, and ran, and ran, and ran till I came within hailing distance of them, for both had now much slackened in their running. Haply the Captain had at last observed the weapon of his enemy and had interpreted his bloody motive. Thus, while the one awaited the coming of his foe, the other warily approached, but with no abatement of his courage: whilst I, profiting by these manœuvres, was soon at the place where they had disposed themselves for their battle.

CHAPTER IV.

OF AN ODD PASSAGE IN THE MEADOW.

"For the love of God, my lad, don't fire!" I cried to the rebel at the pitch of the little voice that yet was left me.

They had now halted, and stood confronting one another very close in the dewy grass of the open meadow, while the moon wrapped them in her creepy light. For, perhaps, while one might count thirty they stood apart with as little motion as the ghostly trees, in a tense and straining silence. Again I cried—

"Oh, hold your fire, my lad!" more instantly than ever. And as I thus implored him, I made a great effort to overtake and get between them. But the matter was now gone utterly beyond any control of mine. They gave me no more heed than I had been a tuft of grass. And whether 'twas that the sound of me behind him spurred the Captain to a fury, or that he risked his life from calculation, sure, I can never say, for, as I came up, without a word the Captain sprang and the prisoner shot together. At the fierce crack of the

pistol the Captain fell from his full height upon the turf, and I recoiled from the report and felt all at once the wet grass tickling my face; whereon a sudden darkness filled my eyes, and I lost the sense of where I was. For some little time I must have been insensible. But soon the blackness that pressed upon my eyelids lifted somewhat, and the buzzing in my ears abated. 'Twas then that I found myself sitting in a most quaint fashion on the grass, though the manner of my falling on that wet sward was a point more than my knowledge. A comic figure I must have cut, and I believe my earliest feeling was one of deep relief that there was but one spectator of my plight—he the Captain, who, to tell the truth, was in no prettier case. I was at first disposed to attribute my preposterous state to the wrought condition of my nerves, and had half arrived at the conclusion that even this pretext was insufficient for so extreme a situation, when I grew dimly conscious that a sort of fiery pain was throbbing in one shoulder. It was then I knew that I was hit. Meantime poor Captain Grantley was striving hard to rise. Twice he tried, and twice he failed and fell back on the grass. The second time he groaned an oath, for his eyes had fallen on the swift figure of the prisoner fading in the dew.

"Dammy, Jimmy!" says he to himself, struggling for the third time to regain his feet and failing. "It's no go, my lad. You are taken somewhere."

Thereupon he sat up in the grass and began to whistle with grave bravado an odd strain from the "Beggar's Opera." Then my merry gentleman turned and looked at me. I also was sitting up in the grass, perhaps a dozen yards away, and was in almost an identical posture to himself, except that mine was a matter of the nerves and shoulder. But if you could have found a more comic pair upon the surface of the earth than we made just then, I should be glad to learn their whereabouts, for to behold them would well repay a pilgrimage.

"Why bless my soul, my Lady Barbara!" he cries in a tone of deep concern, "do not tell me that you are taken too!"

"I fear I am," says I with a great desire to swoon, for my shoulder was as hot and wet as possible.

"But not grievously, I hope," says he.

"Sure I do not know," I answered weakly. And sure I didn't! For I felt so utterly foreign at this moment to my usual confident and lively self, that I was not certain whether I was really caught at all or whether I was about to die. The Captain, however, was not to be satisfied with this. With the aid of two hands and one knee, he crawled towards me, dragging his shattered member through the grass as stiffly as a pole, so that it seemed to trail after the remainder of his body in the manner of a wounded snake. When he reached my side, though I think I was very nearly dying for a little sympathy, he compelled me to extend all that I was expending on myself to him. The moonlight, beating fully on his face, showed it livid and drawn with pain.

"Why, my dear man," says I, "what have you dragged yourself here to do?" For, seeing him in this extremity, I forgot all about my shoulder, which really seemed to have had no more than one stroke from a whip laid on it.

"To succour you," says he, "if you will permit me."

"Then I won't," says I, "for 'tis you that's wanting aid."

"Psha!" says he; "a mere scratch, my dearest lady."

Now that was not the truth, for the man was in such agony that he could scarcely speak. Yet I thought his courage admirable. Here it was I made an attempt to rise on my own account, and with far better success than he. But so soon as I stood up, my head reeled and swayed and nearly brought me to the grass again.

I think it must have been the presence of the Captain that saved me from fainting on the spot. But having once fought down that supreme desire, my strength unaccountably returned, and I determined to set forth straightway to the house to procure assistance for the Captain, who was still sitting on the turf as helpless as a baby.

"I beg of you," says he, observing me

to be already fit for travel, "to instruct one of your people to call my men at once."

"By my faith no," says I, "that poor lad must have as much start of you and your men as possible. Captain, you forget that I am a rebel."

"Under your pardon I do not," says he, while a groan rose to his lips. "And would that I might dissemble it, for this may prove a very awkward business."

'Twas a smothered threat, of course, but I smiled at it demurely.

However, my present plan to assist the prisoner's escape was unluckily doomed to a frustration. A sentry had been despatched from the house to relieve the one on guard at the stable-door. Finding him asleep, and the prisoner gone, he had repaired to his comrades, and then to the Captain's room with a report of the occurrence. That bird was also flown. Thereupon the whole house was put in a commotion, somewhere on the stroke of four of the wintry morning, and the soldiers issued forth in a body to seek, high and low, the rebel and their officer. Three of them were now bearing down upon us in the meadow. In a word, they were advised of their commander's accident and the necessity for haste. Therefore, summoning their fellows, they promptly unhinged one of the hurdles of the park, and bore the Captain on it to his chamber. And as soon as they had done this, they got to horse and galloped hotly in pursuit of the fleeing rebel, who had something less than two hours' start upon them.

"We shall see him brought back before the day is out!" said the Captain confidently; "for he hath never a friend nor a horse hereby, nor a penny to procure them."

Meantime I was in a panic of alarm on my own account. To a woman of the mode a pair of unblemished shoulders are highly requisite when she repairs to Vauxhall, the playhouse, or the King's levée. No sooner did the fear oppress me that one of them was permanently mutilated, than I discarded my vapidity and went like the wind from the meadow to my chamber to resolve the matter to the test. I cannot possibly convey to you the distresses of hope and fear I suffered on that journey. I never felt my wound at all now, and was hardly conscious of my weariness. Thus in a surprising little time I was running up the staircase to my chamber. Emblem was toasting her toes at the hearth, and was very properly asleep and dreaming of white satin. My vigorous entrance woke her, though.

"Come, wench, bestir yourself!" cries I, in my fever of alarm, "and find me the lowest-necked evening bodice I have got. Now, out with it at once and dress me in it, or, 'pon my soul! you shall not have that satin gown I promised you."

At the mention of the gown she flew to a wardrobe and produced the necessary article with a palpitating suddenness; whilst I threw off my cloak and ordered Mrs. Polly to remove the present bloodied bodice that I wore, heedless of wounds and other mortal things of that sort.

"Blood! oh, it's blood, my lady!" cries Mrs. Polly Emblem; and her frightened face was mottled white and red, the very pattern of my linen, with the gory spots upon it. "Oh, you are hurt, my lady! You are dreadfully hurt, I'm certain!"

"Never you mind that," says I, with a very Spartan air; "but just put me in that bodice, and tell me, for your life, whether 'twill conceal this wound or whether 'twill not. For if it doth expose the scar," I announced in a manner highly tragical, while the tears gathered in my eyes, "the reign of my Lady Barbarity is over."

"Even if it does," says Emblem, "we may powder and enamel it, my lady."

"Psha!" cries I; "there is all the difference in the world betwixt a scar and a bad complexion. Art can never obliterate a scar." And here I began to bite my handkerchief in pieces, being no longer able to contain myself.

The ensuing minute was one of the most awful of my life. It seemed as though Emblem — trembling wretch! — would never get that bodice on; but, to do her justice in this affair, and to act kindly towards her character, I must admit that she betrayed a very proper instinct in this matter. That is to say, she was as desperately seized as ever was her mistress with the fear that my peerless

shoulders were torn in such a fashion that a low dress would be inadequate to hide their mutilation.

Happily, the pistol-ball had simply run along the skin and had slit it open for an inch or two, quite low down in the shoulder-blade—a mere scratch, in fact, that let out very little blood. Thus we managed to get one garment off and the other on, both easily and painlessly. Then 'twas that Emblem clapped her hands, and gave a cry of joy.

"It covers it, your la'ship, by a full two inches," she exclaimed.

"You are sure of that?" cries I in a tremor of excitement. "There must be no mistake about it, now. Bring me a mirror here that I may see it for myself."

This she did, and, though the disturbed wound was smarting horribly, I paid no attention to it until I was assured that its position was even as Mrs. Polly Emblem said. To describe the relief that my mind immediately experienced would be impossible.

"Lord, that's lovely!" cries I, and fervently kissed the cheek of Mrs. Polly to express my gratitude to good old Lady Fortune, who, I am sure, kind soul! must in her time have been a woman of the mode! But then it was that the stress of the night returned; all my weaknesses concertedly attacked me, and the pangs of my wound (though the wound was but the faintest scratch) were so aggravated by them that it appeared as if my flesh were being nipped by a hundred red-hot pincers. I sobbed out—

"Quick with a cordial, Emblem, for I feel that I must swoon!"

And faith! no sooner had I said this than I swooned in deadly earnest. I was restored in good time, though, and, having had my shoulder bathed and a plaster put upon it, I was got to bed, and slept profoundly till some time after two o'clock of the afternoon.

When I opened my eyes I saw that the room was darkened, and that anxious Mrs. Polly, Dr. Paradise (physician-in-ordinary to all the county families about), and no less a person than my aunt, the dowager, were sitting in a row beside the bed, and looking at me solemnly.

"Good evening to you, doctor," says I, feeling perfectly restored by so sound a slumber; "or is it afternoon? Or is it morning? But I daresay you propose to make a case of this."

"Well, Madam," says the twinkling, old, and snuffy rogue, "you are suffering from shock, and a contused and lacerated shoulder. Therefore I prescribe rest and quiet, and would recommend that you keep your bed for at least a week."

"Then I must be pretty bad," says I.

"True, true, dear Lady Barbara," says he insinuatingly, "although, if I may presume to say so, I think 'pretty bad' is an expression scarce adequate to your condition."

"Eh, what?" says I.

"Of course, my dear lady," he explained with wicked emphasis, "it is the condition of your corporal body that I refer to." And the sly old villain smiled and bowed in a very disconcerting manner.

Now it does you not a tittle of service anyway to chop dialectics with your doctor. He knows everything about your way of life; your past, your future, and your present state, and he can pepper you with phrases that seem as harmless as the alphabet, if you look at them from the point of view of a physician. Yet if the world chooses to place its own construction on them, it would not feel tempted to mistake one for an archangel. In short, your doctor is not the person you should lead into a discourse in the presence of your aunt.

"Then I must keep my bed for at least a week?" says I.

"I should strongly advise it," says old Paradise.

"Indeed you would, Sir," says I sweetly; "then, Emblem, fetch me my spotted taffety, for I propose instantly to get up."

And, to the indignation of my aunt, the dowager, who regarded the whole tribe of doctors as religiously as the Brahmins do their sacred bull, I suddenly renounced the sheets, sat on the margin of the bed, and bade Emblem draw my stockings on. In my experience this hath proved the exactest mode of routing the whole infernal faculty. Do not argue with them, for their whole art consists in contriving

new and elegant diseases for persons of an uncompromising health. Therefore at this moment my aunt, with a shake of her wintry curls at me, invited the doctor to a dish of tea downstairs and a game at cribbage afterwards. Thus, before my second stocking was drawn on they had departed, but had left behind volumes of horrid prophecies of blood-poisoning, high fever, and five-and-twenty other things.

"Now lock the door, my Emblem," says I cheerfully, "and tell me every bit of news."

"If I were you, my lady," Emblem says, "I would get back to bed this instant and grow very ill indeed. For Captain Grantley is drawing a complaint up in this matter, and thinks that upon the strength of it the Government will feel compelled to arrest you for high treason, and send you to the Tower."

"High what?" cries I. "Send me to the where? Why, upon my soul, did any man ever speak such nonsense in his natural! As though the Government would do anything of the kind! 'Twas but a piece of mischief—I meant no harm. I'm certain I never wished to hurt the Captain, who, by the way, is much cleverer and braver than I had supposed. 'Twas but a piece of fun, I say. And if the poor lad did escape—well, he was a very pretty lad, and I am certainly not sorry. Arrest me! Send me to the Tower! Pah! The Government will do nothing of the kind! Why, Emblem, what is it that I've done?"

"Sure I don't know, my lady," says the faithful creature, beginning to whimper like a child; "you have done nothing very wicked as I can see. Of course he was a prisoner; but then there is lots of other prisoners, and plenty as big as he, and bigger if it comes to that."

"Why, of course there are, you silly goose," says I.

"And you never meant that the Captain should be hurt, my lady?"

"I would not have hurt him for the world," says I. "Now dry your eyes, my girl. The Government hath no more of a case against me than it hath against the Pope of Rome. And even if it had, it is too well bred to dare to prefer it against Bab Gossiter; besides, it is not as though there was any malice in the thing. And as you say, a prisoner more or a prisoner less doth matter not a little bit."

"But," says the foolish Emblem, weeping more than ever, "my lord is very much concerned at the Captain's disposition. Why, my lady, I heard him say not an hour ago that there is nothing to be done, and that the consequences must be faced."

"Consequences!" laughed I. "That comes of being a politician. Oh, these statesmen and Prime Ministers, with their grave faces! Why, if a chairman so much as puts his foot on a poodle dog in Mincing Lane, they talk of it in whispers and discuss its bearing on what they call 'the situation.' Or if a washerwoman presents her husband with a pair of healthy twins at Charing, there's a meeting of the Council to see whether that fact hath altered the aspect of affairs. And it's the nation this and the nation that, and they talk as mysterious as Jesuits with their interminable Whigs and their pestilential Tories whom nobody understands and nobody cares a farthing for. Send me to the Tower! A set of politicians, no handsomer than clergymen and nothing like so humorous. La! Emblem, I would like to see 'em do it!"

I was both angry and amused at this idea, and got into my clothes as quickly as I could, for I was now on fire to go and see the Earl. The notion was really too absurd!

"How is the Captain now?" I inquired while I dressed.

"His knee is shattered dreadfully," the maid replied, "and he will not be able to leave this house for many weeks."

"That is good news," said I complacently. "He will be able to amuse me during these long winter evenings. But tell me, Emblem, is that poor prisoner lad reta'en? The Captain swore that his soldiers would retake him in an hour or two."

"They have not returned yet," Emblem answered.

"Excellent!" cried I; "that's made my shoulder better."

And I fell to dancing up and down the chamber in the effervescence of my mood.

(To be continued.)

A REVERIE.

FOR neat literary style, polished wit, and delicate imaginative insight, Mr. Henry James is almost unrivalled. He has one peculiarity that irritates his admirers while it fascinates them. He is colloquially, confidentially familiar with his readers, while keeping at a most respectful distance from his characters. But that there should be anything in common between this distinguished writer and the Fat Boy in "Pickwick" sounds at first surprising, yet, undoubtedly, in his last book, *The Two Magics* (Heinemann), he has written with the same motive that inspired that immortal youth when he said to the old lady, "I wants to make your flesh creep." And he succeeds admirably. The book is full of horror. It is told, of course, by a series of implications, suggestions, and omissions (almost resembling polite winks, nods, and nudges), so that certain readers might complain that too much of the work is left to them. But it is a wonderful book, and leaves one with a shuddering, painful impression carefully produced by the most finished art.

To take up another novel with a supernatural motive, called *The Main Chance*, by Christabel Coleridge (Hurst and Blackett), is to descend to a lower level. But the book is delightful in its way, clever, bright, and well written, though the atmosphere of "spooks" is not convincing. When Guy tells the story of meeting his double on the bridge, one simply doesn't believe him. It has, however, some merit, in that it is fresh and with an interesting plot.

In *The Open Question*, by C. E. Raimond (Heinemann), we have a work that is sure to excite discussion, and be read with interest on account of its subject. Either medical or religious subjects always, strangely enough, attract a large public in England, when produced in the form of a novel. Cases of conscience or consumption are invariably popular. Here we have both, also scientific scruples, devoted love, and suicide on principle. The book is written with thought and painstaking care; the author is a conscientious workman. The peculiar treatment of the subject holds one's attention, and this is curious, for the characters cannot be said to live. They are well studied, carefully thought-out abstractions. Thus, in spite of its really remarkable cleverness, *The Open Question* is not in the best sense artistically successful as a novel. In a novel, that the characters should live is everything.

It is pleasant to turn from these serious or depressing subjects to the most delicious nonsense in the world—*Tails With a Twist*, by the "Belgian Hare" (Edward Arnold). This is the best book of the kind since "Edward Lear." Here is a charming specimen of the "Animal Rhymes"—

> There is one animal of merit
> And perfect honesty: the Ferret.
> I have not time to tell to you
> The numerous things that he will do,
> For if you do not overtask him
> He will do anything you ask him.
> He is as clever as a pike,
> He will do anything you like;
> He is as strong as any fish,
> He will do anything you wish.

Also some delightful warning against "The Duck"—

> I hope you may have better luck
> Than to be bitten by the Duck.

The illustrations (by Mr. Reed, of *Punch*) are delightful, and the book ought to have as permanent a place in the child's library as "Alice in Wonderland." It would be an ideal Christmas present for a child. The "Belgian Hare" should write another volume.

The Frank Lockwood Sketch-Book (published by Arnold) is extremely interesting, though of unequal merit. Sir Frank Lockwood himself valued his own sketches so little that he would leave them carelessly about, and often lose them if

some friend did not eagerly pick them up and collect them. I fancy that he would not have wished to publish all of these. Perhaps they seem better than they are in contrast to the frontispiece. This portrait of the well-known Q.C., by Mr. Kendal, merely serves to show that because a man is a popular actor it does not follow that he is an admirable draughtsman. The garden-seat on which the legal luminary is resting no more resembles a garden-seat than the portrait resembles Sir Frank. The trees in the garden are like the little trees in children's toy-farms, and one misses the little stands in which they are usually fixed. We have seen better sketches of Mr. Justice Day than those in this collection, which certainly do not do justice to the man who has very thoroughly earned his reputation for being the plainest man on the Bench. Sir Frank Lockwood was most happy in his portraits of Sir Henry Hawkins, Baron Pollock, Lord James of Hereford, and himself. On the other hand, he completely and systematically failed with Mr. Carson and Sir Edward Clarke. Perhaps the best of all is the last sketch of Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett. Sir Frank Lockwood's ideas of the construction of a horse are, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, "extensive and peculiar," but his sense of humour is perennial, and his dry forensic wit pleasantly sugars the somewhat bitter pill of his impromptu sketches.

A sumptuous volume is the new edition of Ben Jonson's *Volpone, or the Fox* (Smithers, 5, Old Bond Street), with a frontispiece and cover-design by Aubrey Beardsley. A melancholy interest attaches to these drawings, almost the last work of the gifted young artist, who undoubtedly revolutionised black-and-white work. A very charming critical essay by Robert Ross at the beginning of the volume is well worth reading, being admirably written. As the biographer very rightly says, "If the history of grotesque remains to be written, it is already illustrated by Beardsley's art. A subject little understood, it belongs to the dim ways of criticism. There is no canon or school; and the artist is allowed to be wilful, untrammelled by rule or precedent. . . . The word 'eccentric,' with 'grotesque,' and 'picturesque,' is more misapplied than any word in the English language. . . . The decoration on the Parthenon was so eccentric that Pheidias was put in prison. . . . The work of Mr. Whistler and Sir Edward Burne-Jones, not long ago derided as eccentric, is now accepted as classic. Wherever a verdict is solicited from the uneducated, all new art will be dubbed eccentric, trampled on, and despised, even as the first tulip that blossomed in England was rooted out and burnt for a worthless weed by the conscientious Scotch gardener."

Moorflete (Arnold) is another of those numerous attempts to reproduce a past century that are so rarely completely successful. If modernity of form would have been more congenial to the author, at least he has had Stevenson well before his eyes, and he could have no more admirable model.

The Hypocrite, by an anonymous author (published by Greening and Co.), is one of those would-be smart and daring works that will always command a public, for it is given to few to know real from sham cleverness If a sentence takes an epigrammatic form people imagine it must be witty, and if an unscrupulous adventurer is described in audacious terms, they think it shows knowledge of life. The book is decidedly amusing from time to time. It must have been written by a very young author, who as he grows older will become less cynical and less melodramatic. He certainly shows promise, but the book is far too richly strewn with half-witted epigrams and dark sayings to be of much literary value. The cover is quite delightful, and the villains suggested by it, though evidently intended to be extremely modern, are unintentionally transpontine. The pleasantest part of it is the evidently personal flavour of Oxford.

For a thoroughly delightful novel commend me to *The Town Traveller*, by George Gissing (Methuen). Mr. Gammon, the hero, is a creation. He travelled (commercially) in town for various firms. No one can help feeling sympathy for his genial personality and his delightful weakness for collecting "bow-wows," which he keeps in a public-house at Dulwich. The book is a most amusing picture of the life of Kennington Road, with its bustle and dust, its business and pleasure. The plot is suggestive of the now notorious Druce case. Polly Sparks is a wonderful sketch, with her love of "rows," her violent vulgarity, her intense respectability, and her crude views of life. This is how she announces to Mr. Gammon that she wishes to break off their engagement and marry another man—

"Dear Mr. Gammon,—I don't think we are suited to each other, which is better for both parties. I shall send you a wedding-card in a few days; and I 'm sure I wish you all happiness. And so I remain, with my best respects,—Yours truly,

"MISS SPARKS."

Evidently George Gissing has emerged from the depths of melancholy. His humour is very quaint, very personal. It gleamed in *The Paying Guest*, it sparkles in *The Town Traveller*. He is ironical, and irony is not generally popular; but after the immense quantity of sham historical romance, dreary novels with a purpose, cheap wit and bogus "realism," it is refreshing to come upon a volume of genuine literature, a picture of real life, full of sly psychology and delicate lights and shades. Besides, it is so comprehensible. The author does not think it necessary to place between his readers and his subject the barrier of a "chevaux-de-frise" of style. SPHINX.

HOW THEY SURVIVE.

An account of the various methods employed by Nature to protect animals unable to fight successfully against their stronger foes. In many cases the colouring and general characteristics of an innocuous animal have acquired a resemblance to its usual surroundings, which enables it to remain undetected by its would-be destroyer. This article also explains the marvellous experiment whereby Mr. A. H. Thayer shows how the coloration of an animal is so disposed as to cause strong light to become a protection, and even one of its best means of concealment; though it might reasonably be supposed that a dark spot would most favour the animal's safety. By this experiment Mr. Thayer demonstrates almost indisputably his theory as to why most animals are darker on the back than on the breast.

THE subject of the utility of the external colouring and form of animals in relation to their manner of life and habitual surroundings is attracting much attention among naturalists at the present time, and illustrations of some of the theories that have been propounded in connection with it may be seen in several of the cases in the Central Hall of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. Striking examples of adaptation of the colour of animals to their natural surroundings, by means of which they are rendered less conspicuous to their enemies or their prey, may be observed in the two cases containing specimens from Norway. The first contains a specimen of a mountain or variable hare (the common species of the North of Europe), a stoat, and a weasel, some willow-grouse and ptarmigan in their summer dress, obtained in the neighbourhood of Christiania in the month of July, showing the general harmony of their coloration at this season with that of the rocks and plants among which they live. The second case shows the same species of animals obtained from the same spot in mid-winter, changed to white like the snow which completely covers the ground around them. Such absolute changes as these

In Egypt most of the reptiles and birds take the colour of the sand.

only occur in latitudes and localities where the differences between the general external conditions in the different seasons are extreme; where the snow entirely disappears in summer and remains continuously on the ground during the greater part of the winter. And it has been noticed that even some of these species do not turn white in the less severe winters of the southern portion of their range. This would seem to prove that the change is in direct adaptation to the surroundings, the advantage gained being concealment from their enemies or their prey, as the case may be.

Another striking example of adaptation to environment is seen in our Illustration of the series of specimens of an insect (*Platoides dealbatus*), obtained by the Museum, from the forest of Maramanga, about sixty-five miles east of Antananarivo, Madagascar, each specimen being mounted on the piece of bark sent with it by the collector. These insects differ remarkably from each other individually, but all closely resemble the particular colour of the lichen-covered bark of the trees upon which they habitually rest, a circumstance which seems well calculated to afford them protection.

Our picture also includes an illustration of six specimens of a beetle (*Lithinus nigrocristatus*) from Madagascar, with their natural surroundings. The black and white or yellowish colour and black hairs of the beetle and of the lichen agree completely, and should afford the insect ample protection; it being borne in mind that the beetles are not so easily seen in a state of nature as they are in a museum case where special attention is drawn to them.

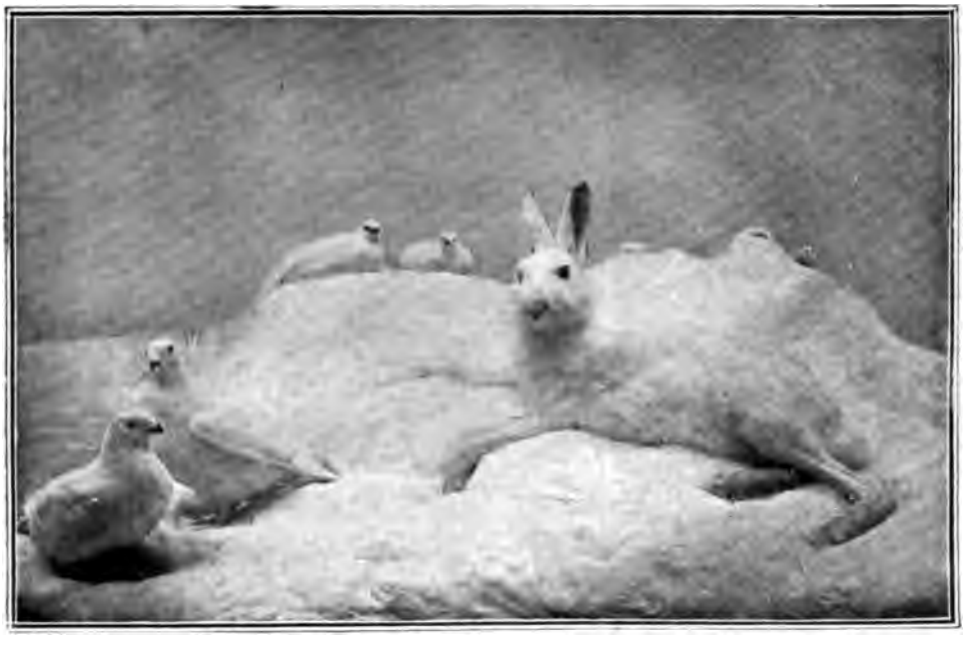
Compared with the immense number of species which inhabit the land-surface of the warm and temperate parts of the globe, which is continuously clothed with dark or rich coloured herbage, rocks, or soil, the number of those of which white is the prevailing colour is infinitely small. On the other hand, birds which habitually

The summer dress of animals in Norway.

dwell among the foaming waves of the sea are usually either partially or entirely white; and white is rather the rule than the exception among the comparatively few inhabitants of the northern regions, where the ground is either permanently or during a considerable part of the year covered with snow. These facts and other evidence pointing in the same direction have led naturalists to assume, as a very general principle in nature, that the colour of animals frequently conforms to their habitual surroundings. So little is, however, known of their habits and life-history, that many of the purposes supposed to be served by particular colours or appearances can only be regarded at present as conjectural.

A discovery recently made by Mr. Abbott H. Thayer, an American artist, demonstrates how much has yet to be learned before a definite opinion can be pronounced on the subject.

There has just been placed in one of the galleries of the Natural History Museum a case containing two models of birds, an examination of which does certainly suggest a reason why animals are, as a rule, dark above and lighter in colour below. The apparatus consists merely of a box, open at the top, and with one side replaced by glass, and lined with light grey felt. In the middle, on a perch, are two roughly modelled birds. One is covered with the same grey felt as the surrounding box, and the other is coloured darker than the felt on the top and white below. The spectator standing close to the box sees both birds clearly, but a few yards away the coloured bird entirely disappears from sight. The models and apparatus are the work of Mr. Abbott H. Thayer, who is inspired by a conviction derived from prolonged and acute observation of nature, and who has designed them as an object-lesson of the theory which he has so cleverly advanced as to the law which underlies protective coloration. Mr. Thayer asserts that it is not resemblance to the colour of its surroundings, or "protective coloration," as ordinarily defined, which prevents an animal from being seen, but that the true cause of the co is



The winter dress of animals in Norway.

The English (Illustrated) Magazine.

HOW THEY SURVIVE.

An account of the various methods employed by Nature to protect animals unable to fight successfully against their stronger foes. In many cases the colouring and general characteristics of an innocuous animal have acquired a resemblance to its usual surroundings, which enables it to remain undetected by its would-be destroyer. This article also explains the marvellous experiment whereby Mr. A. H. Thayer shows how the coloration of an animal is so disposed as to cause strong light to become a protection, and even one of its best means of concealment; though it might reasonably be supposed that a dark spot would most favour the animal's safety. By this experiment Mr. Thayer demonstrates almost indisputably his theory as to why most animals are darker on the back than on the breast.

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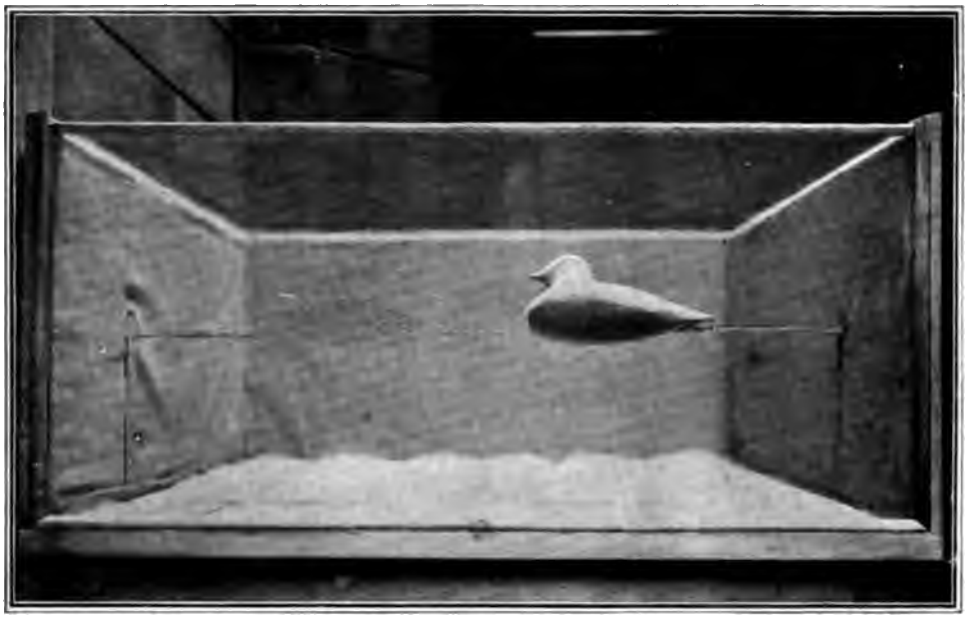
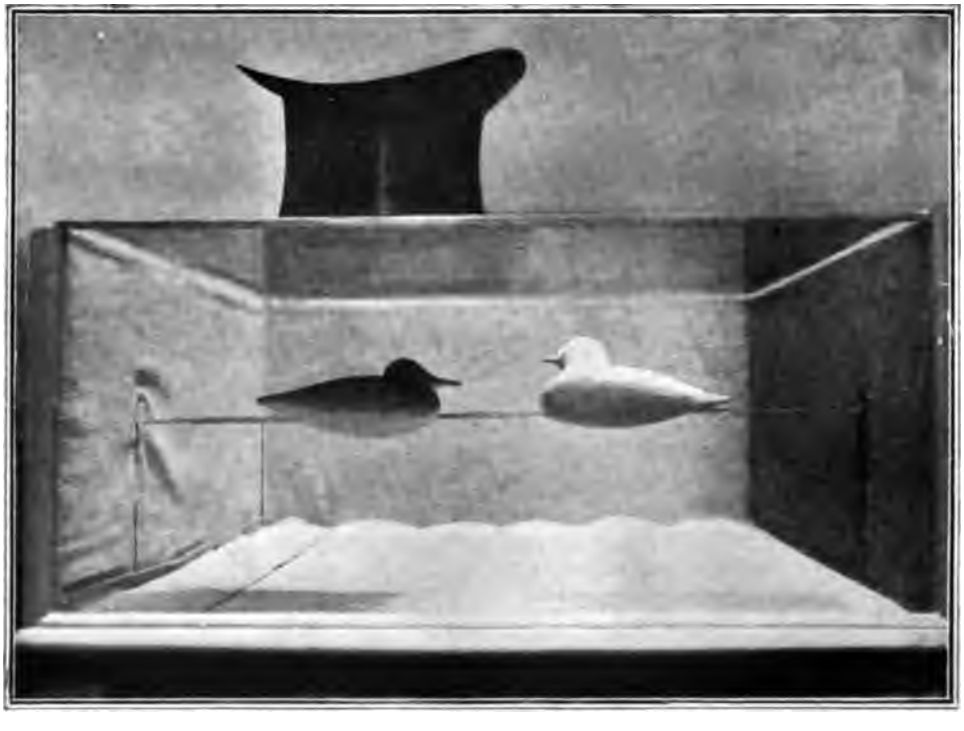


Directly the birds are placed in a normal position, the one on the left becomes nearly invisible. In fact, to the naked eye it becomes more indistinct than it appears in this photograph, though the photograph is absolutely genuine, and has not been touched up by the operator in any way whatsoever.



Here we see a hat placed directly over the top of the left-hand bird, which immediately becomes even more distinct than the other. The reason of this is obvious, and we may understand it at once by observing the right-hand bird, which appears as it actually were lighter than its breast. This is because the light, falling from above, brightens the normal shading of the bird's back, while, on the other hand, the shadow beneath darkens the bird's breast. In the [illegible] this is counteracted by painting the bird dark above and light below, making a composed gradation [illegible] and light. By this experiment Mr. A. H. Thayer explains why so many animals are thus arranged in colouring.

a compound gradation of colour and light. His experiments with painted decoys have shown that even brilliant top-colours,

This crab has hooked hairs all over its body, which catch up seaweed and cause it to acquire a resemblance to that marine plant.

however strongly contrasted to surroundings, scarcely tend to betray the wearer, if his *ensemble* be a gradation from dark above to light below. In an article which he contributed in April 1896 to the *Auk*, an American ornithological journal, Mr. Thayer was, we believe, the first to set forth in print this explanation for most of the phenomena of protective coloration in animals, except those properly called mimicry. "Animals," he wrote, "are painted by nature darkest on those parts which tend to be most lighted by the sky's light, and *vice versâ*. Mimicry makes an animal appear to be some other thing, whereas this newly discovered law makes him cease to appear to exist at all." In the models prepared by him for our National Museum of Natural History he has, it seems to us, successfully demonstrated his theory of the effect of gradation in colour, the reason of the disappearance of one bird being obviously that the white under-surface counteracts the effect of the shadow thrown by a top-light, making the bird which is graded from dark above to white below, at a little distance, one uniform colour; while in the case of the other model, wholly coloured the same as its surroundings, a shadow throws it in strong relief, showing how ineffectual for concealment such colouring would be. The reason for omitting naturalistic background, such as grasses, twigs, or pebbles, and the corresponding markings on the models, is to give the principle the severest test, since the pattern on the animal, being pictures of his background, involve a more varying degree of concealment.

When nature has made the animal cease to appear to exist, it follows, Mr. Thayer says, that his surface must grow to wear the picture of the background; hence one may read in the design of the creature's colouring the story of his life and haunts. The tiger wears a picture of sunbaked, matted vertical stems of large flags, etc.; the partridge, a wonderful reproduction of bare earth, stones, and dead grasses; and the sandpipers the delicate horizontal linings of the ocean sands.

We now come to the theory of warning

Caterpillar of Moth Ennomos tiliaria: Resembles a twig.

colours and protective resemblance or mimicry—a condition which makes an animal appear to be some other thing,

presumably for the purpose of self preservation amid the tremendous struggle for existence continually going on in the wild

Insects and dead leaves.

state of nature. The subject is of extreme interest and importance in relation to that of natural selection with which the name of the great naturalist, Charles Darwin, will ever be indissolubly connected. The researches and writings of Wallace, Bates, Poulton, Finn, and many others have made the theory one of the most interesting which the student of Nature's wonders has before him. The similarity of many insects to leaves, twigs, flowers, and other inanimate objects among which they live is so remarkable that it is not difficult for the layman to believe that the resemblance must be for protection, or is in some way advantageous to the animal possessing it. The subject, however, is not one on which to dogmatise yet; and "mimicry" may be, as some naturalists hold, in many cases nothing more than the influence of similar surroundings acting in a similar manner upon different forms inhabiting the same district.

In the Natural History Museum may be seen many extraordinary instances of "mimicry." The close imitation of a dead leaf, presented by the butterfly *Kallima inachis* when its wings are closed, could not be surpassed. It is stated that these butterflies, if pursued by a bird, take refuge among foliage, the resemblance of the under side of the wings to a dry leaf enabling them to conceal themselves. They have been observed also to rest, head downwards, on the trunks of trees, where their leaf-like appearance protects them from lizards. It is noteworthy that the tail of the wing corresponds to the stem of the leaf, the dark line through the wings, and the oblique lines on each side of it, corresponding to the midrib and veins. Unlike most butterflies, there is a great variety in the style of markings on the under side of the wings, and this fact, and the transparent spot, the mottled appearance of some specimens, and blackish blotches in others, all help to complete the resemblance to dead, injured, or fungus-marked leaves in different stages of decay. The same phenomena can be observed in our Illustration of a locust (*Cycloptera speculata*), the wings of which present an extraordinary resemblance to a decaying leaf.

Another phase of "mimicry" is where the object resembled, or mimicked, is

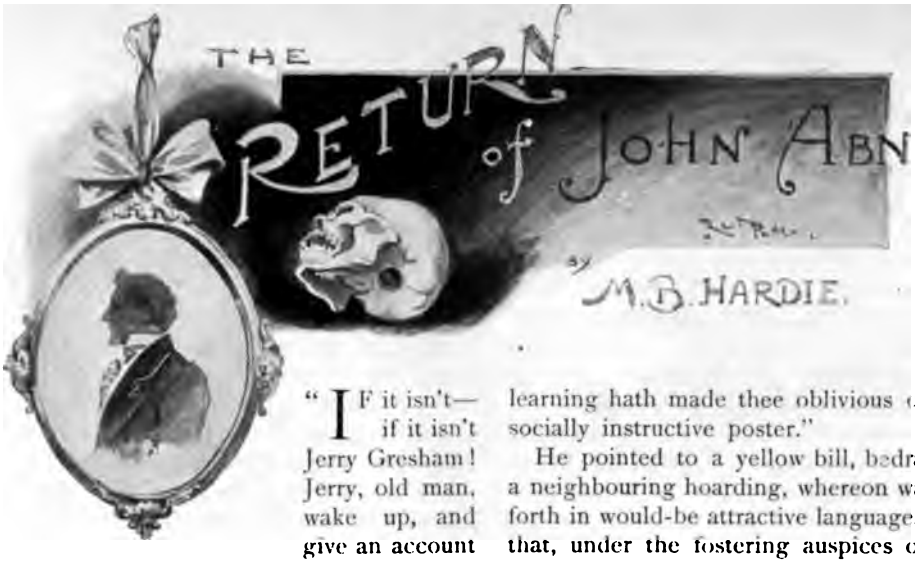
The stick insect explains itself.

another living animal, belonging to a different species, family, or even order, known to be nauseous and inedible on

account of taste, odour, or some other reason. Insectivorous birds, mammals, and reptiles destroy for food immense numbers of insects, and it is important to those which are distasteful and repellent that they should be easily distinguished from those which are harmless and good to eat. Hence the former are supposed to assume bright or gaudy colours as warning to the insect-eaters, while the edible species mimic them to secure an equal immunity from attack and destruction. In referring to this subject we may draw attention to the interesting experiments with various birds, and mimicking and warning-coloured or "nauseous" butterflies, carried out by Mr. F. Finn, Deputy Superintendent of the Indian Museum, Calcutta. As a result of these experiments, Mr. Finn concludes: (1) That there is a general appetite for butterflies among insectivorous birds, even though they are rarely seen when wild to attack them. (2) That many, probably most species, dislike, if not intensely, at any rate in comparison with other butterflies, the "warningly coloured" species. (3) That the mimics of these are, at any rate, relatively palatable, and that the mimicry is commonly effectual under natural conditions. And lastly that each bird has separately to acquire its experience, and well remembers what it has learned. Professor Poulton's suggestion that animals may be forced by hunger to eat unpalatable forms is more than confirmed by Mr. Finn's experiments, since the unpalatable forms were commonly eaten without the stimulus of actual hunger, generally also without signs of dislike.

This shows how ptarmigan look like the rocks on which they stand.

Whatever may be the real explanation of the phenomena of protective resemblances and adaptation of external colouring to the conditions of life among animals, the facts here recorded and as exemplified in our National Museum of Natural History, of which we have given a few Illustrations, are very curious, and well worthy of careful consideration.



"IF it isn't—if it isn't Jerry Gresham! Jerry, old man, wake up, and give an account of yourself!"

The man on the old log stirred lazily, then he sat up with a yawn that wavered off into a half shiver. A dark, spare man, with a quizzical expression.

"The atmospheric conditions of your North-country October do not favour open-air repose very much." He flicked some bits of lichen off his shoulder with delicate care, and his brow rucked resentfully, whether at the disturbance or at things in general it were difficult to say.

The youth in front of him danced excitedly. He was a tall, shambling lad, whose limbs seemed strung on elastic, and whose correct clerical garb served as an additional incongruity. Now he ruffled his hair till it stood out on all sides like hay-spikes.

"Wake up! wake up, I say, and don't go pattering your old truisms like a prize Poll Parrot! What in the world are *you* doing here, of all places of the habitable earth? I thought you were an M.D. and no end of a consulting swell by this time; far too grand a duke to go knapsacking round the country, courting rheumatism on a damp log."

Gresham rose and stretched himself, first carefully, then with a sharp jerk.

"No," he said with deliberation; "like my Lady Success, even plain Dame Rheumatism will have none of me. Life still retains compensations. For the rest, oh, blind and unwitting! much learning hath made thee oblivious of the socially instructive poster."

He pointed to a yellow bill, bedraping a neighbouring hoarding, whereon was set forth in would-be attractive language, how that, under the fostering auspices of the County Council, one Gerald Gresham, M.R.C.S., would deliver a course of lectures on Animal Physiology in the Town Hall, Old Drayton, beginning on the 15th inst.

Ellershaw gave a low, perplexed whistle; then looking back from the yellow bill, he caught Gresham's eyes fixed upon him with such a curious expression that it drew from him the very question he was least desirous to utter. "Fallen on bad times, Jerry, old man?"

Gresham laughed outright—not a happy laugh.

"Found that reality and dreams are made of different material, and that handicapping counts for something in the race—that's all. And the wise youth who should have been don of his college, or blossomed out straightway into shovel-hat and gaiters—which was it?—is now——?"

"Junior curate of St. Mark's," returned Ellershaw, with a grin and an apologetic wave towards a brand-new spire in the distance; and then they both looked at one another anew, and shook hands with vast solemnity. This ceremony seemed to relieve their minds of some unexplained burthen, and Ellershaw reverted to details.

"This is not usually considered a picturesque region for tourists, and there *are* trains——" he began, with a glance at his companion's knapsack. Gresham tossed his head to the breeze, and was silent a moment. Then he said quite

gravely: "Steve, boy, are your orders complete enough and strong enough to lay a ghost? No, you needn't look over my shoulder; there's no sheeted apparition or anything of that sort about it. There's — there's *nothing* that I can explain or lay hold of in any way; yet I can't rest. I *can't* stop anywhere—I am being hunted about the country from month to month and spring to winter by an irresistible something, the nature of which I cannot fathom. It drove me out of my practice, it drives me to leave whatever I take up; it drives me on—on—on, till all prospect of my ever being able to settle and make a position for myself anywhere seems about at vanishing-point. And what it is all about I can no more tell than that senseless weed." He slashed at a thistle savagely with his stick. A moment later he had battled down the sudden excitement that had grown upon him while speaking, and regained his former indifferent bearing.

"As you say, your air is good enough for brisk exercise," he continued with renewed calm, "but otherwise it leaves much to be desired." Then, after a glance of chill disapprobation at the several streets, grey and monotonous, that gave out in a sprinkle of artisan cottages upon the strip of common ground where they were standing, he turned again to Stephen Ellershaw. "Where can I get rooms? My traps will be here by three o'clock, and I must have somewhere to lodge them—and myself."

"No. 2, Blake Street, over the pastrycook's," returned Ellershaw promptly; "there's a room empty, and you can chum with me. And if the Church and Science together can't make your particular 'haunt' an untenable position, old fellow, it must be a singularly unorthodox and unreasonable imp that is running it."

He spoke lightly, to hide the concern he really felt. Was this the cool, collected Gerald Gresham, whose whole thought had been given to advancement in his profession, and whom he had last heard of as well established in a South London suburb, where his skill in the celebrated case of Sir Anthony Knollys had already attracted comment in the *Medical Times?* What had really occasioned this obvious breakdown of the man's being and projects? Was it drugs, or some hereditary taint? He dimly remembered tales that Gresham himself had told in former years of some relative of his developing strange eccentricities, and the pity of another life marred at its outset in the same probable manner rose vividly before him. Gresham strode on at his side in silence, only rousing himself as they crossed the market square to comment upon the snug, meeting-house aspect of the Town Hall, in front of which his name was announced in larger letters upon still yellower bills.

Immediately round the corner, backing on to the Hall, stood an old house with a low bayed window displaying sweetstuffs, and a projecting upper storey that seemed trying to get a further view of the street than its more modern neighbours. There was something inviting in the appearance of the house; it leaned forward in friendly, welcoming fashion, and the pallid gleam of sunshine stealing over the opposite roofs seemed attracted there for no other purpose than to light upon the fair head of a woman who was leaning out from the open lattice. Gresham had the feeling of a man who had reached the end of a long journey.

"Any other lodger than yourself?" he asked eagerly.

"No, or I couldn't have brought you. I lodge at the back, and there's only one other room to be had."

They were on the stairs, and the fair-haired woman came out on to the landing and waited. The light from behind threw her figure into strong relief as she stood, slight and trim, in the doorway, and the room she had quitted bore the aspect of a guest-chamber. Ellershaw indicated that this was his landlady, Miss Bland; and Gresham put forth his request for lodging, with the pleased certainty that this sunny upper room would be his lot.

In this he was mistaken. It was a spotless apartment indeed into which he was ushered, and the terms were surprisingly moderate; but his affections clung to the

one he had first fancied. So that Ellershaw's deterring gesture was lost upon him.

"Is not the room I passed just now unoccupied?" he began, and then broke off in surprise, as he observed his hostess's face for the first time in full daylight.

She whom he had taken at a cursory glance for a girl was quite an old woman—old with an age not due to the ordinary decay of years, for age had in a manner spared her former beauty, yet old like some delicate trinket that has been put away in safe keeping, and yet grown tarnished and faded, and taken on that inscrutable look of antiquity which even the most imperishable things assume in the long lapse of time. There was scarce a wrinkle on Lætitia Bland's ivory skin, but it was old, old ivory for all that; and the clusters of faded curls on either side her face, which had at first deceived him, had been long bereft of their youthful gold, without acquiring a touch of age's silver. An old wax image of a once young woman was Lætitia Bland, with a straight, far-away gaze in her eyes that seemed to be searching through all futurity for some recurrence of the past.

A slight wave of emotion, pleasurable, yet rather weary, crossed her face at his question.

"It is not occupied, but it is let," she responded, like one repeating a familiar excuse; and then, with a pretty old-fashioned gesture, she withdrew.

"H'm!" said Gresham. "Let, is it? I wish I had got here a bit earlier."

"My dear fellow," returned Ellershaw, with a shrug, "you would have done no good. It is always let. Has been ever since I have known the place, at any rate."

"Then who——?"

"Nobody. The lodger has never arrived. Probably he never will."

"A man, is it?"

"Yes, a man. John Abney. I know that much; also, that he is expected to turn up any day. 'Hope deferred' and all that, you know, has wrought its own cure through the very violence of the affection. He was her lover, so they say, and he disappeared. For months she was nearly crazy in her grief, and then time came to a standstill with her. That was years ago, as you may see, and now she just waits and expects, day after day, quite patiently and hopefully. Poor old soul!"

"Waits and expects with patience——" Gresham glanced round the neat, old-fashioned room, where each ornament or article of furniture might have grown in its place, by right of years, of unaltered custom, and sighed almost enviously. "Our lives are made of sadly disproportionate ingredients, my friend. To this woman has been given all the quietude and stillness, just a small portion of which, if allotted to me, might have helped to stay this wretched restlessness which is making me its victim. Well! I believe her very proximity is going to have a good effect upon me. For the first time I feel—I almost feel as if I, too, should wear to the end of my miserable worry, and come out the other side a staid, prosy sort of fellow, with a love for my own fireside."

"Of course you will! Now—I have a horrid list of visiting to get through—the Vicar's a rare man for spotting all one's possible spare moments and collaring them for parochial purposes. Settle in and make yourself at home. There's the shed in the yard where you can lock up any properties, unless you prefer to have them sent straight to the lecture-room. Only I warn you William Henry—that's the errand-boy—has a spirit of investigation strong enough to set up any three scientists for life, and hankers after a practical demonstration of the properties of everything that doesn't belong to him." With this advice shot through a crack in the door as an afterthought, the curate departed to harry the misguided sheep around St. Mark's, and a strange stillness seemed to settle down upon the house as soon as the last echo of his hasty footsteps had died away.

It got to be three o'clock, time for Gresham to go round to the station about his things. As he passed the half-open door of the front room, Lætitia Bland came forward and beckoned him in. There

was an air of mystery about her as she led him across the uneven floor to the high wooden mantel, and there paused.

"Sir," she said, with a slight tremor of expectation perceptible in her voice, "you have, perhaps, travelled a good deal · seen very many different people?"

"A good many," he assented.

"You are a doctor, you observe closely. Tell me, did you ever meet a man like that?" She pointed with her feather dusting-brush to a half-length silhouette likeness that hung on one side of the narrow glass. It represented a young man in a very high-collared coat, with very tight curls, and a rather peculiarly shaped head.

"No, I don't think I ever did; yet—" he guessed who the young man was, and hesitated to disappoint her—"it is a very noticeable head; it seems a little—just a little—familiar to me."

"Just so. You will have met him somewhere on his travels." There was a distinct note of triumph in her tone. "That is my other—lodger, for whom I am keeping this room. He has been travelling, oh, a long, long time. It has seemed long to me, you know; not that it is so really, but one waits and gets a little weary. It is different with men; they have so many things to do in the world that time flies."

"And many things may come to hinder a man on the way," said Gresham softly. "All sorts of delays and difficulties that he could not foresee."

"That is what I tell myself when I have perhaps miscalculated the date and been disappointed. But he will come soon—perhaps to-morrow. He promised; and so I like to keep everything in readiness."

She set and reset the little shell and china ornaments on the high over-shelf as she spoke, and rubbed an imaginary spot off the coat of the blue and white shepherd who stood in perpetual adoration of his cracked blue and white mistress, with a tender yellowed finger that lingered over the work, perchance because he bore some slight resemblance to the gentleman of the silhouette. Pride, determination, recklessness, passion, and again pride, read Gresham in the strong black outlines of one-time lover-like John Abney; and the old lady's voice went on as if in confirmation of his thoughts.

"A proud man, yes, a proud man, is John Abney, and a man of his word. And he could bend folks to his will like a reed. What he promised, that he paid. Always. He will find that I have been just as true when he returns."

There was a tender light in her blue eyes; her head, with its drooping curls, was held proudly aloft; with her back to the light she might very well still be the pretty Lætitia whose slim silhouette in a similar headed frame fronted John Abney's from the other side of the chimney-glass.

A bang and a crash downstairs. Gresham started from his reverie.

"That is William Henry; he has no more work to do at present, if he can be of any use to you."

Gresham accepted this as a token of dismissal, and under William Henry's guidance sundry packing-cases were presently reclaimed from the station and conveyed to the platform of the lecture-room in the Town Hall. William Henry fully bore out Ellershaw's description of his proclivities. Three times he was disinterred from a confusion of charts representing various portions of flayed and sectional humanity, tastefully set forth in red and blue; five times restrained from too intimate inquiry into the articulation of a (to him) all too fascinating skeleton; and twice barely defeated in a project of blowing up the oxy-hydrogen lantern. After the last of these attempts, William Henry was, to his extreme surprise, gently deposited without upon the pavement of the market square, and a puffy County Councillor, with an aptitude for putting everything upside down, or back side first, instituted as assistant in his place.

He was a forgiving youth though, this freckled, snub-nosed carrier out of cakes, and when the puffy County Councillor, in common with most of the intelligent of old Drayton, dozed blissfully throughout the lecture, as the surest method of escaping uncomfortable reflections anent the very dangerous construction of their

earthly framework, his were the ever-widening eyes that followed each movement of the wand with rapt and gloating attention, and his the tongue that spake gruesomely of blood and bones to all

"Tell me, did you ever meet a man like that?"

young Drayton on the morrow, between the intermittent spasms of his duty.

The next day found Gresham suffering from an increased attack of restlessness. There was nothing that he could settle to do for ten minutes at a time. He flung himself from chair to sofa, from sofa to window, in a fit of nervous irritability for which nothing could account. The idea weighed upon him that there was something waiting for him to do, something imperative, something that clamoured for accomplishment, and stood ever in the way of other interests; yet what the nature of the deed could be he had not the remotest conception. Ellershaw noted with dismay how that in the midst of some desultory conversation, his friend would start up as though in answer to some

quick, imperative call, pause, hesitate, and look round in vague, baffled fashion, as if his reason for so doing had momentarily deserted him. His offered papers and books were accepted eagerly, glanced at, and after a moment's perusal, tossed impatiently aside; he suggested walking, but Gresham, contrary to his usual habit, had apparently no inclination to leave the house. He continued to march up and down the narrow space of the curate's sitting-room, like a caged beast, savage and impotent, and his remarks were as disconnected as his movements.

"I can't help it, Steve," he sufficiently controlled himself to say at intervals, "it is a nightmare to me, a hideous, incessant nightmare. It is urging and constraining and impelling me to do something, and I can't tell what. I am just like the victim of a nightmare—helpless to move a finger, or to shake the horror off. I wonder—sometimes I wonder" — he broke off shortly, and resumed his restless pacing of the floor, and then presently cast himself on the sofa with a groan. "Steve! do you remember Old Bones?"

The question came with such an abrupt change of manner that Ellershaw was for the moment at a loss. Gresham, though white and haggard-looking, was speaking again with his usual half-cynical calm. "Old Bones, my great-uncle; he died a couple of years ago."

"Rather—eccentric, wasn't he?" Ellershaw ventured doubtfully, guessing the bent of his friend's mind.

"Polite youth, this dissembling comes of district-visiting. *Mad!* Had been for years. Do you know why he threw up his practice in the very middle of his career, and took up that roving life which, fortunately for him, landed him in the very temple of Fame? I found the account of it among his papers. Some patient of his—a poor, proud devil whom he found stabbed in a slum, and tended in his need, paid the bill with his own body. Said he had no mind to be in debt to any man, and his bones having failed to carry him to a happy life, the doctor might make a useful death of them. And he did, too. For it was after that that the whim — so unaccountable to all who knew him—seized him to devote his life entirely to the study of fossils; and when he died the other year he had risen to be one of the most famous palæontologists in Europe. Poor old buffer!" Gresham's voice sank a little. "He was another restless, dissatisfied old boy—always off to the ends of the earth, grubbing about in kitchen middens and lake-dwellings and the like, always haunted by the idea that he had still some further mission to fulfil in connection with his blessed hobby before he could be content. Well, he's dead; peace be to *his* old bones! But I sometimes wonder whether he hasn't bequeathed his wandering craze to me along with the other things." He stared moodily into the fire, and Ellershaw smoked sympathetically. He did not see what else he could do.

After a while Gresham went on again: "You see it was his death that enabled me to give the rein to this beastly demon of unrest. Indeed, I don't remember that I was ever troubled with it before; but, doubtless, it was already latent, and only waiting the opportunity to come out. He left me a little money—enough to carry me along—and the whole of his collection, which I promptly bestowed upon the British Museum, all except the gentleman who inaugurated the entire concern, and him you saw upon the platform last night."

"What, the skeleton you captivated our William Henry with?" The curate began to laugh at the recollection. "His eyes simply feasted upon it. How he would love to make its bones rattle before a select audience of his own, and scatter them upon the wings of terror! I read the dark imaginings of his soul——" He got up, and stood with his back to the mantelpiece, ruffling his fair hair thoughtfully. "I read the dark imaginings of his soul," he repeated again, in absent tones His thoughts had wandered off to his friend's story; he feared that the old uncle had indeed bequeathed more than was strictly mentioned in his will. "Have you any idea of following in his footsteps?" he asked suddenly.

Gresham gave a short laugh. "Whose? The skeleton's? He follows in mine. I always take him about with me, 'having an affection that way.' Or William Henry's? He lays round with the sweet-stuff, doesn't he? No, my case is beyond tarts."

"Your uncle's, palæontology?"

"No attraction that way. And then, curiously enough, I feel to have no desire to leave England. By-the-bye, Steve, your local man—what's his name?—Carnaby, is coming in to-night. Asked me to go there, but I didn't feel up to it. I wish this was not such a poky hole, there's barely enough room for the two of us."

"Oh, that's easily rectified. By taking a solemn oath and covenant to vacate immediately should such need arise, we can 'borrow' the front apartment. I have had it several times before when I have been cramped for space; but it takes a little persuasion."

Miss Bland, on being appealed to, required more persuasion than usual. She had a silk handkerchief tied over her curls and a long-handled broom in her hand, signs that the front room was supposed to be undergoing a special cleaning, though, as it was always kept bright as a new pin, there was no other indication of such an event taking place. She hesitated long before giving permission, and even when according it shook her head with a little glad smile—

"Mr. Ellershaw understands our usual agreement. If John Abney comes you will give it up immediately?"

"Immediately. We'll clear out on the instant."

"And I feel so sure that he is on his way—that he will arrive very, very speedily now, that it seems a pity for you to have supper there when you are almost certain to be disturbed."

"Carnaby's an early man, though, Miss Bland, and we will come back here to finish the evening. It shall not interfere, I promise you. Mr. Abney will be late, you see, if he has a long way to come."

Miss Bland swept her hand across her brow with a little wistful gesture.

"A very long way. And he *is* late—late!" In a moment she was smiling again. "You will have the advantage of the flowers, too; I am filling extra glasses to-day—it is such a great day, you know!"

"Really, now, I never saw the room look so gay before," Ellershaw remarked that evening, when they were awaiting Dr. Carnaby's arrival. "Almost as if the old chap actually ought to turn up after all."

There were Michaelmas daisies and small button chrysanthemums arranged in a great vase in the window, and beneath the portrait of John Abney a monthly rose, somewhat small and shrivelled, sent up its tributary thread of perfume. A Sheraton arm-chair stood half drawn forward to the fire, with a pair of old, half-worn calf-skin slippers by the side of it.

"That chair's sacred; see you don't sit in it!" Ellershaw cried, catching his friend's arm as he was making across for it. "You understand?"

Gresham nodded impatiently; he was trying to ward off another recurrence of his "bad hour," yet it was rapidly gaining the mastery over him again. If only Carnaby would come! It might force him to pull himself together.

Presently a knock at the door sent him starting half across the room, but it was only William Henry with a note.

"Carnaby can't come—called out. Confound it all, Steve, how am I to get through more hours of this—this——? Boy, get out!"

He strode fiercely to the window, and strained his eyes over the black roofs and down the dim-lit strip of pavement, empty at this hour of all pedestrians. Then back into the lamp-light, with an expression on his face that Ellershaw noted with dismay.

"Three places set, Steve, and only two of us here." He took quicker and quicker strides from wall to wall, turning irresolutely each time he neared the door. "Must have a third man—the room's too big for only you and me—can't wait here alone until John Abney comes!"

"Be quiet, Jerry. Steady now, we'll go back to my diggings and have a smoke."

"No, I shall find a third. I like this room; I tell you I mean to stay. You wait here a moment." It seemed indeed only a minute before he was back again with a long case in his arms. How he had got it up the stairs in the time without disturbing the house was a marvel.

"*Gresham!*"

"Egyptian feast, Steve—he shall sit at the head—I mean it—*hands off, now!*"

He pulled the Sheraton chair forward into the circle of light and deposited his burden upon it. It sat there, grim and grisly on the faded cushion, a tall, grey figure, unwarmed by the glowing fire, and Gresham heaved a sudden, choking sigh of relief.

Ellershaw stood by white with indignation.

"In this house," he said bitterly, "knowing its history as you do, I think you might have the decency"—he broke off, arrested by the altered expression of the other's face. Gresham was looking round with a startled, bewildered air, like a man suddenly liberated from some overwhelming strain, and unable to realise his salvation.

"What is it? What has gone?" he stammered out. "I don't understand it; something has lifted from my head." He fetched long tremulous breaths, and then, drawing up his figure to his full height, became his ordinary cool self once more, though the questioning, puzzled air still lingered about him.

"What on earth made me bring that old fellow up here? I had some idea, but it's gone again. Well, he looks very jolly there, doesn't he? Let's have a smoke."

The curate took a turn about the room in some perplexity. He was ashamed of losing his temper with a man in Gresham's condition, and afraid of exciting him to any fresh outbreak; he was in doubt how to act for the best.

"I should not like Miss Bland to get a fright or be shocked in any way, should she chance to come in," he said, unconsciously assuming his most professionally dictatorial tone. "I think we had better move back to my room."

"Miss Bland has gone to bed. I saw her go half an hour ago. Don't be a fool about it, Steve. I was rough just now, I admit; I apologise. I have not been quite master of myself lately, you must remember. A curious phase; I never felt more fit in my life than I do now."

Ellershaw consented to be won over. Indeed, when Gerald Gresham exerted himself to that end, there were few men bearish enough to withstand him. The two men sat over the fire smoking and blowing comforting blue clouds across the naked grey scaffolding of the third, and Gresham was developing views of the brilliant future that might even yet be within his capacity, when the unmistakable step of William Henry was audible on the landing without.

"Oh, if you please, Sirs, to come downstairs a bit. The Missus is that strange like, me an' Hannah——" His voice trailed off inaudibly as his eyes fell upon the skeleton looming only half discovered through the smoke, and grew big with unholy interest.

"Hasn't she gone to bed?"

"Hasn't—she—gone—to—comed down stairs—agen—Sir—please, Sir?"

Neither of them noticed the boy remaining squeezed in the angle of the doorway, as they hastily stumbled down the partially dark staircase. The shop was shut up for the night, but a light still burned in the little parlour behind, and a strong scent of dried lavender and rose-leaves made the air pungent with its fragrance.

Hannah, the old servant, stood near the door with a scandalised face, her arms tightly rolled in her apron against the touching of worldly vanities, while before her leaned Miss Lætitia Bland in a low-necked peach-coloured muslin gown cut in the short-waisted, skimpy fashion of her youth.

"Just this rose in my hair, Hannah, good soul," she was saying, holding out a silver-leaved artificial bud to the offended serving woman. "Quick, Hannah, quick! I cannot reach it properly."

Then the two stood together, transfixed on the open threshold.

Her hand shook, as much with haste as from the unaccustomed cold of the short puffed sleeves.

"Nay, then!" She pinned it in the bosom of her gown, and tremblingly shook out the frills, creased with such long, long folding. "Now," she caught sight of the two men standing wonderingly in the passage, and a laugh of delight rippled over her ivory face and broke it into a score of unexpected wrinkles, "I am ready! Gentlemen, John Abney has returned!"

Before they suspected her purpose she had slid past them and gained the stairs.

"Stop her! Good Lord, don't let her go up like that!" cried Ellershaw, who was furthermost away; and then both men made a simultaneous bound for the crooked bottom steps, and collided and jammed in the angle; while the muslin dress went drifting up on to the landing and through the open door of the front room.

A moment's struggle, and Gresham had gained the middle, when something heavy came hurtling down with a screech and fell upon him in the dark.

"Lemme go! Lemme *go!*" it shrieked, clutching his legs and kicking frantically at the banisters. "Oh, Lor'! it's a-*speakin'!*"

Gresham flung the terrified boy behind him, where he was caught by the curate and pitched down into the passage. Then the two stood together, transfixed on the open threshold.

"John, my dear! Oh, John Abney, my dear!" The soft, cooing voice stole through the room along with the scent of the dead rose-leaves and the tobacco, and they beheld Lætitia Bland kneeling lovingly by the side of the Thing in the Sheraton arm-chair, her face illumined with a rapture that restored to it the freshness of youth.

And—was it merely fancy, or the wreaths of the still wavering tobacco-smoke?—they thought that her head was resting, not on the sharp, bare ridges of its ribs, but upon some intervening substance, airy and intangible enough, but that yet took upon it the semblance of the breast of a blue, high-collared coat; while before the stooping skull, like a mask painted upon the air, showed the film of a manly face, young and passionate, with close curled hair and a world of satisfaction in its eyes.

What were the words that floated from those visionary lips? Sounds distinct, but unintelligible to the watchers, permeated the room, and died away in a happy vocal sigh; the shadowy figure waned, then waxed into vivid fixity, and pressed its lips to those of the living woman at its feet.

Again the happy sigh—it was gone!

Lætitia Bland sank in a slow crumpled heap upon the floor, and the skeleton lay bare and undisguised across her knees.

"You *saw* it?"

"Yes, I saw it." Gresham walked across to the chimneypiece and took down the silhouette.

"It is the same head, you observe," he said in an awe-struck voice, and then he lifted the old woman in his arms and laid her tenderly on the sofa.

And yet there were some among the intelligent of Old Drayton, who, accrediting William Henry with lies, were secretly scandalised at the double funeral that left No. 2 Blake Street that week.

THE WORLD'S SPORT.

WITH RIFLE AND HOUNDS.

By W. BLEW.

Chamois-Shooting in Switzerland, Boar-Shooting in Austria, and Fox-Hunting in the Campagna.

IN the eyes of an English sportsman the fox is about the most graceful animal to be seen; but perhaps he who has seen the chamois on his native mountains might be puzzled to say which carries off the palm for gracefulness. For activity the chamois must surely be ranked first. A ravine from fourteen to eighteen feet wide offers to him no more obstruction than would a five or six foot ditch to a fox. He jumps from a height on to any projecting ledge, and after poising himself easily on a spot which hardly affords foothold, makes another and another descent, and reaches the bottom of a ravine in safety. Ten or twelve feet of wall will hardly stop the chamois, who manages to get over somehow. This lithe animal is about the size of a large goat, but his neck is longer in proportion to the size of his body, which is somewhat short.

It is easy and pleasant to sit in an armchair and read about the chamois and the doings of those who have stalked him; but to bring him to bag is a very different matter, the pursuit of the chamois being one of the most difficult and dangerous sports in which a man can indulge; yet it is, or was, the favourite amusement of the Emperor of Austria, a sportsman to the backbone. Unlike our game birds, or even the red deer in Scotland, the chamois prefers to dwell in the most inaccessible of places. In the summer he keeps himself to the highest point of the Alps at the snow-line, and then no one who does not "like heights" need propose to follow him. Like the game he pursues, the Alpine Jäger is nimble in the extreme, and can find foothold on places which the Englishman or a man of any other nationality would regard as impassable; and if the hunter whom the Jäger undertakes to chaperon be not proof against dizziness at great heights—well, the Jäger would rather be without the job. He will make some allowance for want of familiarity with the ground, and will render some little assistance at the most trying times, but he is ever mindful of the fact that he is a huntsman, and not an attendant to look after his employer's convenience and comfort. It is his duty to mark and stalk the chamois—to hunt him, in fact, and he is not pleased if his attention be distracted from his proper duties. In the winter the chamois will come down nearer to the valleys, and if this time of year renders stalking a trifle easier on the score of the ground, extreme fatigue and cold have to be encountered; but where the snow is too deep, stalking is impossible, and driving must be resorted to. In England a huntsman's calling is an open profession; but the Jäger has to pass an examination before he can take an engagement, and although he is employed by those anxious to stalk the chamois, he is a servant of the State. This precaution is not, perhaps, too great, for the Jäger must know every inch of the ground he traverses, or he and his employer may speedily come to certain death.

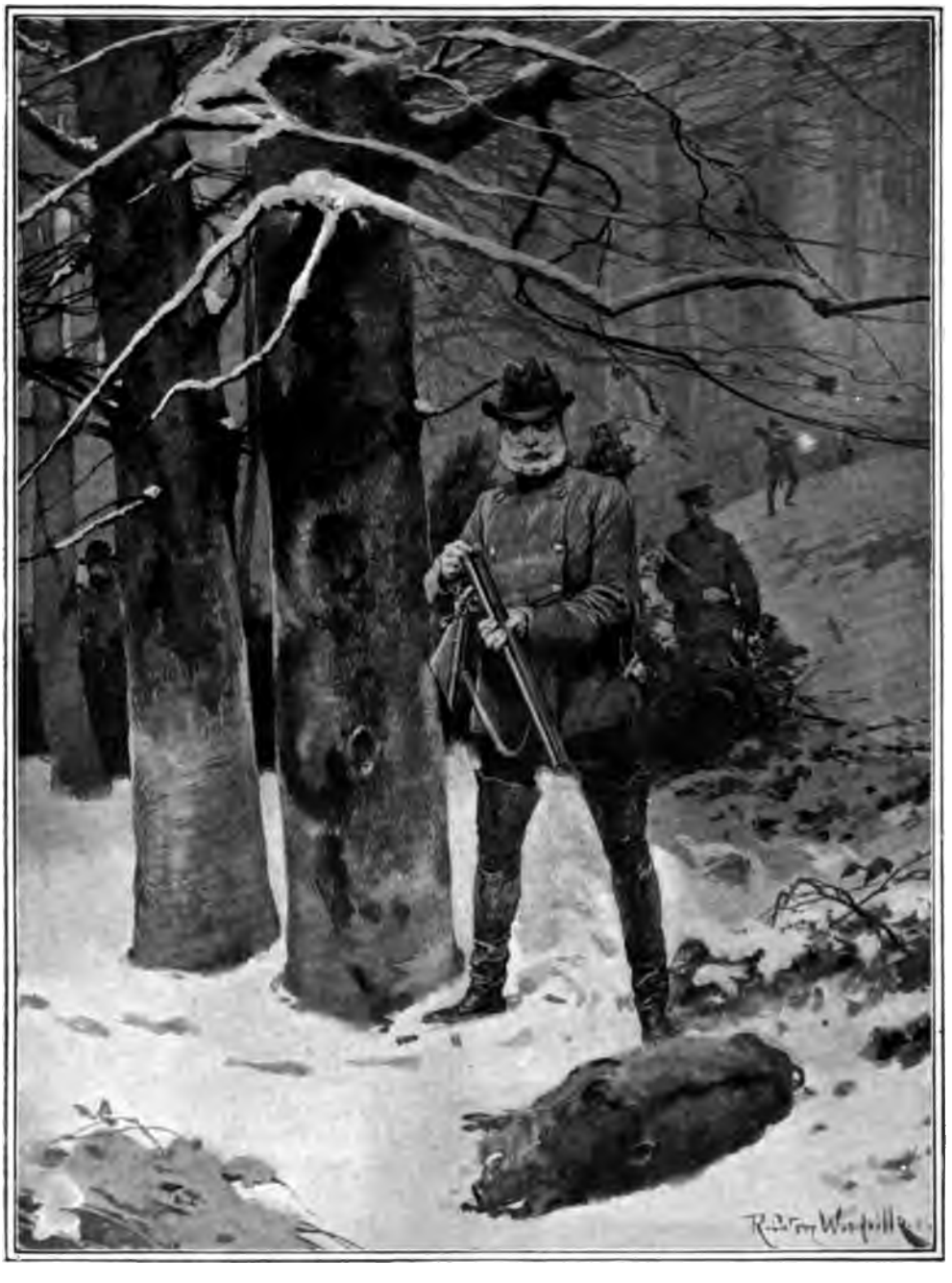
Austria contains some of the finest sporting ground in the world. The

number of preserves, excluding those in Hungary, are more than fifteen thousand in number, and records show us that on them there were shot in one year 32 bears, 113 wolves, 24 lynxes, 9490 stags, 60,252 roebucks, 7709 chamois, 2998 wild boars, 26,411 foxes (what a stock for a hunting country!), 9729 polecats, and, among other animals, 1,439,134 hares! The 2998 wild boars are suggestive of much sport, and like chamois-hunting, wild-boar shooting is a favourite diversion with the Austrian Kaiser. The wild boar is found in a great number of places; until about three centuries ago he had his habitat in England. In India he is the game for pig-sticking; he is found in France and Germany, as also in Russia, Spain, Austria, and elsewhere. Anglo-Indians who have indulged in pig-sticking would probably aver that that is the only proper method in which to kill a boar; but he is quite fair game for the rifle.

In Russia and Austria, however, the wild boar is driven and shot, a form of hunting which by some is not considered worthy of the beast; yet driving, though now regarded a modern phase of sport so far as grouse and partridges are concerned, is really a very old form of sport, deer and boar having been killed in that fashion from very early times. The sight of a number of boars coming helter-skelter through the undergrowth of a covert may be exciting; but when they are shot in this way they have not the opportunity of showing their true nature. Still, in Austria boar-drives are very popular, and, as the figures cited above show, tolerably successful. Wherever the wild boar is seen, he is found to have nearly the same habits and presents much the same appearance, and in his native state quite disproves the oft-made statement that he is filthy by nature. Acorns and chestnuts are his favourite food, though it is said that he will at times eat a carcase, just as our domestic pigs are said to do sometimes; and if he makes his lair near some swampy ground, it is only because he enjoys his bath. In the royal preserves wild boar were fairly numerous, and the Emperor of Austria was a very good shot, invariably accounting for a goodly number according to the cartridges fired.

AN AWKWARD SHOT.

When the Roman Foxhounds were first established the writer is not quite sure;



THE SPORT OF AN EMPEROR.

but it was probably about the year 1843, though something in the nature of a scratch pack may have been in existence before. At any rate, it appears that, on March 5, 1843, "Rome was in a tumult such as had not been known since the days of her former glory." Lord Chesterfield, who founded the Richmond Driving Club in the 'thirties, and hunted the Pytchley country for two or three seasons from 1838, bought some English foxhounds and took them to Rome to hunt over the

Campagna, and this is why Rome was in a "tumult" on the day above mentioned. We in England are quite accustomed to a few strangely named fixtures, and though hounds occasionally meet at a monument, So-and-So's tomb never appears in the list of places. On this notable day in March, however, the rendezvous was the tomb of Cecilia Metella—classic ground truly; and this in succeeding years became the Kirby Gate of the Roman Hunt. It was a great meet. Carriages filled with all the flower of patrician Roman beauty were there, and so were not a few of England's womenfolk who were "wintering abroad." A member of the reigning house of Russia was present, and so were Ladies Chesterfield, Powerscourt, and Granville. The fox was no doubt a bagman; but he gave a very good run of forty-two minutes, choosing for his sanctuary the spot to which Leo XII. was wont to retire from the cares of the Quirinal. Lord Chesterfield went as well across the grass and posts and rails of the Campagna as he had done over the pastures of Northamptonshire, and he afterwards earned golden opinions by, as we should say, "presenting the hounds to the country," and Captain Langford became the next Master.

From that time to this the Roman Hunt has flourished. The country carries a good scent; there is plenty of grass; while as the fences are of the post-and-rail order, a good timber-jumper should be ridden by anyone who aspires to go straight. As a matter of fact, some very fine horses are, and have been, ridden with the Roman Hounds, Prince Odoscalchi, who was Master in the 'fifties, having given over six hundred guineas for two English hunters.

To English ears some of the accounts of runs sound curious. To find a fox crossing the Appian Way instead of the Roman Road, as we might term it over here; running to the left of Adrian's Villa, crossing the Via Latina, and bending in the direction of the Camp of the Horatii, sends us back to our schoolbooks and Roman history; while to run a fox to ground in the Catacombs appears to us a curious termination to a run. Many Italians, however, have since the pack was first started ably supported the hounds. They turn out in correct hunting costume, and take evident delight in the chase, while not a few of them "go" well; and, as a rule, the subscription list is on a scale which would compare favourably with that of many an English hunting country

FOX-HUNTING IN THE CAMPAGNA.

HIGHLAND DEER-STALKING.

By ROCKWOOD.

An Account of Scotland's Most Famous Sport.

"WHENEVER a person kills a deer he is like a dog killing a sheep—he can never keep away from it again." This was the remark made by the late Captain Horatio Ross, undoubtedly *the* deer-stalker of the expiring century, on one occasion when explaining how a gentleman had commissioned him to rent a forest after having shot his first stag. The comparison is undoubtedly a very apt one, as those who have spent much life with Highland shepherds will well know; and in the early days of stalking, Captain Ross, it may be remembered, was wont to take over the "hirsel," as a sheep stock is termed in the North, in order to have full and undisturbed sporting rights on the holding. To no one was the story of the prodigal collie, which mayhap had fallen in with bad company at fairs or trysts, more familiar: how, hypocrite-like, it would not take as much as a mouthful of wool from a wedder's fleece in the day-time, yet at night, knowing the snores of real from feigned slumber, would slip from its hard couch on the hearthstone to the lone sheep-fank, or sheltering corrie, there, with others, to worry and kill the members of its master's flock with all the ferocity and bloodthirstiness of the wolf. A shot from the nearest keeper's fowling-piece was the only cure for the dog: for the stalker, nothing would do but unlimited opportunities of shooting with the rifle. And so deer forests have, in the Highlands, gone on increasing till now something like £35 a stag, or £150,000 a year, is realised by Highland lairds for deer-stalking privileges alone. As this involves an expenditure of close upon £100,000 in foresters' and gillies' wages, it will be readily understood that the outlay in this direction forms a very important item in the annual sporting harvest bill of Scotland, which draws more than another quarter of a million for the rights of grouse-shooting and salmon-fishing.

In regard to foresters, it has to be said that a great many of the modern Highland foresters were originally gamekeepers, retained on the ground after it had been converted from grouse land or sheep pasture into deer land. Not a few, however, were originally shepherds—notably, old Archibald Campbell, who began life on the celebrated Blackmount Forest, on the Marquis of Breadalbane's Argyllshire properties, as a herd laddie. Blackmount, for which a few years back the late Lord Dudley paid a rental of £5000 a year, was almost entirely under sheep at that time (1820), but was shortly afterwards afforested. In 1853 he went to Invermark to act as forester to Lord Dalhousie, and while there amassed enough to rent a large sheep-farm. An office-bearer of the Free Kirk of Scotland, and subsequently member of the local School Board, when asked by Lord Elcho, in examination under the Royal Commission on Deer Forests in 1873, "Do you find any great moral change in yourself since you were promoted from a shepherd to a forester?" Archie replied, with a dump of his stick on the floor-end, with an emphatic "No." The oldest and most noted family of foresters in Scotland are the Crerars, who have been in the service of the Athole family for years. Hunters of venison for close upon four centuries, they would no more own to sheep than a good foxhound to hare, but possibly would admit to a few Sassenachs in the troublous Highland times of 1715 and 1745. On one occasion old John Crerar was overheard by one of the guests asking the noted old deer-stalking Duke of Athole his orders for the day. So-and-So was to go out after grouse; another was to have a try after salmon; and the particular gentleman was to go to the hill after deer with himself. "And is it to be a stalk or a walk, your Grace?" was the further interrogatory. "Oh, just a walk," was the reply. Not relishing a "walk" with John

AN INTERVAL OF PEACE. By Archibald Thorburn

Crerar for nothing, the guest took an early departure for home.

"And is deer-stalking worth all you pay for it?" someone asks. How shall we answer the question? We have been out for two long days; starting for the hill before sunrise and getting home to the lodge long after sunset, and have not as yet pulled a trigger. Were our stay not limited there would be sound reason in our guide's parting remark each night that we were "twa days nearer success, at anyrate." Crawled have we at times over treacherously green lichen-clad "flow-moss," into which we would sink if we dared to stand up on our feet, and this until the sentence of thirty days upon a tread-mill would come as a note of relief. When we were privileged to erect ourselves it was under a linn, the frothy brown contents of which broke round our necks like running water in a mill-race. Narrow scarped faces did not deter us when a slip meant dissolution among ragged boulders two hundred feet below; but on a détour to avoid giving the deer our wind, they seemed difficult and dangerous, the result, no doubt, of our sporting blood having been chilled by disappointment. At last, at the close of the third day, we have, after great patience, got within range of a stag which carries a grand head of ten points. But we must be careful, or we may never see him again to our knowledge. One last reconnoitre by Donald, and he quickly slips off the covers from the rifles. With bared head, yet feeling we could count every single hair therein, we struggle into position. The barrels go over the edge inch by inch, and we creep on to the heel of the stock with our shoulder. There is a boulder stone at the toe of our right foot which is loose, we can feel, and it must not be forced downhill. We draw up our knee again, get our cheek close, and find our stag is in the most favourable position we could desire. He sniffs the air for a moment; that sniff of suspicion is his last. Is it worth it? Yes. As we see Donald throw off his coat and take out his knife to "gralloch" the best stag of the year, we say, Yes, it is worth it all.

A RACE FOR A SHOT.

THE TREASURE OF AWATAPU CREEK.

By HERBERT W. TOMPKINS.

ON January 18, 1891, I was on the deck of the *Kiwi*, a small steamer trading among the islands of the Southern Seas. We had left Port Lyttleton on the morning of the 15th, and after a rough passage were now approaching the Chatham Islands, a small archipelago in the South Pacific, the largest of which is about as extensive as London and its immediate suburbs, and is called Wharekauri.

The scene upon which I gazed was one of truly Pacific character. Looking away over our port bow my eye wandered along the thickly wooded coast and then, seeking the uplands, noticed their rich variety of vegetation; here a clump of karaka trees, there a field of flax; yonder a stretch of pasture downs, and above all, an eminence topped by sombre pines. The wind had roared and blustered during the night and the sea was rolling heavily shorewards. As I watched the vast numbers of albatrosses and mutton-birds at their wonted gambols, I could hear the surf boom like distant thunder on the rock-strewn shore, as I have so often heard it boom along that grand stretch of rocks which fringes the Canterbury Bight on the south-east coast of New Zealand.

Right before our bows, nestled at the foot of a high cliff, stood the one hotel of the "town" of Waitangi—once, perhaps, regarded as a fashionable watering-place by the native Moriori, themselves now almost as extinct as the aphanapteryx. Waitangi is not a large town, but it is not, therefore, devoid of interest; on the contrary, it was the scene of many a strange circumstance and lawless deed some sixty years since, in the days when the rebel Te Kooti, chief priest of the Hauhan religion, favoured the island of Wharekauri with his presence, and Yankee whalers were wont to cruise hither and thither among the many islands of those sunny seas.

That morning a small party, of which I was one, went ashore in the long-boat; and after strolling the entire length of the Waitangi beach towards the sand-hills, gathering ferns from the crannies in the limestone crags and listening to the song of the bell-bird among the coppices, we returned to the "hotel" for refreshment. As we found the *menu* neither varied nor choice, we sent one of our party to the *Kiwi*, at anchor in Petre Bay, for a basket of food and a box of Regalia de la Rosas.

While waiting the return of the boat, we noticed a man standing close to the hotel. He was, I think, about the tallest man I ever saw outside a show. He had landed some days before, but what his business was nobody knew. He shared our luncheon readily when requested to do so, and informed us he was "just prospectin' round," and that he came from Kansas City. It was from the lips of this man, as we lay stretched upon the Waitangi beach in the afternoon, every man of us with his cigar between his teeth, that I heard the story I am going to narrate—certainly one of the strangest stories I ever heard in this world of wonders. I am not going to repeat all his slang, a slang picked up among Gulch loafers, beach-combers, and small-craft skippers; but otherwise shall give the story pretty much in his own words—

"Well, since the company asks me, I reckon I can spin you a yarn. As I wasn't born yesterday, you may guess

I shan't split on any names, but just let daylight into what happened. It's ten years since the man now before you, and a brother who was eaten by sharks three years back in Torres Straits, were lying low and prospectin' round a bit in Batavia. There are some rough chaps in that devil's hiding-place, boys who will cut your throat soon as look at you, and swear your life away at the Court of Justice for a dollar. I was down on my luck at the time. I had been up-country with an English traveller and some coolies. The Englishman caught the fever and died in less than half a day, close to the valley of Gueva Upas. I caught a touch of it too, and then the darkies cleared right out, clean vamoosed, leaving me to die comfortably by myself in that poisonous jungle, and rot there with the snakes wriggling round my carcase. But I was found the same night by some chaps out of a rice-field a few miles off; they sorter doctored me up for a spell in their hut, and took me with them to Batavia a week afterwards. When I got there I was so yellow and shrunk that my brother didn't know me, and the first time I saw my countenance in a glass I 'm derned if I knew *myself*.

"One day as we were playing cards in a small hotel kept by a thief of a Dutchman on the edge of that vile swamp by the Iaccatra River, the door opened quiet-like, and the rummiest-looking cove I ever clapped eyes on came into the room. He was short; but I guess he licked every man in Kansas, U.S.A., for being broad across the shoulders. He had lost one eye, but made up for it by staring at us pretty powerful with the other, and had a mouth like a Dogger-bank cod. What country he was ever kicked out of I don't just know; I suspicioned at the time he was a Dutchman, although he spoke

The door opened quiet-like, and the rummiest-looking cove I ever clapped eyes on came into the room.

English and Lord knows how many lingoes besides.'

"He sat down in a corner and started drinking arrack, looking the most villainous devil alive. He fixed his one eye first on me and then on my brother as if he wanted to know us again for certain if ever he ran against us in Heaven or the other show. When I guessed he'd about inspected us long enough I asked what his game was.

"'Boys,' he said, 'after I've satisfied myself you're the right sort I'm going to knock every cent's-worth of breath out of your lanky bodies. Now, it ain't worth your salt to cut up rusty with me for speaking plain; so you may keep your dander down and look civil.'

"As he spoke he whipped a revolver out of his pocket quick as a streak of lightning, and covered my brother, who sat in the opposite corner.

"'Boys, with this friend I can knock a guelder off a chair-back at twenty paces. I don't want to flash it, but tell you just to show I can help you if you'll help me.'

"I looked across at my brother as the man finished speaking. 'Sir,' he said, 'you can put your barker in your pocket till it's wanted. If shooting's your game, I can plant a slug where your other eye ought to be in a twinkling, and think no more of it than of drinking your health; so you may cotton to it you've run against chaps who can take care of themselves. If you've anything to tell, out with it sharp while we care to listen.'

"Old one-eye grinned at my brother while he spoke, but didn't interrupt him. Then he pulled a piece of crumpled paper out of his pocket, and, walking to the table, spread it out in front of him. 'You long chap,' he said, 'just put your back against the door, and if anyone asks a question, say we ain't at home. What do you think of these shiners?'

"We were fairly staggered, I can tell you. For in that same paper there lay

I just dozed off as natural as I could manage it, as I wanted to hear all and say nothing.

five or six of the finest diamonds we'd ever set eyes on!

"'Diamonds!' I said.

"'From Landak, in Borneo,' he answered. Then he looked through the window to see if anyone was hanging round, and presently he kinder pulled himself together and said, 'There's not a shiner there worth less than a hundred dollars, and I know where to find a pile like 'em big enough to make our fortunes. They were put aboard a steamer just off Pontianak nearly a year ago. They were consigned to a merchant in Hatton Garden, in the City of London. They were packed up artful, I can tell you—in a square box covered with matting. There was a detective chap aboard that steamer, and that chap's business was to keep his eyes on that box day and night till he planted it safe in Hatton Garden—which he ain't likely to do. That same steamer went down in two hundred fathoms of water, not far from this cursed port, and only two Chinamen and the steward saved their skins. They lowered a boat and chucked that box into it before dropping overboard, so I reckon they'd smelt diamonds. They fetched this coast the night afterwards. It rained whole floods at the time and was dark as pitch, so those Chinee Johnnies weren't troubled with questions about what they were bringing ashore. I was sitting half asleep in this very room when they came in and stood at the bar like drowned rats. I

I dodged him, and fetched him a knock on the head with my revolver. He fell on the deck.

reckon they arranged matters with the boss, for they went aloft for a spell, the steward carrying the box and the Chinamen following close on his heels. Then they came in here to drink and chatter.

"'Now, when two yellow devils like them put their heads together you can bet there's mischief close handy. So I just dozed off as natural as I could manage it, as I wanted to hear all and say nothing. If they'd tumbled to it I could understand their palaver they'd have cut my throat on the quiet to save themselves the trouble of watching me afterwards. As it was, I heard what I've told you, and lots more thrown in.

"'Presently the steward fell in a heap on the floor—drugged, you may take your oath. One of them pigtails shoved him under the seat in the corner, and they fell to their patter again cool as melons. They pattered like a couple of Sarawak monkeys for just on two hours, then went upstairs and fetched that box; they went out quiet as mice, and I've never clapt eyes on those Chinamen since.

"'And now—well! the queerest thing you ever heard has chanced. I'm skipper of a small steamer, and have made a few runs between here and Singapore. Yesterday morning a big Kanaka chap hailed me out of a boat as I was standing on deck. He wanted a job. I've got to clear out of this, according to orders, to-morrow night, and as I *do* want another hand, I called to him to come aboard, and we fixed things up in a jiffy.

"'Later on, as I was going forward to look after things a bit, I saw this Kanaka sitting on deck with his back towards me and his feet against the port scuppers. In his hands he'd got this identical piece of paper, and was grinning at these same diamonds as if he didn't intend to part company. When he saw me looking at him he jumped up, and before I tumbled to his little game he rushed at me with a Dyak knife in his hand. I dodged him, and fetched him a knock on the head with my revolver. He fell on the deck—*dead*. When you've killed a nigger in these days it don't take long before you're wanted for the job, so unless I clear out of this smart I reckon I shall find things unpleasant.

"'I've just finished my yarn, so you needn't twist yourselves about like two snakes on a fork. I've told you I know where to find a heap of stones like these; so if you'll step aboard my steamer after dark, when the coast is clear, we'll run out of these waters in no time. I'll show you a chart I found on that nigger. The spot where those Chinamen hid those diamonds is marked down plain and handy, and if you'll help me to take my craft to that same locality, we'll split the spoil.'

"We didn't keep that skipper waiting long. That job had come in our way sorter providential. You may bet it wanted some dodgery to fix everything tight, but we just debated matters for a spell, and when we'd finished I guess we knew our marching orders. As luck managed things, it turned out one of those nights when every chap who loves his skin keeps under a roof if he can. So we boarded that craft at midnight, with no questions asked or answered. We were a crew of five—skipper, cookie, cabin-boy, and the man now before you and his brother, both hailing from Kansas City, U.S.A.

"We went into the skipper's cabin, and he fetched out the chart he'd told us about. I guess there must have been strange happenings after those China chaps cleared out of Batavia a year before. You can save yourselves the trouble of believing me if you choose—it's all one to this child—but those diamonds had been taken *from Batavia to Sydney, and from there to this same island of Wharekauri, where this company is located now*. You may look on your maps when you get aboard again, and you'll find that those diamonds were carried a little journey of five thousand miles by those Chinamen, for them it *was*, as the chart showed, who buried that treasure close to where you walked this morning, as I'm going to show you. How that Kanaka got hold of those samples, or the chart, I don't suspicion, so I can't enlighten you.

"Now I'm not going to tell you anything about our trip down here, except

that it took time enough for us to grow long beards before we sighted this bit of land and began to feel impatient. You bet we had our plans cut square before we got here. We didn't want cookie nor the boy hanging on our tails, so we left them behind in Wellington. We found a snug little bay just behind here, and my brother stayed with the ship, keeping a quiet look-out, while the skipper and I came ashore and started our hunt for the stones.

Snakes alive! there were diamonds enough blinking at me to last ten men till kingdom come.

"We shoved our boat in where those sand-banks lie. It was early in the morning, so we thought we'd have a look round, and wait till dark before starting operations. We went up country a mile or two and kinder inspected that bit of water they call the Te Whanga tarn, and then found our way down to the beach to look up the right spot, as it might take a lot of finding in the dark. The skipper's chart showed the place marked down plain—a spot where the sea ran up some way between two cliffs. On the right side of the creek there were marked down three ake-ake trees in a line, and there was a cross showing where the pile was hidden under the farthest of those three trees.

"Well, we found the spot after a tidy search, and then sat down to palaver. We spotted heaps of footprints along the shore, and one or two on the bank of the creek; so we guessed it was no good being in a hurry. We waited till it was dusk, listening to the screeching of the mutton-birds, and watching how the ake-ake trees showed the silver under their leaves every time a puff of wind upset their balance. But our chance came soon enough. We pulled our pick from under the bushes and started shifting a powerful heap of sand that had been swept up the creek by the wind. I'm a tidy strong chap, but as we dug under those ake-ake trees I shook all over like a frightened gal. Just as we guessed we

were down nearly deep enough I heard a branch snap, and before I could look up to see who was polite enough to pay us attention, a native cove jumped smack on top of the skipper as he was stooping down, and stuck six inches of cold steel into his back. The skipper gave one grunt and rolled over and over down the bank and splashed into the water—*dead.*

"Then the liveliest game I ever played began. As the skipper rolled over, the Johnny with the charcoal hide rolled over too, and before you could cry snakes, I whipped a krise from my belt and got ready to welcome that said nigger. You bet, we didn't take long to get to business. Do any of you gentlemen know what it is to feel that in five minutes you're likely to be a dead 'un? If you do, you'll have some notion of how things stood in *my* skull. I was in a tight corner, and meant trying to finish that stranger in no time. As he made a drive at me his knife grazed my back, where I carry a first-rate scar to this day; but before he could patter any prayers I swung round and drove my knife between his ribs. He never said so much as thank you, but fell dead as the skipper.

"As I guessed some of his brethren might be kinder inspectin' in the neighbourhood, I flung myself into some bushes and kept quiet. I heard no sound except a couple of owls blackguarding each other out by the tall cliff that hangs right over the sea; so I soon got up and shovelled away the sand and stones under that tree for all I was worth. Sure enough my shovel struck something a bit tough. I knelt down and scraped the earth with both hands till I could lug it up, and there was the box I'd come five thousand miles to fetch! The matting had nearly rotted away; I wrenched off three lids one after the other, and, snakes alive! there were diamonds enough blinking at me to last ten men till kingdom come.

"I didn't stop to bid those dead men good evening, but laid hold of that box and started down the creek-bank as smart as my legs would let me. I went round the coast till I came to where I had told my brother to wait for us after dark. He was there, safe as houses, and you bet he didn't trouble his head about the skipper after we'd got that box aboard ship and handled those diamonds in the cabin.

"Gentlemen, no man was one cent richer for that journey from Batavia to Awatapu Creek. For—to cut short this yarn—we were making for Dunedin when we struck a rock out that way in the middle of the night, and that ship went to the bottom in a hundred fathoms of water. How we two managed to save our skins is another tale. I'll take another cigar. Thank you."

I have not visited the Chatham Islands since I heard this story from the lips of the tall man from Kansas City. But I often think of that afternoon, the 18th of January, 1891, and see in my mind's eye the long stretch of the Waitangi beach, and can hear the boom of the surf and the call of the albatross. And I smile as I think of the interest with which we listened to this narrative, and am wont to wax philosophical and remember the "wages of sin" as I think of those diamonds lying under a hundred fathoms of water in the bed of the South Pacific Ocean

THE LABOURER OF PONT AVEN.

By WILLIAM FARQUHAR PAYSON.

"AH, M'sieur, I speak English very little well, but I shall try to tell you of those small things seen by me in the old years which you ask to hear about."

With his chin resting in his hand, the curé looked towards the river.

"Like that decrepit wheel of the mill," he soon continued, half to himself, "I shall move not long more. My work is done—almost. And like the river running past the tired wheel, the people of Finistère go on—go on past me. It is of them I shall tell you."

Turning his eyes slowly from the mill and the little bridge whereon the sound of a few clattering sabots was all that broke the stillness of early evening, the curé now looked off from under his full grey brows beyond the river's bank, beyond its margin of water-weed and moss-cloaked stones and heather, beyond the low hills to the very horizon, seeming there to search half vaguely yet not unintently for some sign or word of cloud-formation on the unrolled golden scroll of sunset.

"Yes, yes; it is more far away even than the sky, for what I think of now is the past—the long, long back past. For me that blue heaven above is nearer. I am a man very old indeed, M'sieur; the harvest soon comes. Ah, Bretagne! *Pax vobiscum, ma chère, ma belle Bretagne.* Is it that you will remember long the curé of Pont Aven? It may be so; but, M'sieur, our hopes should be for things far more high than the memory of man. I have not lived life; I have seen it only. Do you understand if I say I am a grey man—a man *sans*—how shall I tell you?—without colours—the colours of *les acteurs*. Yes, M'sieur, I said at first my meaning—I have not lived life; I have seen it only."

Again the curé lost himself in abstraction. There was still enough twilight to show the strength of outline in his profile. From forehead to tonsure his hair grew plentiful, yet silken, and white as the coiffure of a Breton peasant girl. "Have seen it only, M'sieur. Of what I have seen I tell you." Two glasses of neglected coffee stood on a small table between us. This was the curé's favourite spot after dinner, not a stone's throw from his house. Taking the spoon from his glass, he touched the latter with it gently; and as the jingle died away, he said: "It is the bell for the curtain to rise on the first act of the little play. They are all little plays to one like you, M'sieur, who hears, but has not seen. To one who was there they are more—that is true—more a great deal; but to the people on the stage they are plays not at all in any way.

"I tell you now of a man who broke stones into small pieces for the roads, with a hammer going all the time up and down in his hand, and with a very close wire screen over his eyes to prevent the most little splinters from blinding him. It kept also much of the sunshine and the sight of green fields and the river away, while the hammer went chip, chup, chip, the day long. But he was glad to earn money this way whenever the roads needed mending. On some afternoons he would stop; he would let his hand rest a little moment and push back the very close screen from his eyes to his forehead, where the dust and perspiration together went—how do you call it?—went trickling, trickling, and dropping down on the rocks, every minute.

He let fall his hammer. The sun, seeming glad the screen of wire spectacles was gone, came into his eyes and out again, sparkling. Several young women were going to the river. Their little brothers and children walked beside them, carrying long rods for fishing and bundles of clothes for the women to wash. The wife of the breaker of stones was there too. She waved a white kerchief to him from the little valley, and he held up the rough palm of his hand from the top of his little hill. Then she and the other young women washed clothes, going pat, pat with their flat pieces of wood to beat the linen clean, while he put back the wire screen and continued to go chip, chup, chip, in his solitude, as though the world was made only to hammer in all the time."

The curé paused again. "To be discouraged," he said presently; "to be discouraged, and yet persevering, and—what do you call it?—I forget your good phrase—ah, yes, M'sieur, to be dogged—that is, indeed, to think the world is so—a place to hammer in, always, always against little rocks.

"One evening a young vicaire was called quickly to the home of the peasant. Many persons were there; they whispered much to each other, very low. The wife of the breaker of stones lay in bed in a little room behind them. The man knelt beside her, his head covered by the rough curtains of her bed. When the vicaire came, the man stood up and said nothing. He crossed his arms and looked into her eyes from his place at the foot of the bed. He bowed his head forward a little. There was one flickering candle only, but it showed red circles around the man's eyes, new and swollen—not the old rings from his wire spectacles.

"The young vicaire gave absolution; but—ah! M'sieur, and shall not Heaven readily forgive her?—to the crucifix at which the vicaire pointed she looked only for a few seconds. Then, with her eyes deep in the eyes of her husband, the woman died.

"Now the scene changes quickly. It is the same evening. From the peasant's room the vicaire is driven away hurriedly by a man who has come to seek him from the Château Rocambole. But only the outward things made this scene different. There were but two or three persons near the bed. The beginning of a life had been expected—the end of a life had come. The curé then living in Pont Aven was away. Therefore the vicaire again gave absolution. Le Comte Rocambole, in a paroxysm of grief, threw himself at the side of his dead wife, groaning and weeping bitterly. Then anger came and mixed itself with sorrow. He cursed the doctor and the good nurse, even crying out against Our Lady and the Saints (for which he afterwards did heavy penance). It shows, M'sieur, how his emotions were so very great. Yet come with me for a walk with the young vicaire not three months later."

The curé once more lost himself in a momentary silent retrospect. The light was slowly fading from the sky; a few stars twinkled there, and with yet more motion shone in the gentle ripples of the river. Two or three pigeons strutted near the curé's chair, a young tame dove even alighting on his knee for the evening crumbs. The curé broke a biscuit which had been on a Breton china plate between us, and fed the dove.

"I have thought many times," he finally continued, scattering crumbs as he talked, "of how the lives of those two men had so many coincidences." (He pronounced it in the French way, as he so often did with words common to both languages.) "Yet each coincidence only heightened the contrast between their natures.

"While the vicaire walked that day, not three months after the death of la Comtesse Rocambole, he met, in the morning, Monsieur le Comte being driven in his beautiful carriage, drawn by horses very white and prancing, with a coachman and footman wearing much gold braid and finery and—how is that way you say it? Ah, *bon*!—*what not*, finery and what not." (As with most phrases which, like this, were forgotten or new to the curé, he repeated it several times with an evident relish, and slowly, as if to fix it firmly in

his memory.) "The Count stopped his carriage. I think he had drunk too much wine, for he was very communicative, and talked more fast than usual. Also his cheeks were flushed extremely. 'M'sieur le vicaire,' said he, 'I have hired another seat in church.'

"'Ah, indeed,' said the vicaire.

"'Yes,' he went on, leaning out of the carriage and shaking the other's hand many times while he talked. 'Can M'sieur le vicaire keep a secret? Can M'sieur le prêtre harbour a confidence?'

"The vicaire said 'Yes.'

"'Then,' rejoined le Comte Rocambole, 'congratulate me now, for I am to be married to-morrow to la belle M'lle Chablis. The seat in church is for her. I give a large ball, you know, to-morrow evening. We shall be there as host and hostess. It will all be a grand surprise.'

"'Ah,' returned the young vicaire, 'you have, indeed, all my best wishes'; nevertheless, when he said those words, he could not help thinking of that night when the first Countess Rocambole had died, and M'sieur le Comte not three months ago had cried out against his patron saint for being unmerciful.

"Then the carriage of the Count was driven slowly, while the priest walked beside it, talking in a low voice of the coming marriage and other things. Soon the two men came to the top of a little hill. M'sieur le Comte glanced at a man who was cracking stones near the road. 'Ah, *les misérables!*' said he with a pity born of wine partly: 'What are men like that but cattle? Still it is better, is it not, my dear vicaire, that they have no feeling when they must do nothing but go crack, crack, all day long with a hammer?'

He held up the rough palm of his hand from the top of his little hill.

"At that, M'sieur le Comte spoke to his coachman, and waved a farewell to the vicaire as he drove away more quickly. 'A toast to the secret,' he called, and raised his hand with an imaginary glass; then the carriage disappeared."

The curé seemed actually to see it while he told his story, nor was it hard to see in him the young vicaire, still young at heart, and with a young simplicity, although advanced in years, and in the ranks of priesthood. Soon, with an elbow on the table, he rested his forehead in his hand, brushing back his white hair. Sitting thus, he presently continued: "The vicaire stopped and spoke to the breaker

of stones; perhaps he was thinking, for the second time, of the coincidences in the lives of this man and M'sieur le Comte. For he knew that only the day before the peasant, like the count, had hired another seat next to his own. But his two seats were far back near the chapel of Ste. Vierge, under the little picture of the 'Marriage in Cana.'

"'Good day, Mousic; I hear you have hired another seat in church,' said the vicaire, and in his heart there was a sickness, for he thought, 'Ah, *miserere*, all men are the same. Here will be another wedding, I suppose.' Then he asked, 'And who is this for?'

"The breaker of stones took the wire screen from his eyes, but his eyes looked away from the vicaire. 'It is for,' answered Mousic, not in French, but in the Breton language—he was so very much indeed embarrassed and knew no other at such times—'it is for—for my brother—my brother who is coming to Pont Aven from Concarneau.'

"'Indeed,' said the vicaire, feeling that for some reason Mousic had told an untrue thing; but he had no wish to question further and bring forth more lies, so he walked away with few words on the subject. Mousic pounded his stones harder than ever and turned pale. He even forgot to put back over his eyes the very close wire screen. The vicaire turned and looked at him from a distance. Several women were going to the river with their washing. Mousic turned his back to them quickly and went on cracking, cracking. . . ."

To the crucifix at which the vicaire pointed she looked only for a few seconds.

Once more the curé paused. With the

growing darkness of night there seemed to come to his face a look of increased age and sadness.

"I can see the young vicaire," he said

"Congratulate me now, for I am to be married to-morrow."

at length. "I can see him plainly, running very fast again to the peasant's home—it is the same room I have before told you about. But now Mousic, the breaker of stones, himself is dying. That morning he had left the wire screen up; he had forgotten to cover his eyes while hammering. By some—ah! M'sieur, shall we call these things mischances?—a stone, very, very small indeed, struck Mousic's eye. It entered his brain. The doctor could not save him.

"'Come to me, come,' he called to the vicaire in Breton from his bed, 'send away

the many persons. I wish to confess, holy Father. This morning I told to you a lie. The other seat, you know, which I hired—it was not for my brother of Concarneau. I tell you quickly the truth that Our Lady will forgive me. The seat under the picture of the "Galilean Marriage," it was for Louise, you know, Father—Louise, my wife, who died——' Mousic's breathing grew painful. 'I had a strange feeling that she might come and sit near me in church—in church—near me—as she used to sit—you know——' He stopped again to rest from his exertion, then continued still more feebly, 'It was hard to tell you, Father; somehow I could not speak of that thing to any person—but now—but now—I am dying, I confess that I lied, and——'

"The vicaire held a crucifix before the penitent. Mousic gazed intently at it, seeming to pray; then, with an expression of peace, his look went above it, as hers had done—went above it with the light of love shining. The young vicaire gave absolution. While he interceded delirium came, and Mousic's brain grew more on fire. He raised himself on his elbow and glanced about him as though in search of something; then moved his fist up and down—up and down, with the motion of cracking stones. Presently he stopped, and looking off, shaded his eyes with his palm. Seeming to see some person, he waved his rough hand. 'Louise,' he said in a whisper, as if to himself, 'she has much washing to-day.' At this he made the hammering motion again — then, suddenly pressing his fingers to his eyes, he cried in pain, as though the splinter of stone has just struck him. Mousic fell back with a groan—dead. The wounded eye remained covered by his arm thrown up over his head—the other stared, half open and sightless, at the cobwebs and broken plaster of a dirty ceiling. . . .

A stone struck Mousic's eye; it entered his brain.

"Sounds of music—fast music from gay flutes and fiddles scraping merrily—came down from the beautiful château on the hill, while the vicaire walked home with slow steps. And he heard the laughter of very many guests in revelry at the ball as they drank the health of la Comtesse Rocambole."

A FAMOUS FRATRICIDE.

By MAJOR MARTIN A. S. HUME.

That Major Hume is one of the greatest authorities upon the early part of the modern era is amply proved by his books, "The Courtship of Queen Elizabeth," "Sir Walter Raleigh," and "Philip II. of Spain." In the accompanying sketch he turns his attention to the 18th century, and gives an account of a famous crime that took place on one of his Majesty's ships in 1741.

IN January 1741 his Majesty's ship *Ruby* lay in the King's Roads, off the city of Bristol. She was commanded by Captain Samuel Goodeve, R.N., who had recently been appointed to her—a gentleman of good repute, only brother of a wealthy bachelor Baronet, Sir John Dineley Goodeve; and the brothers had for many years been at issue as to the right of the Baronet to deal with his extensive estates without regard to his brother's remainder rights as heir-in-tail. Sir John was elderly, eccentric, and ailing. Earlier in life he had been apparently addicted to drink; but at the time of the story he had been a strict total abstainer for two years, and had been ordered by his doctors to take a course of the fashionable waters of Bath.

Captain Goodeve had lodgings on shore, and soon learnt of his brother's presence in the neighbourhood, and, what was of more importance still, that Sir John was in treaty with a Bristol attorney, a Mr. Jared Smith, living on College Green, for an advance of £5000 on mortgage of his Worcestershire estates. This fact seems to have aroused his fury, for he had ceaselessly clamoured for years that the entail could not be cut off without his consent, although the lawyers were of a different opinion. By means of a common friend, he besought the aid of Mr. Jared Smith to bring about a reconciliation between himself and his brother; and the attorney willingly consented to do his best in the interests of peace. At first the Baronet refused to listen to the approaches. While their father, Sir Edward, lay dead in the house, he said, the Captain had planned Sir John's murder, and he had gone armed and guarded, in fear of him, ever since. But the peacemaker was so persistent that at last he consented to see his brother when next he should come to Bristol on Jan. 13.

On board the *Ruby* there was a young Irish sailor-lad named Mahony, who had recently been pressed into the service, and was friendly with some of the rascals who formed the crew of the *Vernon*, a privateer then lying in the harbour. On Jan. 12 the Captain, dressed in a drab suit, like a farmer, and accompanied by this man, entered a common alehouse called the White Hart, opposite St. Augustine's Church, and lower down than Mr. Jared Smith's house, on the other side of the way.

Over the porch of the alehouse was a little square room commanding a view up and down the road, and the customer was loud in his praises of the beautiful prospect it afforded. He was too fine a gentleman to drink the ale he called for, but handed it to Mahony, and asked the landlady whether she could make him a dish of coffee for the next morning, when he would come and drink it in the pleasant room over the porch. When he appeared, however, in the morning the landlady was still in bed, and her husband told him he had better go to the coffee-house if he needed coffee. But the Captain would take no denial. The prospect from the room over the porch was so charming that he would go nowhere else.

By-and-by Mahony and three of his countrymen from the privateer came to the tavern, and were regaled below at the Captain's expense. Then a midshipman and a boat's-crew from the *Ruby*, with a change of clothes for the Captain, who appeared in a scarlet cloak with a sword by his side, awaiting the summons to meet his brother. But the summons came not, for the Baronet was ill and apprehensive, and could not muster resolution to face a meeting.

In the meanwhile, Sir John's mounted serving-man led his master's horse up and down the street before the tavern, and the watchers noticed that pistols were in the holsters of both horses. By-and-by the old Baronet came out and mounted. He was an old man, dressed in black, and as he rode down the hill by St. Augustine's churchyard, followed by his servant, there was a rush of the men from the tavern, with Captain Goodeve at their heels; but the wondering alehouse-keeper heard his queer customer say to Mahony as they left the house: "Look at him well, but touch him not"; and, all-unconscious of the foul plot to kidnap him, the aged Baronet rode on his way to Bath, safe for that day at least. He had promised the attorney to execute the mortgage on the following Monday, Jan. 19, and Mr. Jared Smith warned the Captain to hold himself in readiness to come and make friends again with his brother on the Sunday afternoon. This time there must be no miscarriage in the plot, or the mortgage would be executed and the mischief done. A long-boat from the *Ruby*, under a midshipman, was ordered to place itself at the Captain's disposal, and the young officer in charge was told to leave the boat with two men at an obscure brickyard on the river, and take the rest of the crew up to the White Hart on College Green. When the middy and his boat's crew arrived at the ale-house, he found there Mahony and the privateersmen.

In the meanwhile, in the house opposite, the Baronet and his brother were swearing mutual friendship and oblivion for all past quarrels. The attorney and the Captain pledged the reconciliation in wine, but Sir John refused to drink, whereupon his brother violently banged the cork into the bottle, and swore that he would drink no more. When the Baronet rose to go, the attorney held the Captain back, and begged him to help him finish the bottle, an invitation which he roughly refused. It did not suit Captain Goodeve. The old Baronet, alone, on foot and unarmed, was descending the hill behind the churchyard; and this was the chance, if ever.

"By God, this won't do," shouted the Captain as he shook himself free and joined the ruffians who were swarming out of the ale-house.

"Is he ready?" the tavern-keeper heard him ask in a loud whisper to his men. "Then quick at him!" he continued; and Mahony and his privateersmen followed the Baronet at a run, while the middy and his boat's crew brought up the rear in wonder as to what it all might mean, and the Captain sauntered on leisurely behind. When the middy Williams reached the group before him, he found Sir John struggling in the grasp of Mahony and his gang, who were hustling him along in spite of his cries and protests, and they threatened to throw the young officer into the river if he interfered.

"Murder! Murder!" shouted the old man. Some men came running from a tavern to ask what was the matter. It was a man, they were told, who had committed murder on board the *Ruby* and was being taken to justice.

"I am Sir John Dineley Goodeve," shouted the old man from the folds of the scarlet cloak in which they had swathed him, "and they are going to murder me." But none dared to help him, for the ruffians who had him in their grasp were armed, and the Captain himself, with his gold buttons and his air of authority, silenced civilian protest. So sometimes carried, and sometimes rushed along, the old man was hurried down unfrequented ways, by dry docks and rope-walks, till he was thrust on board the *Ruby's* boat at the brickyard. The midshipman, who hated the job, sulkily obeyed his commander,

and steered his boat to the other side of the river to land the privateersman, and then brought up alongside the *Ruby* as she lay out in the Roads. By the dim lantern held by the men on the watch, the old Baronet painfully toiled up the gangway-ladder to the main instead of the quarter-deck, with many a sigh and groan.

"I have brought an old madman along with me to-night," explained the Captain. "You must not mind what he says." And then the prisoner was led down the narrow companion-hatch into the cockpit, and thrust into the unoccupied purser's cabin, with a sentry at the door.

There was only a flock bed with no covering in the cabin, which was otherwise unfurnished, even with the most simple necessaries, and here the doomed man lay groaning, while double bolts were, by the Captain's orders, screwed upon the door. When the carpenter was doing this, the prisoner asked him why his brother had brought him there to murder him; but the word had been passed that he was mad, and his groans and prayers for aid were alike unavailing. To keep up appearances, the doctor was ordered to feel his pulse, which he found regular; but when the Baronet began to complain of his treatment, the obedient medico was hastily told by the Captain that he was to listen to nothing, but withdraw from the cabin at once. During the rest of the evening, the Captain was freely distributing drams of rum to all and sundry, especially to Mahony and a seaman named Cole, who ended by getting drunk, luckily for himself, and tumbling down the companion-ladder into the cockpit, henceforward disappearing from the scene, in which it was intended that he should take a leading part,

While the prisoner was alternately groaning and clamouring for help—only once with partial success, when Mahony came and soothed him for a time—his brother was planning his murder above. He seems to have given some hints to the surgeon, but the latter either misunderstood or disregarded them; and late at night the Captain called his accomplice Mahony to him in his cabin. Bringing out a bottle of rum, he again plied the Irishman with drink, and at length told him he must murder Sir John before four o'clock in the morning. As Mahony himself tells the story, he made some slight objections, which were speedily overcome by the officer, who told him, when he said he wanted help, to go and bring Cole to the cabin. But Cole was too drunk to be of any use, and Mahony aroused from his sleep another Irish seaman named White, and told him to follow him to the Captain's cabin. On arriving there White was invited to be seated, an invitation which he was too bashful to accept. After a bottle and a half of rum had been consumed by the two men, the Captain showed them how he wished the murder done. Taking a noose of rope, he told them that it must be slipped over the Baronet's head by one man, while the other stopped his mouth with a handkerchief.

By this time it was one o'clock in the morning, and no more time was to be lost. The purser's cabin was close to the foot of the steps which led from the gun-room on the upper deck into the cock-pit, the only other cabin in the cock-pit being an apartment called the slop-room, usually unoccupied, but, as chance would have it, tenanted clandestinely that night by the ship's cooper, who had his wife on board. At the top of the steps, in the gun-room overlooking the cock-pit hatch and the door of the purser's cabin, was the surgeon's cabin, the occupant of which lay awake most of the night, disturbed by the noise. An armed sentry stood at the door of the purser's cabin, and another paced the gun-room overlooking the cockpit hatch.

The first thing was to get rid of inconvenient witnesses, and the Captain himself dismissed the sentry who stood at the prisoner's door, on the plea that he wished to speak to his brother in private. But the sentry was a Scotsman, and was suspicious; and though he went as directed on to the gun-room deck, he did not move far away from the hatchway into the cockpit. By-and-by Mahony

came creeping along the gun-room, which was only lit by a dim-burning candle-lantern. He was challenged by the gun-room sentry, and replied abusively as he descended into the nearly dark cockpit, where the Captain stood with a naked cutlass at the foot of the steps. Soon the two sentries above heard cries of murder from the purser's cabin; but the unsuspected cooper and his wife in the slop-room, only divided from the scene of blood by a thin matchboard scantling, heard a great deal more; and as they listened, trembling in terror, they realised that what they heard was not the raving of a madman, but the pleading of a victim being cruelly done to death.

"Must I die? Oh, must I die? Pray don't murder me! Here are twenty guineas. Take all I have, but pray spare me!" groaned the unhappy gentleman. Once, when the noise and struggling had aroused the attention of the two sentries above, and the Captain at the foot of the stairs saw them peering down the hatchway, he flourished his cutlass angrily and bade them stand away.

By-and-by, when the noise had ceased and all was still, the Captain took the candle from the cock-pit lantern and handed it to Mahony inside the cabin. Then the affrighted cooper and his wife, kneeling on their bed, could see through the cracks of the frail partition the two murderers, White and Mahony, rifling the body of their victim.

"Damn ye, get his watch!" said one. "The old hunks has nothing but silver in his pocket," growled the other. But by lugging the corpse upright, at last they got the gold, and then they threw the body in a heap on the cabin-floor and thought of escape. The cooper swore that he saw then a white hand grasp the dead man's throat, and another voice say, "'Tis done, and well done," and then the murderers were heard scurrying away.

The surgeon, lying awake in his cabin, the two horrified sentries craning down the hatchway, the cooper and his wife, knew well that foul murder was being done, but the presence of the Captain with his drawn sword had awed them into silence. But when he had withdrawn to his own cabin the spell was broken. Horrified whispers ran from one to another as to what was to be done. A midshipman had been ordered overnight to leave with the ship's yawl by four in the morning, ostensibly for letters, but really to carry the murderers ashore; but none dared stop them, for they had the Captain's leave, and discipline was strict. When the winter's morning dawned, the Lieutenant, second in command, with the surgeon and other officers, opened a panel between the steward's room and the purser's cabin, and saw that Sir John was dead; but yet they hesitated about taking the extreme step of arresting a Captain for murder on his own ship. At length an invitation came from the fratricide to the Lieutenant and the surgeon to join him at breakfast, which they did; and a dismal meal we may imagine it to have been. But the night before, the news of the kidnapping of his client had been carried by many of the onlookers to lawyer Smith, and soon after breakfast shore-boats brought friends and inquirers alongside. The door of the murder-chamber was opened; and then the whole ship's company trooped aft to arrest the Captain.

"Hey, hey!" he cried, as they laid hands upon him. "What have I done?" They told him his brother had been murdered in the night, but he protested that if the villains had done murder he could not help it, and knew nought of the deed.

The three accomplices were put upon their trial at Bristol in March. Mahony and White made a clean breast of it and pleaded drunkenness and the influence of their superior officer over them; but Captain Samuel Goodeve, R.N., tried his best to wriggle out of the position he was in by technical objections to the indictment. Fortunately he was unsuccessful, and on April 15, 1741, was hanged at Bristol, by the side of his wretched tools, a callous criminal to the last; Mahony being hung in chains from a gibbet erected on the shore opposite to the place where the *Ruby* lay when the dreadful deed was done.

ROSE AND CHRYSANTHEMUM.

I.—THE MUSUMÉ.

By CARLTON DAWE.

Mr. Dawe is well known for his stories of Japanese life. He wrote "Kakemonos," "The Bride of Japan," and "Yellow and White."

THAT there was a considerable strain of European blood in Asuma-San no one could doubt who saw her. It showed itself in the grey tinge of the eyes, the comparatively straight features, the delicacy of her complexion, and the glossy brown hair which she strove to spoil by parting and pounding in the most approved native fashion. Yet no blundering vanity could entirely rob of their charm those rich brown masses, and, judging from the way Asuma-San decorated them with pretty pins of coral and mother-of-pearl, it was evident that in her own peculiar manner she was not without some knowledge of their exceeding beauty.

She was certainly a handsome girl, with a beauty peculiar to the half-breed of the Far East. The yellow, after all, is but a darker shade of white, and some surprising results are often obtained through a judicious mixture of the blood; surprising, that is, from the physical standpoint: the moral side of the question, the injudicious mixing of the vices of two nations, had better be passed over in silence.

Asuma-San had not a few physical gifts which were sure to attract the admiration of many, and the attention of all. She was tall, supple, and exceedingly graceful; her mouth was red and full, and when she laughed she showed two dazzling rows of teeth. Her cotton *kimono*, with its monstrous designs, became her like a royal robe. There was a grace, a dignity in the figure which no poverty of dress could conceal.

And yet she was merely a *musumé*, a waitress, at Ninko's famous tea-house in Hiogo; a place much frequented by the better - class foreign residents of the adjacent Kobe, and also by many of the surrounding native gentry. Ninko himself, a foxy little man with wicked eyes, was supposed, by many nefarious methods, rapidly to be making a fortune. At all events, his house was decidedly the best patronised of any in the town; and if that wasn't attraction enough for you, a few *yen* extra would procure a most delightful exposition of the *kina*—a dance much appreciated by visitors and the foreign residents. For Ninko's girls were even more famous than Ninko himself, and while the girls laughed and posed, Ninko's purse waxed fat.

I'll never forget the first day I saw Asuma-San. Moulmaine had called round at my office with some work which had kept us busy until close upon five o'clock. Then, thinking we had earned a little relaxation, we jumped into our rickshaws and told the boys to run us out of the town. Instinctively they turned in the direction of Hiogo, and just as instinctively they drew up before the door of Ninko's tea-house. I am at a loss to know why it should be so, but unless I gave my boy a distinct order, I invariably found myself being whirled in the direction of the famous *chaya*.

The accustomed stir and bustle, consequent upon the advent of strangers, followed our arrival. Some of the girls came out on the verandah, others crowded to the wide, open windows. Asuma-San bowed us in at the door. At first I paid little heed to her, my attention being fixed

elsewhere; but when I turned to address Moulmaine I was startled at the surprised look of admiration which had rushed to his face. My eyes immediately followed his and encountered the face of the new girl, Asuma-San.

I regret to add, but common honesty forces the confession from me, that I received almost as great a shock as he; but I had not his susceptible nature, and did not retain an impression of things which were decidedly to my disadvantage. Yet not alone was the girl exceedingly handsome, but I saw at a glance that she was a half-breed; and, little as I admire the native, I admit that there is a fascination about the half-breed Jap or Chow when of the feminine gender, which altogether defies analysis.

"I wonder where she came from?" said he.

"The stars. They all do."

"No, Osman; no larks. Have you seen her before?"

"Never."

We sat inside against the open window, and Asuma-San brought us the tea in little transparent cups of quaint design; and Moulmaine insisted upon her drinking with us, and when he paid I saw him slip a silver *yen* into her little pink palm. Her eyes shone brightly as she made a humble obeisance, and with trembling fingers she hid the coin in her broad sash. Moulmaine, who was usually a man of the utmost prudence, and one not prone to cheapen himself, sought to persuade her to sit upon his knee; but even Ninko's girls were, occasionally, not without an assumption of modesty, and with a deprecating shake of the head she toddled off.

"Well, Osman," said he, "what do you think of that?"

There was a gloating tone of triumph in his voice which I thought it advisable to check.

"Admirable," I answered slowly, "for a half-caste."

"Half-caste or no," he replied enthusiastically, "she's the handsomest girl I've ever seen. I should like to know who she is."

"Much better rest content with *what* she is."

"You're a beastly old cynic," said he.

"My dear fellow, I am just what the world has made me."

"Oh, yes, I know your sort," he laughed. "You indulge your own evil propensities, and then blame the world. But that will not do, Osman. I have never yet blindly followed precedent, and I don't intend to begin now. Heavens! would you have a man without a mind of his own?"

"There are some things in which it is better for a man not to have a mind of his own."

"Would you have your friend such a poor creature?"

"I would have him wise, Moulmaine."

"And your wisdom consists of a blind obedience?"

"Not in all things But it is just possible that wise men have marked a path which we fools may follow with safety."

"Any way," he said, "the world shall not fashion me."

"Obstinacy, my dear Moulmaine, is not stronger than argument. The world will fashion you just as it has fashioned me. Are you a creator, think you?"

"To this extent—that I can create sufficient for my own needs."

"Impossible. You would not be content with your creation forty-eight hours. And I will go further. I will say that not alone can you not create sufficient for your needs, but that you are not great enough to destroy one little convention."

"I can at least defy it."

"Madness. One may defy God with impunity, but one dare not defy a social convention."

"If you preach like this, Osman," said he, rising, "I shall have to seek out my half-caste in self-defence. She, at all events, will not bore."

"My dear fellow, you never heard me censure you for doing a wise thing. By all means seek out your half-caste. I rather admire your taste. In fact, I'm not certain that I shan't try to cut you out."

He went off laughing, and I strolled out on to the verandah and lit a cheroot. Ninko's verandah was deep and cool, and Ninko's girls were exceedingly attractive; but all the same, Moulmaine's absence

began to look serious, the more so as he was a good, sober fellow, and of an age that reasons. But it was this very soberness, or deadly earnestness of the man's nature, which caused me the most alarm. If he made up his mind to do a thing I knew he would do it, in spite of the most strenuous opposition. There was a rigid, puritanical justness and independence about the man which often brought him in conflict with the world's cherished traditions. Ostensibly he was no whit better than his fellows, and yet if one took the trouble to dig beneath the surface he would find a vein of pure gold which would well repay him for his labour.

Moulmaine, being a reasonable man, ought to have known better. A boy fresh out from home, charmed by the novelty of his surroundings, cannot be expected to think. With net outstretched he chases the dainty butterfly, desperately zealous. But Moulmaine was a man, and a man who looked upon life seriously, and regarded the problems of the future with a good deal of reverential awe. Dozens of times we had been to Ninko's together, yet never had I known him act so erratically. But I must in fairness admit that never had he met such a girl as Asuma-San.

At last he returned, looking half ashamed of himself, and yet half defiant; but as he took my chaffing inquiries rather unpleasantly, and as I knew his sense of humour was not abnormally developed, I instantly desisted. Then I proposed that we should go, a proposal to which he acquiesced by simply nodding. Clearly Moulmaine was not himself at all. I had seen many a fellow serious in the pursuit of a *musumé*, but I had never heard of one who had been allowed to die of apprehension. Moulmaine was different, or at least he was serious in another way.

I had invariably found him at the club every afternoon between five and six, but for quite a week after our visit to Ninko's I saw neither sight nor sign of him. For the first two or three days I thought nothing of this, taking it for granted that a sudden rush of business had kept him away. But as the days ran into a week, I instituted inquiries among the servants, and to my amazement I learnt that he had not been near the club during the whole of that period. Then I feared that he must be ill, for I could not otherwise explain an absence so unusual. I therefore hastened round to his office; and to my inquiry if Mr. Moulmaine was in, learnt that he had just gone out.

"Then he is not ill?" said I.

"No, Sir."

"Curious. I thought he must have been."

I spoke like one speaking to oneself; but the clerk, a promising young Jap, answered with an odd shake of the head: "No, Sir, he is not ill." But he looked something more, and his tone was full of meaning.

I saw that the rascal wanted to speak, but I had no intention of discoursing with him his master's secrets; so I told him to let his master know that I had called, and that I had something of importance to communicate, which was not a fact; but in a way I wished to justify my solicitude.

Unfortunately, this statement seemed to be the very thing for which the clerk was waiting.

"If it is very important," he said, "the master will be found at Ninko's."

"Oh, indeed!" said I, professing to be highly gratified with this surprising piece of intelligence. "Are you sure?"

"The master is always at Ninko's," was the reply.

This was serious. I had almost forgotten Asuma-San and my friend's admiration for her. Curiously enough, if I had thought of it at all, I had judged him from my own level. But I had been greatly mistaken. The steady, sober-sided Moulmaine had evidently fallen in love with the *musumé*. Fortunately such love was not serious, and Asuma-San was worthy of some attention. Though I often doubt the wisdom of that man who teaches a woman her worth.

Though it was getting rather late I jumped into my rickshaw and ran out to Ninko's, and there, in the garden at the back of the house, I discovered the delinquent Moulmaine with the girl Asuma-San. As I appeared before them she started, uttered a little cry, and would have

run away; but he held her fast by the hand, and even drew her to him and flung his arm about her shoulders.

"So this is it," I cried. "I thought you were very ill."

"So I have been, old chap; but, thank God, I 'm better now."

Truly I had always regarded him as the possessor of an odd personality; but I thought it highly incongruous to use God's name in connection with an affair of this nature. It implied a justification, and looked more serious and solemn than I liked.

"Why do you thank God?" said I.

"Because He has helped me to be a man."

I looked at the woman, and some very different thoughts entered my head. Still, many a decent fellow has gone to the devil under the mistaken impression that he is being a man. I could be lenient, for I had known something of the feeling; but, thank Heaven, I had never let it wholly conquer my innate selfishness.

His treatment of the girl was inexpressibly tender; so different from anything I had ever seen under like conditions that I was perfectly amazed. His face actually seemed to beam as he looked at her, and a light no sinner could possibly comprehend shone in his eyes. It was a look full of infatuated folly, or reverence—I could not say which. The man was blindly, idiotically in love.

But the woman, even as she nestled to him, seemed uncomfortable, and stole at me strange, inquiring glances from mistrustful eyes. To my thinking they were cold, calculating eyes without any depth of soul, and I wondered how Moulmaine could not see it—until I recollected the proverbial blindness of love. I believe she followed pretty closely the thoughts that were running in my mind, and from the frequent flashes of suspicion with which she regarded me I knew she doubted my friendship. Nor was she far wrong, if, as I imagined, she had some interested motive in view.

Moulmaine and I left the tea-house together, I very considerately allowing him a long five minutes with his beloved. As the night was fine, I suggested that we should walk, for I had something on my mind and wished to get rid of it. The suggestion he welcomed, which was good; then we set out, our rickshaw coolies following some distance behind.

I at once, assuming the prerogative of an old friend, which is not always wise, attacked him on his desertion of the club and the frequency of his visits to Ninko's, and as he stammered somewhat inconsistently in his reply, I boldly broached the subject of Asuma-San, and in a way that must have been anything but agreeable to him. He stood my badinage well enough, but when I spoke seriously of the indifferent fame of Asuma-San and her class, he stopped me.

"You take too much for granted," he said. "I believe that Asuma-San is a good girl."

"You always were one of those humbugs who profess to see good in everything."

"And if I thought you half the callous, selfish brute you pretend to be, do you suppose I would still call you my friend? Do you remember, about three years ago, when a certain Moulmaine lay sick unto death with fever? His friends forsook him; the doctor, even, was afraid of catching the infection. But there was a surly, growling old bear called Osman, who was mother, friend, doctor, all in one." And he laid his hand lovingly on my shoulder. "No, no, don't speak! Let me remember, Osman."

"Rubbish!" I replied, though that loving hand on the shoulder had brought the cursed tears close to my eyes. "That was nothing. This is serious."

"Very serious," he answered solemnly.

I was startled. What the deuce did he mean by taking such a solemn tone.

"I thought I knew you, Moulmaine; but I am not so certain of it now. What do you mean?"

"Merely this, my dear Osman. I 'm going to back my faith."

"In what way?"

"I am going to make Asuma-San my wife."

"Of course; and a very pretty wife she 'll make."

"You are mistaken, Osman," he replied, with a quiet earnestness which was highly effective. "I am going to marry her."

"I hope you are going to do nothing of the kind."

"I think so, nevertheless."

"You are serious, Moulmaine?"

Though I put the question, I had little doubt of the genuineness of his declaration. And he was just the man to put it into effect.

"As death."

"Then God help you."

"I believe He will."

We walked on and on through the night, and in the fullness of my anxiety I used every argument of which I was master to dissuade him from committing such a deadly piece of folly; but all my thunderbolts were shattered against the impregnable rock of his belief. Once only did I think he was wavering, and that was when he condescended to admit that Asuma-San was not altogether a native; but he repented of the weakness almost immediately after, and protested that, even if she were, it would make no difference. I could not tell him that it was better for a woman to have the failings of one nation than the vices of two.

I am prepared to admit that to him my argument must have sounded detestable. Yet I spoke the truth—cruel and selfish as it was—the truth gained from bitter experience. Philanthropy is a good thing in its way, and there is something infinitely noble in the abstract theory of the universal brotherhood of man; but resolve that theory to its elements, or put it to practical use, and its inherent folly is colossal. But Moulmaine had faith, that faith which levels mountains. And was he so much less fortunate than I?

The next thing I heard was that he had married Asuma-San, and that he had set up housekeeping in a neat little bungalow on the hill at the back of the town. During the next month or so I accidentally met him once or twice, and from his manner I judged that he had not quite forgotten my plain-speaking. However, the deed was done and I had had my say, so I merely referred in the most casual way to his marriage, quickly perceiving that this was a subject which permitted of no trifling. Nor did I refer to his desertion of the club, or the dropping of old friends. Things, no doubt, would right themselves in their own good time.

Then one evening he called on me and took me up to his house to dinner, and once again I saw Asuma-San, now grown stately with the dignity of her new life. And very beautiful she looked, and in a way I thought Moulmaine was a lucky beggar; but she was a native, a native body and soul, and nothing would alter that. Out of deference to him she had pounded less fat into her hair, but she still wore the national *kimono*, while nothing could persuade her to wear shoes and stockings. In fact, at heart she was still the *musumé* of Ninko's tea-house, and I had no doubt that she would willingly have exchanged all her solitary splendour for the tinkle of the *samisen*, and the laughter and the life.

She received me with chilling coldness, but that I looked upon as a matter of course, for I had been anything but a friend to her. Still I tried my best to be civil, remembering her altered condition, and treated her with a consideration which should have rendered her more amicable. But I saw that she neither forgot nor forgave, and she went about with a childish pout on her lips, or sat silent and sullen.

As I shook hands with him at parting, I said, "You are happy, old fellow?"

"Perfectly."

But there was a tone in his voice that did not please me. It was too assertive to be convincing.

Though we did not meet again for many weeks, his neglect did not anger me. I knew that when he wanted me he would come. Then one day, as I was walking towards Ninko's, I stepped aside to make room for a rickshaw which came dashing through the narrow street. Curiosity prompting me to turn round, I caught a hurried glimpse of Moulmaine as he flashed by. I saluted, but he did not seem to see me, though his eyes were apparently staring straight into mine. Mad eyes they were, full of rage and horror. I called to him,

but he did not heed me. Then a turn in the street hid the flying vehicle.

I passed on full of strange conjecture, wondering, fearing. That something dreadful had happened was obvious; that something dreadful would happen was equally certain. His face haunted me; I could not close my eyes upon the livid picture.

Some eight or ten minutes later I met him again. This time his wife was in the rickshaw with him. His face was still deadly pale; but hers was black and sulky, and most evil and ugly in its anger. I guessed in a moment what it meant. He had been to Ninko's to fetch her home.

With something more to think about I continued my way to the tea-house; but though I carefully inquired I could learn nothing. Ninko was a clever man, and his *chaya* was always beyond reproach.

One night, a week or so after this, just as I was thinking of going to bed, there came a great rapping at my door, and when I opened it in rushed Moulmaine in a fearful state of excitement. His face was more hideously pale than ever, his eyes glared wildly; he was without hat, coat, or collar. He never spoke, but with a moan sank into a chair. Quickly I mixed him some whisky-and-water, which he gulped in a way that nearly choked him. Then, slowly regaining his breath, he looked up at me and in a hoarse voice gasped, "I've done it, Osman."

"Done what?"

"Killed her!"

Something cold smote my heart and sent the shivers flying through me. But I would not understand.

"Killed whom?" I cried.

"My wife—Asuma-San."

"Man, you are mad!"

"Not a bit of it," and he arose, laughing diabolically. I backed away. "I was mad, Osman," he went on, still laughing like one who enjoys a pleasant memory; "but the madness has worn off, I tell you, you son-of-a-gun, the madness has worn off," and he brought his hand down with a murderous clap upon my shoulder. "I am sane now, old cynic, and see with clear eyes. But, you understand, I wanted to do the right thing. I tried to bribe Heaven with a monstrous bribe. God would have none of it."

"Calm yourself," I cried, "and tell me what has happened."

"You know how I loved her, Osman—what I did for her? Had she possessed but one little virtue she would at least have pitied me. But one cannot gather grapes from thorns. Though I had long known her for what she was, I still tried to deceive myself. The *musumé* was always the *musumé*. The poison of Ninko's den was in her blood: the smell of the place was as the breath of life to her. So she went there day after day, until at last I heard of it. Then I followed her, and brought her forth, and she sobbed and begged hard to be forgiven; and remembering what she was, I pardoned her. But she had tasted of the vileness once again, and neither threat nor fear could check her. And then, I know not exactly how it came about, but we quarrelled deeply, furiously, and my hands found their way to her throat, and presently I was staring into the vacant eyes of a dead woman."

This was the mad story he poured into my ears, and when he had finished he drank deeply of the whisky and laughed at my troubled face.

"Yes, I know," he said; "I have committed murder; but I also know that it is justified of God, no matter what man may say."

He would not sit down, he would not stay; and when I tried a little gentle persuasion he shook me off with a savage oath, flung open the door, and passed out into the night.

His body was found next morning in the little garden at the back of his own bungalow. A revolver with one empty chamber lay beside him.

FLASHES FROM THE FOOTLIGHTS.

PHYLLIS RANKIN.

PHYLLIS RANKIN looks prettily Parisian in "The Belle of New York," and yet she has never set foot in France. She is really a belle of New York, where her father, McKee Rankin, was well known as an actor, and brought Bret Harte's play, "The Danites," to this country. She went on the stage at the age of ten, fifteen years ago, and has had a varied experience as an actress, playing, among countless other rôles, the Artful Dodger. At the age of nineteen she became Mrs. Somebody or Other; but after two years' retirement she returned to the footlights, saw Anna Held performing, and went and did likewise. Hence that delicate French accent and that French way of doing her hair.

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street.
PHYLLIS RANKIN.

EDNA MAY.

The rhyme is atrocious; but the reason is matter of fact. There is no doubt that the Belle of New York in the person of Miss Edna May has been the "subject of all the town talk." The Shaftesbury Theatre has not been associated with particularly long runs. Williamson and Musgrove, the Australian managers, did not find that "The Scarlet Feather" changed the luck; nor did "The Belle of New York," when the curtain rose on it, seem very different from many other "musical comedies." Then enter Edna May with her tambourine, and her hymn-like song, "It's really very difficult to make young men religious." But she made it easy for young men to fill the stalls—"They never follow my advice, but they always follow

Some eight or ten minutes later I met him. This time his wife was in the rickshaw with him.

me"—and so the Shaftesbury's "House Full" boards have become commonplace. Edna May is a native of Syracuse, New York. She was educated at the National Conservatoire of Music, began in a church choir—hence that delightful demureness of hers beneath her poke bonnet—and took to the stage viâ amateurism. She created her present part in New York on Sept. 28, 1897, and has played it ever since without scarce a holiday. Her photographs sold better in London last year than that of any other actress. Her little sister, who is a miniature edition of her pretty self, lives with her.

Photo by Downey.

MISS EDNA MAY IN PRIVATE COSTUME.

THEATRICAL FAMILIES.

If the genealogist were to turn his attention to the London stage he could compile a very curious book on theatrical families. The most notable, of course, are the Terrys. Then there are the Thornes — Tom, Fred, George, Sarah, Emily, all brothers and sisters, and Milly Thorne and Mr. Frank Gillmore of the younger generation. Mr. Courtice Pounds's sisters, Lily and Louie, are well known on the operatic stage. Letty Lind's sisters—Millie Hylton, Adelaide Astor, Lydia Flopp, and Florrie Dingle—are familiar, and many other families could be named.

Photo by Downey.

MISS MAY AS THE SALVATION LASS.

Photo by Downey.

AS THE LEADER OF THE PURITY BRIGADE.

Photo by Downey.

MISS EDNA MAY AS THE MUSIC HALL GODDESS IN "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK," AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

THE GERMAN LUNATIC IN "THE BELLE."

Karl von Pumpernick, the delightful lunatic in "The Belle of New York," might be a German. As a matter of fact,

MR. J. E. SULLIVAN AS THE GERMAN LUNATIC IN "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."

he is an American, Mr. James E. Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan's study of a German is extraordinarily clever, and his picture of a mild lunatic thrown in makes his performance, which is never too insistent, a matter of sheer genius in its way. He once threw up his place at the Shaftesbury because he objected to one of the ladies interfering in his "business," but the management, like wise people, declined to let him go.

HARRY DAVENPORT.

Harry Davenport is a clever actor, but you are not surprised at that when you learn that his mother was the late Fanny Davenport (who was English by birth). Though he is quite young he has had a great experience. When "The Belle of New York" came to us first he played the insignificant rôle of Harry, the young hero of the piece; but he moved up higher when Dan Daly left, and became the redoubtable Mr. Bronson, whom Herr Pumpernick always wants to kill. In private life Mr. Davenport disguises himself by a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles.

MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON.

Gertrude Kingston is a clever woman. She is not only an actress of great ability, but she is also a playwright (she helped Miss Clo Graves to make "A Matchmaker," at the Shaftesbury), she is an effective speaker, and presided recently at the annual dinner of the Playgoers' Club. She began her theatrical career in merry Margate twelve years ago, and came to town in 1888, to play a part in "Partners." Her work in "The Manœuvres of Jane" is as clever as anything she has done.

MR. CYRIL MAUDE, LORD BAPCHILD.

It is curious that Mr. Maude should be called anything-child (as he is in "The Manœuvres of Jane," at the Haymarket), for he has usually played old men. Mr. Maude is one of the new race of actors

Photo by Downey.

MR. HARRY DAVENPORT AS MR. BRONSON.

Photo by Caswall Smith, Oxford Street.

MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON.

who come from the Upper Ten, for he can claim descent from Saxon ancestors, and on the father's side he goes back to Rufus. He was educated at the Charterhouse, and later in France. After roving in Australia he went to Canada, and turned actor in Denver. In 1884 he came back to England (which has kept him since), making his first London appearance at the Grand in September 1887. He married Miss Winifred Emery in the following year, and has a daughter of eight. Mr. Maude is known to his intimate friends as Squirrel. A clever paragraphist recently referred to a piece in the Haymarket as "The Manœuvres of Maud." But that was evidently meant for the Maud that lives over the way.

Photo by Downey.

MISS STELLA GASTELLE.

MRS. TREE, MILADI.

Mrs. Tree believes in a dual control of a theatre, for ever since her husband took the Haymarket Theatre in 1887 she has had a part in nearly every play. As Maud Holt she was a bright particular star at Queen's College, Harley Street—for the magazine of which institution she has written in subsequent years. She might have been a lady Latinist at Girton or Newnham to-day, had she not married Mr. Tree (in 1884) and become a player. She has two daughters, and many of her Society friends were present at the christening of the younger, a short time ago. Mrs. Tree at first played Anne of Austria in "The Musketeers"; but she is now appearing as Miladi. Perhaps she may yet be My Lady—by Royal Letters Patent.

A NEW PRIMA DONNA.

The appearance of a new prima donna is always a matter of interest. So the revival of "La Poupée" at the Prince of Wales' Theatre gained an additional attraction by our introduction to a new doll in the person of Miss Stella Gastelle, who used to be but the attendant of her predecessor in the part, Miss Jessie Huddlestone. She got her chance in "The Royal Star," and took it. Hence her elevation to the dignified heights of a prima donna.

EVA MOORE.

One is apt to get mixed with the Moores, for there are many of them. There is Mary Moore at the Criterion, who in private life is Mrs. James Albery, the widow of the author of "Two Roses." She is no relation to the other Moores, who include Miss Eva Moore, Miss Decima Moore, Miss Jessie Moore, and Miss Bertha Moore, all of them married. The latter four

are the daughters of a Brighton chemist, and their brother is the manager of Humbers Extension. Eva, who is married to that clever actor and author, Mr. H. V. Esmond, has made more advance than any of her sisters. It is twelve years ago since she made her first appearance in London, when she took part in "Proposals," at the Vaudeville. She spent a useful apprenticeship with Mr. Toole, and since then has had a busy life. For a time she seemed likely to drift, like her sister Decima, into opera; but she resolved to take her art seriously. Hence, when she appeared in her husband's play, "One Summer's Day," she astonished everybody by the charming sincerity of her acting. She is excellent as Gabrielle in Mr. Hamilton's version of "The Three Musketeers." Miss Decima is married to an ex-officer of the gallant Gordons. Miss Jessie is the wife of Cairns James, the actor, and Madame Bertha teaches singing.

Photo by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street.

MISS EVA MOORE AS GABRIELLE IN "THE THREE MUSKETEERS," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

B 23.

By ERNEST W. LOW.

This Story tells how a charger saved its rider in the Soudanese War.

I AM really afraid that the weight of years is beginning to tell upon B 23. Not so much physically as mentally and morally. At the best of times I fear his morals were only so-so, but recently there has been a recklessness about his utterances which has impressed me rather unfavourably. Another thing, his temper has altered for the worse. He was always rather fiery and quick to resent our impertinence, as B 22 knew full well, but latterly he has been positively morose, and has contracted an unpleasant habit of grumbling and railing at things in general, or, as Tommy Atkins puts it, "grousing." I hope that these things will pass away, and that he will soon be his old cheerful self again. Certainly he is old—older, perhaps, than he would have one believe, in spite of his talk of the bygone days, but he still ought to have many years of usefulness before him, and I should grieve to think that the change I have lately observed in him betokens that he is approaching the end of his tether.

Yes, he was in a very bad temper indeed when I saw him last. There had been a big field-day at Aldershot. The troops had been taken out to the Fox Hills early in the morning, and had just come back to barracks. It was long after the usual dinner-time; the men were tired and hungry and, if possible, thirstier than cavalrymen usually are. As for the horses, they looked as if they *had* had a drink. They had been sweating for hours, and the dust had stuck to their damp coats, clogging the hair and giving them an exceedingly bedraggled and woebegone appearance. As B troop broke up, I caught sight of B 23, and I am almost sure he caught my eye. But he looked away immediately. He is proud, and he doesn't care to be noticed when he isn't looking presentable. And he looked very deplorable that August afternoon. His rider had dismounted, and taking the reins over and the bit out of his mouth, was slowly leading his mount to the water-trough. Old "Headstall" was going very stiffly, not positively lame, but there was that rigidness about the knees and that spasmodic little jerk in his gait which told of overtaxed old bones. The heat and the work of the day had evidently done him up for the time being. I wanted to talk to him, or rather encourage him to talk, but experience had taught me that I should only defeat my own object if I accosted him while he was feeling wearied, and looking anything but the spruce and handsome old gentleman he knows himself to be when his toilet has recently been made. So I watched his lagging progress through the stable-door and waited.

It was so late that there was no "stables" before dinner. Directly the men had watered and fed, "dinner up" sounded, and the men all cleared off to their rooms, whence in another minute or two, from my seat under the verandah, I could hear the right merry clatter of knife and fork. "Stables," I knew, would begin in another hour; so I had an hour before me. If B 23 were in a communicative mood, he could tell me enough to fill a whole magazine in sixty minutes; on the other hand, he might *not* be conversationally inclined, and an attempt to induce him to talk might make him close his teeth with a snap and obstinately refuse to say a word. And this was precisely what did occur.

He hardly vouchsafed me a "How d'ye do?" and I saw at the outset that for the time being his world was thoroughly out of joint. He had not been groomed; he looked unhappy and he evidently felt so. His spirits were evidently at their lowest ebb, and, wonder of wonders—though B 22 (who has a thin coat and consequently was already nearly dry) openly made disparaging remarks anent his disreputable appearance, he did not even so much as offer to retaliate. Standing with head down, and very much "over at the knees," he kept up a sort of disjointed murmur to himself which did not cease or vary when I addressed him cheerily by name. No, it was no use; I must be patient and wait a bit longer.

When I looked in again later on the atmosphere was a trifle clearer. The men, having finished their work, were slumbering peacefully up above, and the occupants of the stable, groomed and bedded down, were either carrying on conversations in an undertone or nestling cosily in the straw and resting their tired bodies after the heat and burden of the day. B 23 was lying down, but he had by no means regained his usual vivacity and spirits. Indeed, he was still grumbling. He greeted me much more graciously, however, but evinced little inclination to have a chat. He nodded drowsily, and muttered something which I could not altogether catch, but it sounded remarkably like an equine swear-word. A few minutes of complete silence, during which he continued to regard the straw beneath him, while I smoked steadily, then in his abrupt fashion he broke out—

"Out of temper, eh? And so would you be if they hadn't dried you properly."

And turning on his side, he showed me a great damp patch on his chest just between the forelegs, which his rider had evidently neglected. I sympathised with him. It must be decidedly unpleasant when all the rest of your coat has been dried and groomed and polished till it shines, to have one of the most sensitive places left untouched, an eyesore and a discomfort.

"Bad enough when you're on service, but——"

"Yes, of course," I remarked diplomatically; "*you're* no stranger to campaigning, are you?"

The old horse "bucked up" at once.

"No, I'm not like *some* of them"—and here he cast a look of scorn in the direction of B 22, who pretended to be engaged in a heated controversy with the occupant of the next stall—"who have to be content with telling yarns about the 'Flying Columns' they've been on and Divisional Field Days in Sir Evelyn Wood's time. Now if I was to start I could tell you something worth listening to."

"Why don't you? You know you promised me once."

"To be sure I did, but—well, I suppose I must. But look here, now that you've talked me out of my fit of the blues I'm beginning to feel sleepy. I must have a nap after my feed, and especially after such a tiring day. Come back this evening and I'll keep my promise."

A lovely evening it was when I once more made my way to the stables. It was about half-past eight, and after the long scorching day the coolness of the night was doubly refreshing. The whole barracks were bathed in a flood of silver moonlight, which cast a long beam through the half-open door of the stables and faintly silhouetted against the dark wall the forms of the horses in their stalls. The stable guard, who knew me, allowed me to pass into the stable, and I took up my old position in B 23's stall.

And this is the story he told me. I do not vouch for its correctness, but I am in possession of external evidence relating to the matter which at least points to its having been f unded upon fact. Whether it was the influence of the moonlight I do not know, but as the story came from the lips of the narrator it impressed me as genuine down to the minutest detail. But of that the reader can judge for himself. I simply tell it as 'twas told to me—

"It was not as a trooper that I went out to the campaign of '85. The Captain of B troop in the old corps had been given a staff appointment, and having often ridden me on route marches and field-days, he asked and obtained

permission to take me to the front as his charger. A proud day that for me, and you can be sure that the barracks weren't big enough to hold me when the announcement was made in 'orders.' But let me cut all that short. You know all about these matters, and I shall only weary you if I relate all the details of our departure and the voyage out. The latter was a bit rough, I can tell you, but it was paradise to what we had afterwards to endure. We got to our base, and the Captain was immediately sent off to take command of an advanced post near the Nile, occupy it with a company of men, and keep a sharp look-out. He was to stay there until the arrival of the column. There was little fear of being attacked at that point by the enemy in force, but the General had received information that bands of suspicious-looking fellows had been seen prowling about in the vicinity, and judged it prudent to take precautions in order that nothing might occur which would delay his progress. Time, you must remember, was everything. The post in question was about twenty miles distant, and about half way was a well, and around it a little group of scanty trees. It was at ordinary times a regular place of call; but of course when we got there it was deserted. We made ourselves as comfortable as we could for the night, and arrived at our destination the next day. It was a ramshackle sort of place, but a trifle less unpleasant than the surrounding desert. We pitched our little camp on the most favourable spot—a sort of trough-shaped hollow, covered by a kind of patchy vegetation. From the higher ground a capital view of the country could be obtained. On one side, you could see the blue waters of the Nile some three miles distant; on the other, looking in the direction from whence we had come, the clump of trees I have already referred to could be plainly made out with a glass. The men set to work, and under the superintendence of the Captain and his subaltern soon made the place almost impregnable against anything but a large force provided with artillery. Here we remained quietly for a week. Nothing happened to break the monotony of the daily round of duties; strict watch was, of course, kept day and night; but with the exception of some gaunt-looking bird, which now and again sailed over us on its way to the Nile, no living creature ever appeared to our expectant gaze.

"The men were beginning to get moody. For aught they knew, the main body might be winning glory for themselves while they were cooped up in this out-of-the-way corner, with nothing to do but smoke and gamble for tobacco. Even the Captain, after a few days, began to get melancholy, although he did his best not to show it; he and the Lieutenant both exerted themselves to the utmost to look cheerful and prevent the men from becoming despondent.

"Now you remember my telling you once how I have the knack of slipping out of a halter? Well, after a few days the idea came into my head that it would be rather fun to get loose at night and go for a little excursion on my own account. I carried this idea into execution, and on the first night narrowly escaped a bullet from one of the sentries. However, he didn't hit me, but the alarm was given, and, of course, my absence was discovered. That night I contented myself with a general ramble round, and returned to the camp just as the great copper ball, which they call the sun out there, was rising above the horizon. Right glad was the Captain to see me, and I was afraid that means would be taken to prevent me repeating my nocturnal ramble. However, the gallop had done me good, and I suppose I showed it, for the Captain said, when it was suggested that I should be hobbled—

"'Oh, never mind; leave him loose. He won't come to much harm. The exercise will do him good, and even if he rambles a long way off, he's sure to find his way back again. As for falling into the hands of the enemy—when there's not an enemy for miles around. I only wish there was.'

"And he heaved a deep sigh at the thought.

"So I was left to wander about at my

own sweet will. That must have been an inspiration of the Captain. It probably saved all their lives.

"Night after night I went on my travels, generally making for that patch of trees some ten miles away from camp of which I have spoken. The first time it was mere chance that led me there, but afterwards some curious instinct always led me to the same spot. It was almost as if some hidden force impelled me there, whether I wanted to go or not. And little by little a strange feeling got hold of me. How it commenced I don't know, but gradually I got a firm conviction that one night our little force would be attacked, and that the onslaught would come from this direction. Yet there was nothing to all appearance to give rise to such a supposition. Still I could not shake off the impression, and when in camp contracted a habit of continually keeping an eye upon the little oasis which could just be descried over the sand. The Captain and the men noticed it, set it down as one of my oddities, and thought no more about it.

"So the days passed on; no gun-boat appeared on the Nile, and our little garrison were getting thoroughly wearied of their enforced inaction. To tell the truth, they were also beginning to get a little slack, so long had they been unmolested. And I—I alone of us all—knew that a large Dervish force, fired with religious fanaticism, was steadily moving in our direction. If we were on our guard, numerous as they were, we could throw them back, for they had no artillery, and their spears and obsolete guns would make very little impression upon our good

The first night I narrowly escaped a bullet from one of the sentries.

sandbanks. But if they caught us napping and by night, not a man-jack of us would escape! And the men peacefully slumbered on, never dreaming that before another couple of days were past their bones might be whitening the desert track.

"My instinct had not played me false. One night, after a good breathing gallop, I entered the clump of trees, intending to lie down and rest for a bit before returning. It was a pitchy black night; you could hardly see a couple of yards before you, and not a sound was to be heard. But there was a slight wind blowing, and when I lay down I faced the direction from which it came. In another second I was on my legs again! I had heard something—ay, and smelt something—which gave me—I am not ashamed to confess it—a severe shock. Could I be mistaken? No, nose and ear both told the same tale. There were men—dervishes—in the neighbourhood, lots of them, and not very far off. As I listened again intently a faint hum came to my ears, leaving no room for doubt. I crept cautiously to the edge of the little plantation farthest from our camp, and peered intently out into the surrounding murkiness. I could see nothing. How I longed for some light, and gnashed my teeth to think of my helplessness! Even if I ascertained the strength of the newcomers and their precise position, what could I do? Only gallop back to camp, and by making a lot of noise wake everyone up. That, at least, would give the alarm, as I usually went in and out of camp as silently as a mouse. Just as I waited—irresolute, uncertain what to do—a great light uprose in the sky, and the desert was lit up for miles around. I ought to have remembered that every night, at a certain time, a comet or great star used to make its appearance in the sky; it was very similar to the one which nearly upset all Lord Wolseley's calculations at Tel-el-Kebir in 1882. After the momentary surprise had passed over, I lay flat on the ground behind one of the trees and looked out. There were the beauties—at least a thousand of them—evidently just about to turn in for the night. They were about a mile from my place of concealment, so that I could not distinguish anything very plainly; but I saw enough to know that our men stood in imminent peril. However, our camp was safe for that night. Our savage foes would probably rest during the whole of the following day, and, marching by night, attack us at sunrise.

"There was nothing to be gained by stopping any longer, so I made my way back to camp.

"I don't know how I managed to get through the next day. My conduct must have appeared very extraordinary. Evening came, and the light began to fade. My nervousness seemed to have communicated itself to the Captain, for he too began to grow very restless. He sat down for a bit, lit his pipe, and commenced to smoke; then knocked it out again, peered out for a moment over the vast stretches of sand, and started to walk in an uncertain fashion backwards and forwards, up and down, as if he had something on his mind. Presently he came to a conclusion. The saddle was put on my back, and mounting me, he rode off. As we left he shouted out to the Lieutenant—

"'I can't rest to-night, so I 'm going for a prowl round. I don't suppose there 's anything worth seeing. But I may be away some time; a little exercise 'll do me good. See to the posting of the sentries; though, for all the work they have to do, we might as well knock them off.'

"And we rode away from the camp and straight towards where the enemy was lying concealed.

"The Captain kept me at a fairly steady trot, only pulling up once or twice, till we reached the clump of trees, and then we had a little difference. He wanted to ride through the clump; I strenuously objected, and refused either to go through it or round it. It was early yet, and the moon was getting up in the sky. For all I knew, some of the enemy might have strolled around their camp, and, if such were the case, it was a hundred to one against a rider and horse escaping the notice of those desert-bred eyes. No; if the Captain wanted to reconnoitre the

wood, let him do it on foot! Eventually, that was what he decided to do. He had great faith in my sagacity, and my persistent refusal to budge convinced him at last that something was really amiss. So, jumping off and throwing the reins on my neck, he gave me a pat and said—

"And he dived among the trees and disappeared in the gloom. I strained my eyes to follow his movements, but it was no use. I knew that every step he was taking might lead him to his doom, and I could do nothing. I waited till the strain of suspense became almost unbearable.

The iron hoofs caught him full in the chest.

"'Well, you obstinate old chap, gang your ain gait. But don't get lost, or I shall be in a sorry plight, and have to foot it back to camp. I'm going to have a look at this little wood; I don't suppose, in spite of all your fuss, that there's anything or anybody in it, but anything for a change after gazing out upon the sand day after day.'

"Suddenly the Captain's revolver spoke! Once, and again, and yet a third time, in rapid succession! Through the wood I raced, for there was no time to go round. As I tore along, the sound of two more shots roused me to a perfect frenzy. He had only one more chamber left! But there had been no answering shots, and I might be yet in time.

"I was—but only just. He was firing his last chamber as I bounded out of the copse, and his case looked hopeless. He was about a hundred yards out in the open; around him the bodies of three of his assailants. There he stood at bay, and my heart jumped when I saw two men stealthily advancing upon him, armed with spears and knives. One was several yards in front; at him the Captain hurled his revolver, but it missed, and the savage continued to advance. His arm went up, and, like a flash of lightning, the spear was launched. With the quickness of thought the Captain dodged, and as the missile just grazed his shoulder, rushed in and grappled with his opponent. The tussle was over in a moment. The Captain, a man of great reach and strength, had his man by the throat with his left hand, and then with one terrific blow of his right fist, fair between the eyes, stretched him limp and senseless on the sand. And as the Captain, seizing the man's knife, stepped back, his foot slipped, and he lay at the mercy of his only remaining foe. Then it was my turn. I raced out and stood over him, and seeing me, as it were, sprung from the earth, the savage, who was then scarcely a couple of yards from him, recoiled. I could see in a moment by his puzzled look that he was wondering whether there might not be some of the white man's companions close by, in which case it might be prudent to beat a retreat. But seeing no one he stealthily advanced and essayed to approach my head. That was what I was waiting for. With one of my quick twists—the twist that had so often worried a newly dismissed recruit—I turned completely round, and throwing all my weight on my forelegs, at the same time lashed out viciously with both of my hind feet. The iron hoofs caught him full in the chest, and he fell as if shot, groaning and calling upon Allah. From the sound I should imagine his breast-bone was broken. Such a lovely kick; so clean and so accurately timed!

"In another five seconds the Captain was up and on my back and gave me my head. It was not too soon: the native camp had been alarmed by the shots and had turned out to see what was the matter. Less than half a mile away was a large body of men, shouting and brandishing their weapons; a good number of them were mounted, too, and I knew I should have all my work cut out to get away from them, fresh as they were. But I had no fear. I was beside myself that night, and I remember thinking with a strange thrill of delight that now I'd show them whether an Irish horse with his blood up couldn't show the way to the best of Arabs over a distance.

"Well, we did show 'em the way. The Captain simply sat there and left me to find the road. Back through the wood we went; by a miracle, we managed to get out the other side with no more damage than a few bruises and scratches. That was nearly another half-mile to the good. And then—my God, how I did move that night! Gallop! charge!—they were no words for it. I flew! I never looked back; and I took all the black shadows in my stride; the Captain sat there as cool as a cucumber, talking cheerily to me and encouraging me by telling me that we were gaining on our pursuers. I hardly felt his weight, and it was not an ounce less than fourteen stone. On, on we went; the night was calm, but the wind seemed to rush past as my pace became faster and yet faster. Gradually the sound of shouting seemed to die away in the distance; we were now over a mile ahead, and perhaps our enemies had quieted their clamour when the chase became such a stern one.

"We reached the camp, and we both dropped—I from sheer exhaustion, the Captain from the overpent excitement which he had kept so long under control. He was up again in a moment, and issuing orders for the defence of the place. No time was to be lost, as their presence having been discovered, it was highly probable that the enemy would press on at once to the attack. This surmise proved correct. In less than an hour a large body of horsemen assailed us, but they got an exceedingly warm reception from our rifles and the machine-gun, which from a corner of our little fort did deadly

execution. But they showed rare resolution and bravery, returning again and again to the attack. Later on, the remainder of their force arrived, and their onslaughts were continued with great vigour until daybreak. We could easily hold our own, but it would have been madness to attempt a sally against a force surrounding us and outnumbering us by at least ten to one. But as the day broke, and we looked towards the Nile, we saw a welcome sight for hearts long weary with waiting. The first of the gun-boats had arrived. The enemy saw it too, and did not stop to argue: long before our comrades could join in the fun they were disappearing towards the rising sun. And that is the true story of how I saved a company of British infantry and two officers from almost certain annihilation."

And so saying, B 23 stood up very straight, and surveyed the other occupants of the stable with the fire of conscious superiority in his eye.

"And didn't you get any recognition for your services?" I queried.

"Recognition be — quartermastered! The Captain—*he* got all the credit for the exploit, and I don't grudge it him, for he was a brave man and a good. Still—but what's the good o' grumbling! They don't give medals to horses."

"My God, how I did move that night!"

I said something about Lord Roberts' famous little Arab.

"Oh, *he*—he's a General's horse; and I—well, I'm a grumbling old troop-horse, who's keeping all the stable awake with my yarning. Still, now you've heard my tale, don't you think that the least they might do would be to dry me properly after I come in from a hot field-day?"

And as I made my way homewards across the moonlit square I certainly thought they might.

A WINTER'S DAY.

CAMP.

By LEWIS TORRE.

MAY I have the honour of introducing our little party? There are only three of us. First comes Patrick, a fox-terrier he, with a black ear and a white, giving him a rakish appearance, like Mr. Atkins when he wears his little round cap well down over one eye. Patrick has a weakness: it is chicken-bones. Now you know each other.

Then, here is Lady Josephine, a horse. I beg her most humble pardon. I should have said, a mare—a bay mare, to be precise; a charming creature when you know her, but coy, even rude, with strangers. She also has a weakness. But not to shame her ladyship, let me whisper it: you may gain her affections with soft sugar.

Then there is myself; very like yourself, one of the vast army of average men. Put yourself in my place and you shall know me speedily.

Little Patrick and Lady Josephine and myself, we are hungry and very tired, all three of us, and there are yet many miles to traverse before we reach our camp to-night.

So silent a night! The dreary, sodden landscape has faded away into black obscurity; no sound except when a gust swoops up from the warm south and sends the heavy raindrops rattling down through leaves and branches. And so we go, slipping and lurching, along the sticky bridle-path. Everything is sombre and dead and sour and sodden and silent. The tree-trunks loom suddenly out of the darkness and fade away quick, like ghosts.

Lady Josephine, poor creature, is quite dispirited. A hard afternoon's work, and who knows how many more hours of it? she asks herself, and she droops her pretty head despondently.

But little Patrick's moods are variable. Sometimes he alters his behaviour of his own accord, moved thereto by his volatile little spirit. He will, for a time, accompany Lady Josephine, trotting by her side, sedate and serious, with a proper recognition of the social distinctions that mark the animal world. But when a new mood takes him, he runs on in front, and with backward glances makes an ostentation of being our guide. Then away he shoots into the night and has to be called back, for there are leopards about in those parts of the world, and a white fox-terrier is an easy prey in the dark. Back he comes, panting and galloping, flashing on us like a small apparition, so that Lady Josephine is startled, and snorts at him.

A little conversation would enliven us, I thought, and I dismounted, tired of the saddle.

"Oh, Patrick!"

He stopped short and gave me one of his inimitable sideward glances.

"Oh, the dog!" I continued. His tail gave the faintest wag. He was thawing. The right word would bring him to my feet.

"Rickles!"

This remark I knew would be final. Rickles was my pet name for him, and he could never resist it. He had been taught to associate it with chicken-bones. All pretence of dignity cast aside, he leaped at me, tongue protruding; he danced about the path, he sparred at me with his muddy forepaws; he put himself within reach of me and spun round and

round, defying me to catch his little stump of a tail.

At last Lady Josephine became jealous. She laid her ears back and gently nipped my coat-sleeve with her lips. I clapped her on the shoulder. Then I chucked her under the chin, and punched her ribs. She tossed her head and squealed, with a charming pretence of indignation. I placed my hand on the apple of her throat. She quieted down at once and nickered softly, nuzzling her velvety muzzle into my shoulder.

"For a mare, Josephine, you have a very pretty idea of behaviour. But, Patrick, your manners are primeval. Such violent emotions are out of place at the end of an age."

Patrick yawned conspicuously, as who should tell a man he was a bore.

"Child!" I rebuked him, "you have less continuity of attention than a monkey, and a monkey is the most repulsive of all God's creatures."

Little Patrick lay couchant on the path, and unconcernedly chewed a blade of lemon-grass. He took no notice of such portions of my speeches as did not contain his own name.

"Patrick!" I recommenced. His eyes glistened in the dark. "Ah, now you 're talking," he seemed to say, as he cocked his ears to attention and removed the blade of grass from his mouth.

"And Josephine!"

Josie snuffled sympathetically.

"You are like the poor—you are always with me, Patrick and Josie, Josie and Patrick."

A wag from Patrick, a snuffle from Josie. That was the sort of talk they liked—all about themselves.

"Not having heard a word of my mother-tongue for twenty-eight days, I am dependent on you, Patrick and Josie."

Lady Josephine interrupted me somewhat rudely. She ceased smoothing her velvety muzzle against my shoulder. She pricked up her ears, tossed her head, lips parted, nostrils quivering, and sent out a shrill neigh into the darkness.

In quick response, like an echo, a faint answering whinny came back through the night. That answering whinny — how small and distant it sounded in the vast silent plain! And how horse and man come to love the sound of the answering whinny, ringing out so frank and fresh, so full of simple good fellowship. The horse is a sentry who sends no challenge and thinks no evil, but merely, day or night, gives a guileless cheery welcome to the belated traveller.

Patrick heard the whinny, and barked.

No answer.

He barked again, and this time the long-drawn howl of the pariah dog came drifting down the wind. Not so pleasant a sound, that latter. There is in it a touch of moroseness, a suggestion of snarl. An Ishmael is the pariah dog, snapping the hand that feeds him. But all sounds are welcome after lonely days, and we tramp along, our hearts the lighter for this semblance of intercourse; dog and mare go on to meet their kind; the man goes on towards food, a dwelling, and solitude.

A poor dwelling enough when we come in sight of it; a miserable hut of thatch and bamboos, with a new-lighted camp-fire burning smokily nigh. Little Patrick sits down at my feet, and he thinks. He eyes the fire. He looks very rakish just at this moment, with that black ear of his. He blinks and blinks at the glowing wood; cocks up his ears at times, for reasons best known to himself. What can he be seeing in the embers? Is he hunting, or fighting, or making love? Let us suggest something; let us see if we can fathom the thoughts of a dog.

"Patrick!"

His ears are cocked to attention before the word is finished.

"R-r-r-ats!"

He dashes straight for the nearest tamarind, and begins an excited search. What is that moving? He makes a fierce rush and finds—a leaf. Another rush; ah! a lizard this time. Better than nothing. He leaves the lizard wriggling in sections, and comes back to my feet, moderately well pleased.

The noisy unmusical song of a belated peasant rings in from the outer darkness.

My dog growls. He finds it interesting, this voice out of the night.

Then an elvish yelp from a jackal. Patrick's interest becomes intense. He whines impatiently, and the light of battle gleams in his eye.

Yes, my doggie, interesting for you, but how about your master? How about the long hours that are to pass until morning comes, and with it the Nepenthes of drudgery? Lizards and jackals, and belated peasants—no rich fare to set before a man with lonely evenings to win through.

Ah! I see a face.

No, Patrick, not a savage face looking out from the jungle, but a sweet face, not seen since many long years—a face looking out from a rosy tremulous cavern between the ruddy burning logs.

It is the face of—it is the face of—well, Patrick, we shall keep the name a secret.

There are strange ways of earning a living, and one of the strangest of them is to live in this ever-moving, ever-solitary camp. This solitude is like a sheet of blank paper: it is charged with infinite possibilities. Alas, how often it remains blank! And one's home, one's little mansion, how is a man equipped in these wanderings?

Sometimes the mansion is a squalid hut, standing in a bleak waste, or on a lonely hill. It is shaded by no trees from the hot sun by day; nor cheered in the long nights by neighbouring village-lamps. Not a friendly man, not a friendly beast, not a friendly tree; no friends, not one, save the camp-fire and the open sky. And so the warm memories of home and love sicken and faint and die. But sometimes the day's march is arrested at the precincts of an ancient monastery.

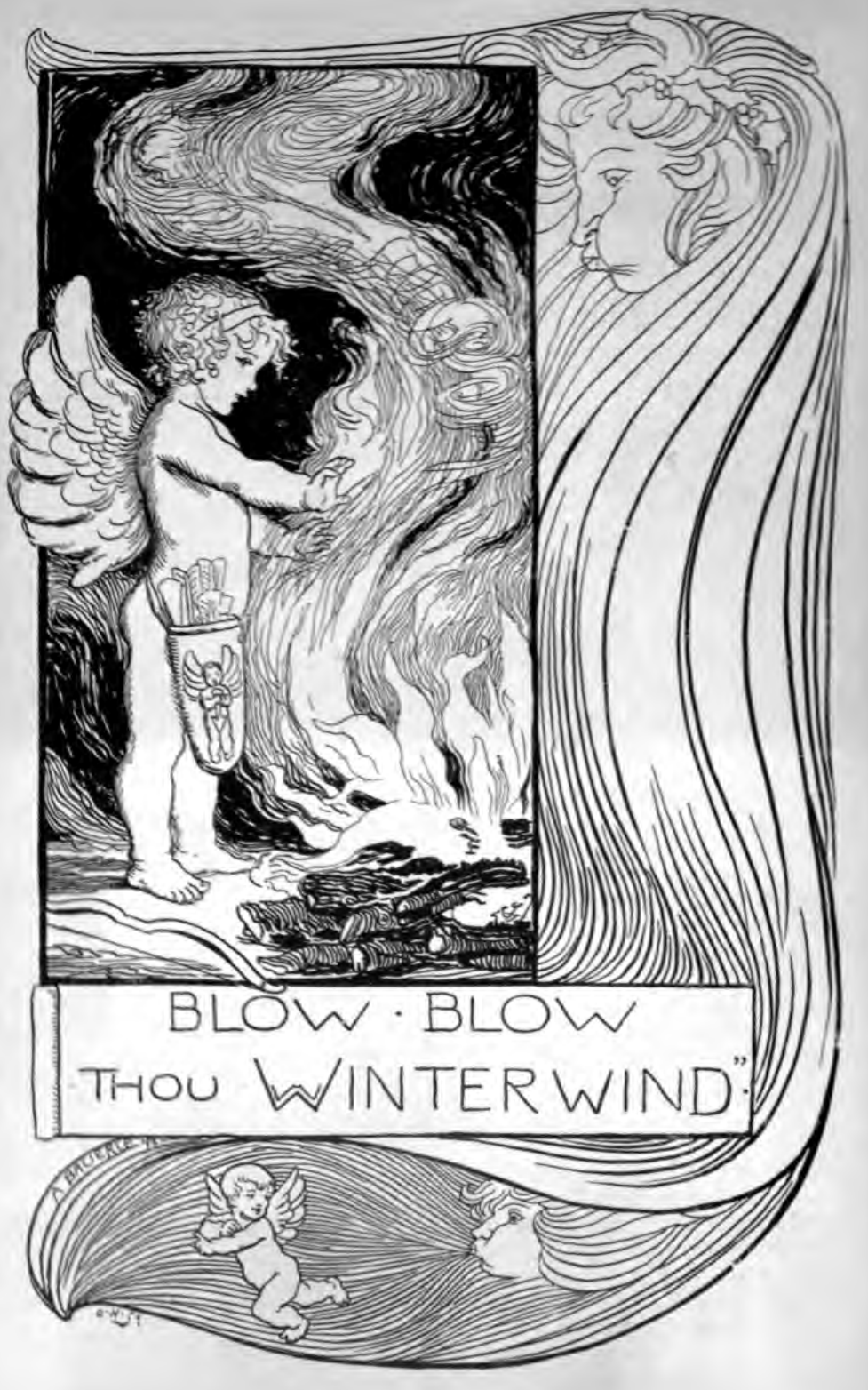
There, day and night, is the pleasant rustling of great trees, the sound of their sweet voices as they close around and hold off the sun by day and the storms by night.

And after sunset the warm glow of the camp-fire crimsons the tamarind-trees, dainty in plumage, queen-like and gracious in form: it is a home, with the heavens for a roof-tree, and the quiet music of the wood-pigeons for a lullaby. In the long watches of the night, the temple bells sway tinkling in the breeze, and when the storm-wind blows, the tamarinds laugh aloud to see the huge palmyra-fronds, yellow and faded, hurled from their lofty pinnacles.

Outside is labour, the heat and burden of the day, the desolation of the night. Inside is rest, and, for comrades, the deep thoughts, the aimless sweet reveries, the beautiful sad faces, that lurk in the red caverns of the camp-fire, and are revealed to him who knows how to seek them.

The soul strives upwards with the sparks; it drowns languorously in the embers; it dies in the cold white ashes. Solitude is the richest estate, and the poorest; it is the noblest kingdom and the barrenest.

And solitude sinks deep; it plumbs the depths of a man—if there be depths. You have seen the silent finger that presses so softly on a piece of metal and makes a coin of it. So it is with solitude in a far country; it leaves its impress on a man so softly, so gently, so silently that the nature of him is changed, and he knows it not.


BLOW · BLOW
THOU WINTER WIND"

FINE FEATHERS.

SCRAPS FROM LADY BABBIE'S NOTE BOOK.

"FEBRUARY FILL-DYKE" is no more the key-note of our seasonable anticipations since matters climatic have ceased to run in their ancient grooves, and a general *chassez-croisez* of the zodiac has effectually upset all our century-end calculations. There was a time, and doubtless a very good time it was, when white muslin frocks, cut low in the neck, disregarding sleeves, and supported by cotton stockings of the same snowy hue, were considered the only wear of budding maidenhood when early May came piping—I had almost said piping hot—across the meadows to the summons of summer. December in like manner announced itself with orthodox snow-drifts and the expected wintry winds that whistled o'er the moor and blustered about the house walls, while holly-berries reddened for Christmas, and the mistletoe, knowing its ultimate destination and provocative powers, berried profusely on lichened apple-branches. Then came February running in rain, and March, a peck of whose flying dust was valued by the farmer at an ounce of gold. April to follow with sunshine and cloud-spray alternately, while inevitable baa-lambs disported in green meadows, and mint grew conveniently at hand awaiting its turn for the sauce-boat. But why run the gamut of a forgotten code? The old order changeth—has changed—and we blow hot or we blow cold, as the uncontrolled and inconsequent weather fiend listeth, freezing in summer or melting in winter, as suits the grotesque humour of this satyr who hath succeeded the gentle spirit of our grandmothers' well-ordered seasons.

What to wear—the pregnant question that is eternally asked and answered—might now with good reason be supplemented with, when to wear it; and if the fashion edicts proscribe chiffon for May or chinchilla for March it is rather with the hope than the certainty that they will be possible, for what the climate may bring forth no woman knoweth.

The hunting contingent, given that southerly wind and cloudy sky of the poet, have little reason to grumble at fate, and since Jack Frost has, so far, politely absented himself to a great extent, town and the modes have been little troubled by those who go hard five days out of seven. Meanwhile, with lengthening light and the promise of longer, an overhauling of the wardrobe becomes inevitable, and the disorder and general "hugger-mugger" of sale-time being over, good dressmakers are already beginning some very acceptable forms of the demi-saison embryo of fashion. Generally speaking, all gowns, of whatever denomination, are worn long; and the sweeping train, though in various lengths, to be sure, equally characterises morning, afternoon, or evening frocks. That we were loth to abandon the neat, tidy, and utilitarian short skirt is evidenced by the slow encroachment of the train. But it has come and is accepted, as a nose-ring or a pigtail would probably be did Madame Mode persistently advance their adoption. That she stops short at such very definite decoration is something for which to render much thanks, therefore; so let us take our twisting trains and our tightened hips with what gratitude we may, remembering they might have been hoops or farthingales instead.

For the *grande toilette* of dinner-parties or receptions it is literally a case of neck or nothing; for such gowns, besides being cut low, are absolutely denied sleeves, the correct thing being to substitute them by velvet bands, floral epaulettes or mere strings of pearls, or jewels cunningly contrived to "hold" by the experienced modiste. Lace sleeves are strictly relegated to demi-toilette, as are those which come half-way down to the elbow. To cover shortcomings or angularities south of the waist-line, and give those rounded outlines at both sides which the shapely princesse form of skirt necessitates, swan's down is being used as padding over the hips, no other material possessing its buoyancy and softness; while the fan-shaped train of the 'seventies is again revisiting the glimpses of moons in 1899, and Parisian costumiers are, I hear, reverting to all the native and imported prints of that period for their greater enlightenment on the form of a quarter-century back.

Since we are really threatened with these "mermaid tails," as they used to be called, it is to be devoutly wished that their consummation will stop short at the extreme narrowness which prevailed when our chignoned aunts disported them. I remember hearing how skirts grew gradually tighter and still more tight until walking became a trial, dancing a torture, and even going upstairs an undertaking not to be rashly entered upon.

Fashion, usually so imperative when her ukase has gone forth, gives way gracefully in that one matter of the convenient and cosy cape, which it is so easy to slip on and off as compared with the coat of our present more frequent manner. Many of the compromises which notable mode-makers have put forth seem, meanwhile, to contain the best features of both, as the latest visites, for instance, which, whether built of suave chinchilla or elegant sable, or velvet mixed with both, own that grand air of full toilette which neither neat jacket nor easily worn cape ever attains in the same degree. Meanwhile, for afternoon visiting in our capricious climate, capes remain indubitably the most sensible garment of spring and winter ides, a quality that has doubtless kept them fashionably forward, notwithstanding the arrival of so many other forms of covering.

Many people wait until the New Year has been well aired, so to speak, before undertaking the annual Hegira either Riviera-wards or to Cairo, which now causes such a wholesale "flight into Egypt" each spring. Women going to either sunshiny environment should not omit to equip themselves with at least half a dozen of those smart shirts made of finely tucked mull muslin, with insertions two or three inches wide, neckband and wristlets of real lace. They are in the last cry of fashion's daintinesses of the toilette, and when worn over coloured silk slips exceed in prettiness any other form of blouse. Naturally, the lace must be real, and the best of its kind—three yards is sufficient—and the owners of old Italian, Spanish, Irish, or other cherished heirlooms have here the best possible opportunity for utilising them. In Paris the price of these apparently simple shirts ranges from five guineas to five and twenty, according to the value of the lace used on them, but there is no reason why our maids or the "little dressmaker" of our daily needs should not accomplish the neat stitchery necessary to their effect at figures less excessive. The subject of lingerie leads me inevitably to descant on the stores, not of purple, but of very fine linen which Messrs. Walpole Brothers, of 89, New Bond Street, and half-a-dozen other addresses in Irish and English towns respectively, are at present setting forth so seductively. Now if there is one passion that appeals powerfully to the heart of woman, it is a daintily filled dower-chest. I will not go so far as to say that it blots out her adoration for dress, or interferes with her sufferance of flirtations, but, to put it in racing parlance, it comes in a very good second. This harmless housewifely instinct, so entirely worthy of encouragement, may now with great safety be abandoned to its own sweet will at Walpoles', who, having disposed at their January sales of

all soiled or imperfect articles, have at present a selection of immaculate and exquisite linen, which fastidious bride-elect or experienced matron will equally appreciate. The fineness of her handkerchiefs, ever an important detail to a lady, be she "fine" or otherwise, can always be counted on when they are purchased at Walpoles', their "clear lawn" and "Irish cambric" deservedly taking first place from among many competitors. In the more weighty matter of table damask both napkins and table-cloths, unique as to quality and design as well, will be found unexpectedly moderate in price. A few of their most successful patterns in this connection are the wisteria border with a closely filled centre of shamrocks, another bordered with thistle trails and a middle of interwoven thistles and shamrocks. A novelty is the Celtic medallion design; while the ribbon trellis in satin damask always makes a charming background for the shining glass and fragrant flowers that adorn its surface. Holly berries and sprays, with a border of Christmas roses and mistletoe, was first made for a royal table, where its seasonable design annually appears, and there are the Irish ivy leaf and the Killarney fern and fifty other quite lovely devices, not to mention the coats-of-arms and heraldic emblems which Walpole Brothers can always produce, if desired, at a few weeks' notice, and which add so much to the dignity and well-thought-out air of the well-spread board. Of linen sheets and pillow-covers, either delicately veined or elaborately embroidered, there is practically an unending variety of styles, and the same may be repeated of the toilette covers, pillow-cases, towels, and other etceteras of the linen-closet, by whose rosemary-scented contents our housewifely grandmothers set such store.

One of this month's Illustrations will be found a literal, if liberal, adaptation of a rebel Irish song, called "The Green above the Red," that used to be sung when Parnell was a power and Gladstone a Goliath—to their parties: a sable-bordered and spray-crowned toque of dark emerald velvet crowning the cheerful crimson of a jaunty tight-fitting jacket. The scarlet coat has, by the way, died the death, and its happy despatch was, moreover, no loss, since "pink," however delightful across country, has no *raison d'être* in town and on foot. Some crimson jackets which have been recently issued by the best houses are quite another matter, however, and, like this model here set forth, with its dark sable collar and generally well-set-up air, are to be much commended. My other Illustration represents the current style amongst evening equipments, and will be found equally successful if copied in black or white, which may be done without fear of detection, as the advertisements say, since its original is at present figuring amongst the cream of St. Petersburg society.

The mere mention of pink recalls a matter of much interest to sportswomen which occupies me greatly at the moment, since it is likely to cause a revolution in the old beliefs concerning the double crutched saddle of our past and present only wear. Alexander Scott, of South Molton Street, who has probably fitted more habits than any three others of his trade, as all the hunting world knoweth, has recently invented a pneumatic pommel adjustable to any saddle, which, while replacing the two crutches of the classics, offers an all-round improvement on the present side-saddle which is bound to be adopted as soon as it is seen. It enables one to ride seven pounds lighter, it gives one such grip as to make falling all but impossible, and in the very off event of being thrown even, there are no irons to catch in one, as so often happens when a crutch snaps off. The comfort of this pneumatic pommel I can testify to besides, having tried it hard and found it soft, to be very epigrammatic, and though not given to wagers, am ready to back my opinion on its general adoption within a short time. Nor is there any danger of the pneumatic bag bursting, since it has been proved to own seven times the resisting power of the strongest football, without, it is needless to add, the inevitable vicissitudes which accompany that heroic cone of leather.

Long black velvet coats made quite tight-fitting, and, oh! anti-climax of extravagance, made with slight trains, will be worn this spring. They need the courage of one's convictions and one's banker's balance to boot; but given a sufficiency of both, are infinitely smart, and can never be achieved, moreover, by the ordinary well-to-do mob—a recommendation in itself to the exclusively well placed. One example of this extreme but still unostentatious fashion has been made by Paquin for a woman whose reputation among even her own sex for dressing well is almost European. This coat of black Lyons velvet is long and close-fitting, reaching well to the ground and fastened on the left side with two very large buttons of diamond and amethyst. Curved revers which go all around the neck and end in a point at the waist are of thick white satin, on which white mousseline is puffed between three narrow rows of dark Russian sable. The dainty elegance of this garment is furthermore enhanced by made sleeves of the new white velvet, which has slightly raised stripes. These, thickly embroidered with jet and black silk, give an effect that is all of the most charming to the whole. A flounced sable muff accompanies the outfit, which is, moreover, crowned with a delightful beefeater hat, also in black velvet with one thickly curled white ostrich feather lying just under the brim, which, against all the classic canons of this shape, is slightly tip-tilted.

The froufrou-ing of the silk petticoat, to which, in combination with the plain short skirt, we long so fondly clung, shall, for the present at least, know us no more, fashion having ordered that, instead, highly ornamented, much-beflounced skirts of moirettes, chiffonettes, or other light but buoyant material shall replace it. Sheaves, garlands, and festoons innumerable of lace adorn the juponage meanwhile; and for evening, extravagant fashion leads us, moreover, into wearing our petticoats cut as long as the swishing skirts that overlap them—a mode the reverse, it may be surmised, of inexpensive. How plaintive our husbands will wax, to be sure, when next quarter's bills present themselves for consideration and settlement; and what a mercy that we do not all live in America, where a man lately obtained a divorce because his wife's French laundress consumed, he vowed, half of a considerable income! For, of course, now that these extended petticoats are in vogue we shall perforce revert to washable muslin and lace, since one evening's wear will entail a week of *blanchisseuse*, owing to the dusty world we live in.

One event that may be safely predicted for our summer outdoor gowns, too, is that all the mousseline and light silks will be hand-painted, as are the best ball and dinner dresses of the present moment. Flower-painters in Paris have been, in fact, for once at a premium, and the mode-makers have been paying any price for the best painted panels and bodice pieces so exquisitely rendered in dainty devices of "carnation, lily, rose" and the rest by whilom unregarded artists.

In passing through my beloved Paris the other day I went with a chosen few to quiz the company and drink tea at Columbin's, where every modish Parisienne religiously adjourns for her "five o'clock." The slimness — I had almost said the skimpiness—of the dresses was the first thing to fly at my eyes, and another was the habit of potted meat or fish sandwiches which everyone seemed to succumb to. I tried some of wild duck, tongue, and other toothsome concoctions, finding them so good that, like Captain Cuttle of note making memory, I proceeded to inquire the authors of this especial ambrosia, only to find, much to my amusement and patriotic satisfaction to boot, that Poulton and Noel, of Belgravian ox tongue and other potted reputations, were the true originators of all this Gallic and gastronomic sweetness and light. "Here," I thought, indeed, "even if only in the matter of pressed beef, is fame!"

FROM THE CAPE TO CAIRO.

By C. DE THIERRY.

A description of Mr. Rhodes' great scheme of building a railway from one end of Africa to another. This railway will pass through districts inhabited by very strange tribes, some of which are here depicted by photographs taken by different travellers.

AFRICA is the last stronghold of the Negro race. From time immemorial civilisation has, indeed, existed on its borders; and, during the past century, Christianity and Science have done their utmost to shed light on its dark recesses.

The Beginning of the Great Undertaking: The Railway Station at Cape Town.

Yet the heart of it remains as savage as ever it was. The civilisation of the North and South is merely "an embroidered fringe to a sable garment." With the completion of the Cape to Cairo Railway, however, there will be a transformation. The lakes of Africa will be brought as near London as the lakes of the North American continent, and the Central African native become as familiar to the average Briton as the Red Indian.

On account of their association with the early Dutch colonists, none of the peoples inhabiting the line of route are more interesting than the Bushmen, pigmies of the race described by the Greek historian Herodotus "as found beyond the Libyan Desert." Owing to their thieving propensities they were treated more like dangerous wild beasts than men, their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them. They live in rocks and caves, possess neither flocks nor herds, and have no idea of cultivating the ground. So elementary are their ideas, indeed, that they have no word to express the difference between a married and an unmarried woman. They are the most forlorn outcasts it is possible to conceive, no other race having fallen so low in the social scale, except the Australian aborigines. Nevertheless, they decorate their rocky homes with carvings and drawings, which show considerable art, and a close affinity with primitive Egyptian designs. They also

Before the Railway: Fording the Crocodile River.

Hottentots, Khoi-Khoi—"men of men." They are, however, of a higher type than the Bushmen, and on account of their good-nature and faithfulness, make excellent domestic servants. Like most savages, they are spiritualists. Singularly enough, in the old days they used to venerate a particular kind of insect Mantis, whose aid they sought when in danger or suffering from hunger.

Before the Railway: Crossing a Drift.

Very different are the Kaffirs Zulus, Bechuanas, Basutos, the most numerous race in South Africa, and one of the great branches of the Bantu family. They are fine, tall men, varying in colour from jet black to a

After the Completion of the Cape Town-Buluwayo Railway: A Rest by the Wayside.

Off the Rails: A frequent Sight on the new Railway.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes' Farm in the Matoppo Hills.

dark copper. Their system of government is mixed—feudal and patriarchal. Women are regarded as chattels and beasts of burden. Polygamy is universal, and land is the property of the tribe, not of the individual. They have no fixed idea of God. As with the Maoris of New Zealand, their belief embraces no more than the spirits of departed ancestors, especially great warriors; and these they invest with all the powers usually ascribed to the Deity. The consequence is, witchcraft has all the force of a religion. How powerful it is, socially and politically, may be gathered

The Festivities at the Opening of the Mafeking-Buluwayo Railway. This is the Terminus of the Railway up to the present Time.

from the disaster which it brought on South Africa in 1857. To drive his people to desperation, that they might be forced to wage a war of extermination against the white intruder, the witch-doctor Umhlakaza persuaded them to "burn their boats." By means of a girl-medium, who professed to see spirits and to hear strange voices, they were solemnly commanded to destroy all their corn and cattle, which were to rise again increased sevenfold. They were also promised victory against their enemies, who were to flee before them. The Kaffirs obeyed, but the prophetess proved false, and seventy thousand of them died of starvation. Witchcraft among all Bantu peoples is a terrible engine of tyranny and oppression. Any man who is too rich or too great for the ruling chief is "smelled out," and charged with having caused some disaster by incantations. Sometimes he is killed immediately; but too often he is put to death by slow torture. The Kaffirs have produced those mighty leaders of men, Chaka and Moselekatse.

The Sinoia Cave and Underground Lake at Lo Megundi. The cave is formed of stalactite columns of great beauty, and the light, entering a shaft, is reflected from the bottom of the lake, which makes the water a most beautiful turquoise blue; an effect somewhat similar to that seen in the famous Grotto at Capri.

The Amandabili, as they should be called, are descendants of Umsili Gaza, one of Chaka's indunas, who, fearing for his life, fled northwards, finally settling in what is now known as Rhodesia. Unlike other African peoples, they do not buy the wife from her father, but after the first child is born the husband has to pay its value, or else the wife's father has the right to take the child away. Should a wife die shortly after marriage, or prove barren, however, the husband has a right to claim her sister or nearest relation in place of her. The Matabele despised work, and regarded their weaker and more industrious neighbours as their lawful prey. Of the cruelty and ferocity of the late King Lo Bengula endless tales are told. One related by the Hon. A. Wilmot, in his "Expansion of South Africa," shows him at his very worst: "His sister, Nina, as she was called by the Europeans, was his constant companion, ate out of the same dish, and

Rhodesian Whites: A Patrol in Matabeleland.

African history took place. The princess, knowing that jealousy had caused her destruction, turned to the queens, and, in an awful manner, raising her hand to heaven, invoked a terrible curse upon them, and swore by Matshobana that no child of Lo Bengula would ever sit on the throne of the Matabele. The prophecy

exercised a powerful and favourable influence over him. Suddenly she was accused of witchcraft, taken away a few hundred yards, and strangled in the light of day, by the order of her own brother. When led to execution one of the most dramatic scenes recorded in South

Rhodesian Blacks: A Matabele Family.

Lo Bengula used to work his Gold by means of this Five-stamp Battery.

has been literally fulfilled in their conquest by the Chartered Company, an end absolutely essential to the civilisation of Central Africa. The Mashona, the miserable victims of Matabele ferocity, are a kindred race. Peaceful and industrious, they are the best husbandmen south of the Equator

Further North: A Group of Mashona Women.

At Buluwayo, Lo Bengula's old capital, the railway, which spans South Africa to Cape Town, a distance of 1360 miles, comes to an end—at least, for the present. The last section of it—that is, from Mafeking—was opened by Sir Alfred Milner, the High Commissioner, in November 1897.

From Buluwayo northwards the exact route has not yet been decided. It is proposed to follow the course of the Sanyati River to the Kariba Gorge, where its banks are solid rock, only fifty yards apart. The country is sparsely populated, abounds in coal, is extremely healthy, and suitable for growing crops. The line will then skirt the Belgian Congo, and follow the shore of Lake Tanganyika. Should this plan prove impracticable, the railway will be carried to Lake Nyassa.

The present Substitute for a Railway: A Stern-Wheeler on the Zambesi.

Still Further North: The Village of Koba Koba on Lake Nyassa.

The Atonga women dye their hair with ochre. They also ornament themselves with a piece of ivory, about an inch in

diameter, inserted in a hole made in the upper lip. Though it projects so as to stand higher than the nose, against which

An Angoni Beauty pounding Corn.

it presses, it does not seem to interfere with their speech. Kissing they know nothing about. The Yao, the Angoni, and Makololo are warlike races, which live between Lake Nyassa and Lake Bangweolo. They make excellent porters, cheerfully bearing from fifty to sixty pounds, with which they will travel as many as twenty miles in a day. They can climb mountains better than white men, crawling up the face of rocks like a cat. With one hand they will hold their load in position on their heads, with the other they clutch at any little projection which may assist them in the ascent. The mode of salutation, especially among the people north-west of Lake Nyassa, is most extraordinary. An inferior greeting a superior will throw himself on his stomach and strike himself with violence on the hinder parts. A woman, when entreating a favour of a man, will throw herself at his feet and try to place one of them on her neck. This is also done by prisoners begging for pardon, and suppliants of every kind and degree. Hence arises the well-known phrase "To catch the leg." In our little African wars the defeated chief has, in suing for peace, always sent a message desiring "to catch the Queen's leg." That is to say, he wishes to place her Majesty's foot on his neck as a token of submission.

An Angoni on the war-path generally ties a piece of red cloth round the waist and puts on a kilt of animals' tails or of dressed cat-skins. As a headdress he wears either a crown made of zebra mane, or an arrangement of cock's feathers. He also adorns his ankles with white frills made of goat's hair. Tattooing is general everywhere in Central Africa: the Yao mark their temples with a circle, and the middle of the forehead with two or three longitudinal lines. Other tribes cover their bodies with cicatrices arranged in patterns, or raise hideous scars on their foreheads. The Angoni, when they do not wear their hair Zulu-fashion, let it grow in long wisps, which they tie up with grass or straw. Some of their neighbours wear wigs of plaited thread ornamented with cowry shells. South of Tanganyika, a headdress is worn of black goat-skin,

An Atonga Carrier.

Nearly Half-Way: The London Missionary Society's "Good News" in dock on Lake Tanganyika. The boat at anchor is a steel boat named the "Morning Star."

the hair of which is allowed to hang over the forehead.

Uganda, described by Mr. Stanley as the "Pearl of Africa," is inhabited by one of the numerous Bantu peoples. The prefixed syllables *wa* and *u* are among the characteristics of the Bantu languages. Thus, *U-ganda* signifies country of the Ganda; *Wa-ganda*, the Ganda people. They number about five millions, the women being largely in excess of the men, probably owing to the warlike character of the latter. Their mythology and court ceremonial are on the same elaborate scale. The nation is divided into clans. Each of these goes by the name of an animal, which is its totem. King Mwanga's clan is named after the beaver. Others are named after the grasshopper, lizard, crocodile, locust, buffalo. But the flesh of an animal sacred to a clan may not be eaten except by members of other clans. Nor can a man marry in his own clan. The fashionable mode of locomotion in Uganda is most curious. It consists of riding astride the shoulders of a slave, which has a ludicrous effect, except to a native, who, when he is so carried by a friend, regards it as an honour. Marriage, though a matter of purchase, entails an elaborate ceremonial; and this is also true of death. The body is wrapped in bark-cloth, made by the natives out of the bark of a kind of fig-tree, and with it are buried cloths, varying in number according to the rank of the deceased. For a peasant fifty, for a chief from two hundred to three thousand. When the late King Mtesa died, £10,000 worth of cloth was buried in his grave. The cowry shell is the only currency in Uganda, and this was introduced by the Arabs.

The tribe of the Ruga Ruga is very warlike; it was driven out of its original country and is now settled on the east of the most northern end of Lake Tanganyika. The above picture shows one of the tribesmen in his wooden war mask.

To the north-west of Lake Albert Nyanza live the Akka:

that is to say, to the west of the proposed line of railway. They are a pigmy race, averaging about four feet ten inches in height. Their skin is dull brown, and their faces have a projection of the jaws, which, with their gaping mouth, gives them the appearance of an ape. Their eyes are large and wide open, and they have very big ears. To add to their other peculiarities, they are greatly given to facial contortions. Schweinfurth says: "The twitching of the eyebrows, the rapid gestures of the hands and feet while talking, the incessant wagging and nodding of the head, all combine to give a very grotesque appearance to the little people." For this reason they figure at the court of the Mombuttu King as buffoons.

The Bari are fine-looking Negroes, who inhabit the country about Lado, the scene of Emin Pasha's philanthropic efforts to create some kind of government after the destruction of Egyptian power in the Soudan. They are one of the many tribes of the Upper Nile region which the realisation of the Cape to Cairo dream will bring into touch with civilisation. With the exception of a few bangles or a string of beads round the waist, and ostrich feathers on their shorn heads, the men wear no clothes. The women adorn themselves with rings, chains, beads, and shells. They also wear a fringe in front and a leather apron behind. Both sexes paint their bodies red and tattoo their skins most elaborately. They are very fond of their cattle, which are killed to eat only for funeral feasts. To the north of these are the Dinka, a strange people in a continent of strange peoples. Though among the darkest of races, they make themselves darker with a coating of ashes. They have little hair, which is closely shorn except for a tuft at the top. Sometimes, however, it is dressed so as to stand up straight from the head, when it is dyed red with an effect so hideous and fiendish as not to be described. According to Dinka ideas, clothing is fit only for women. These load themselves with iron

The Capital of Uganda, from Fort Kampola, over which floats the Union Jack.

The Tomb of Mtesa, the late King of Uganda.

bracelets and anklets, which, with every movement of the wearer, clink like the fetters of a slave. Unlike their neighbours, the Dinka are clean in their persons and refined in their cookery. They do not all eat together out of the same dish, but in succession. Their houses are sometimes 40 ft. in diameter, and are very clean. The central pillar is usually the trunk of a living tree, and the roof is of cut straw. So great is the regard of the Dinka for their flocks and herds that they will not kill them for their own use, though they will eat the flesh of their neighbours' cattle.

The Shillooks inhabit the bank of the White Nile for two hundred miles, their territory extending as far to the east as the Bahr-el-Ghazal. They make themselves even more repulsive in appearance than the Dinka. Not only do they plaster their bodies with ashes, but they break off the lower front teeth. Schweinfurth says of them: "The movements of their lean, bony limbs are so languid, and their repose so perfect, as not rarely to give the Shillooks the resemblance of mummies; and whoever comes as a novice among them can hardly resist the impression that in gazing at those ash-grey forms, he is looking upon mouldering forms rather than upon living beings." Though the men pluck out their beards, they devote great attention to their hair, which is

On the Road to Fashoda: Shillooks in a Canoe.

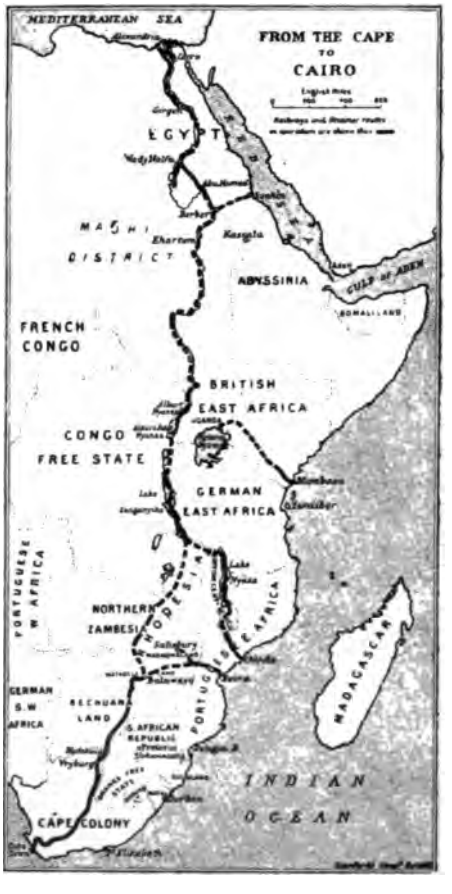
stiffened with clay, gum, or dung, and then arranged like a fan or comb. The women wear their hair cut short. Though the

Through Omdurman: The Mahdi's Tomb.

religious ideas of the Dinka are primitive, they reverence a Great Father, and believe their dead are always with them.

The Baggaras have become more or less familiar to the British public by the Soudan War of 1884-85, and the brilliant victories of the Sirdar last year. They were, perhaps, the most zealous followers of the Mahdi. They call themselves Arabs, though they speak Arabic with an accent. They have a reddish complexion and are tall, well made, and dignified. They are great elephant-hunters, and own large herds of cattle; the women wear the curious headdress peculiar to Lower Egypt.

The Imperial Government Railway from Cairo to Kassala, which is to connect with the Cape-Tanganyika Railway by way of the White Nile and Uganda, brings Europe in touch with the Nubians, the descendants of the ancient inhabitants of Ethiopia, though their country is never strictly defined. They live in the valley of the Nile from Assouan to Khartoum, and the country on either side from the Red Sea to the Libyan Desert. They are now a mixed race of Negroes, Arabs, and Hamites, but the Negroes only are the descendants of the ancient sons of the soil. They are the darkest of African races. A shock of woolly hair is worn like a cap on top of the head, and, at the back and sides, almost to the shoulders. They often disfigure themselves with three oblique scars on each cheek, and to cure disease sometimes inflict wounds on their bodies. The men wear a tunic, and over it a cotton robe. A girl wears little else than a girdle or apron ornamented with pearls or gold and silver ornaments. She is also fond of nose-rings and wears bits of wood in the lobes of her ears until she gets a husband, when she exchanges them for gold and silver. The married women dress more elaborately, especially the hair, which is twisted into long spiral curls, stiffened with fat and ochre, and sometimes covered with thick layers of gum. The Fellahin are descendants of the ancient Egyptians. The



This Map shows the extent of the Railway at the present moment. The dotted line shows the proposed route of the continuation of the Cape Town-Buluwayo Railway to Cairo. (Reproduced by the kind permission of the proprietors of the "Graphic.")

men are good-looking, tall, robust, lithe, and capable of great endurance. The women mature early, many girls being mothers at fourteen. In old age they are ugly, but in youth their loveliness is unsurpassed. More beautiful eyes can hardly be conceived — large, dark, almond-shaped, with long black lashes and a most exquisitely soft expression. Unfortunately, however, an Egyptian girl tattoos with some bluish mixture her chin and between the breasts, wears great rings in her ears and nose, and paints her eyelids with kohl. She is seen at her best carrying her water-jar from the river or village well.

An Egyptian Fellah.

As the genius of one colonial statesman brought the Atlantic and Pacific together by means of a railway, so the genius of another is about to connect the two extremes of a continent.

Cairo, the Capital of Egypt.

THE MASTER OF THE CHANNEL.

THE Channel is in safe keeping, for Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Rawson has hoisted his flag on the *Majestic*. He

Photo by Maull and Fox.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR H. RAWSON.

was born in 1843, and having been at Marlborough College, he entered the Queen's Navee at the age of fourteen. Since that time he has seldom been idle. He served in the China War of 1858-61, and came out of it with medals and wounds. He hoisted the British flag at Cyprus in 1878; was knighted in 1892; and bombarded Zanzibar in 1896. He is a fearless swimmer. So long ago as 1861 he was thanked on the quarter-deck of his ship for having saved the life of a marine in the Shanghai River, and one year later he got the silver medal of the Royal Humane Society for another piece of gallantry.

THE LATEST REAR-ADMIRAL.

Harry Rose, as his intimates call him, is the latest Rear-Admiral. Born in 1844, he entered the Navy in 1858, and was Sub-Lieutenant of the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* in 1864. He reached his commandership eleven years later, and he was in command of the flagship *Shah* when that vessel fought the Peruvian rebel ironclad monitor *Huascar* off the Peru coast. From 1879 till 1881 he was chief of the *Britannia*, and succeeded Lord Charles Beresford as Captain of the royal yacht *Osborne*. Since then he has had several ships. He has invented a new system of voice-pipes on ships, which the mercantile marine has taken up. He is a keen cricketer, golfer, and sportsman.

A PERSIAN PRINCE.

A prominent young Persian—to wit, his Imperial Highness Prince Shoaa-ū-Saltanah Malik Mansūr Mirza—is now in Europe for the sake of his health. He is the second son of the Shah by the granddaughter of Fath-Ali-Shah, the

Photo by Schaarwächter, Berlin.

PRINCE MIRZA, THE SHAH'S SECOND SON.

second king of the present dynasty. Born in 1880, he entered the army at the age of nine, serving two years in the infantry

and nine in the artillery. He is now an adjutant to his august sire. He is very accomplished, plays the piano and violin, is enthusiastic on photography, and he speaks French fluently, for the Persians are excellent linguists. He has five brothers and eleven sisters.

JOHN BULL IN THE CHINA SHOP.

This year will witness a great deal more discussion and perhaps action over China than we have had for many a day; and Sir Claude MacDonald will be more in the public eye than ever. Sir Claude is the son of a Major-General, and entered the Highland Light Infantry in 1872 at the age of twenty, retiring as Major three years ago, after going through the Egyptian Campaign of 1882-84. He began his diplomatic career in 1883 as Military Attaché at Cairo; then he went to Zanzibar; thence to the West Coast of Africa. He was knighted in 1892, and in 1896 he went out to China. He had been there before, as an officer in Gordon's "victorious army"; and he had travelled in the Heathen Chinee's vast empire a good deal. He speaks Chinese perfectly, and writes it as well as he does the Queen's English (which is not his strong point). He has been in for a great deal of adverse criticism, but he goes on his way rejoicing, aided by his wife, who was a soldier's daughter and an Indian Civil servant's widow, and who faced the Empress of China lately at the head of the Ambassadorial dames.

Photo by Elliott and Fry.

SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD.

AN IRISH PHILANTHROPIST.

"Guinness" is always more or less in the public eye; but the Guinness who is Lord Iveagh has, by his recent munificence, put himself on a very high pedestal indeed. His Lordship celebrated the season of offerings by giving away £500,000. One half of that sum goes to improve the City of Dublin; the other is given to the Jenner Institute of Preventive Medicine at Chelsea, so that the future of pathological research in this country is placed on a safe basis at last. The Guinnesses started brewing in 1759. In 1867 the brewery founder's grandson was made a Baronet. The latter's eldest son was created Baron Ardilaun in 1880, while his third son was elevated to the peerage as Baron Iveagh. Even the Rothschilds have not done better. The title was suggested to him by the fact that Sir Arthur Magennis of Down was created in 1623 Viscount Magennis of Iveagh. The fifth Viscount, who raised a regiment of dragoons for James II., was rewarded for his trouble by the forfeiture of his title in 1691, and he died in the following year without leaving issue. The present Lord Iveagh was born in 1847, and married his kinswoman Miss Adelaide Guinness in 1873. They have three sons alive, all of whom have been educated at Eton. Lord Iveagh has two country seats in Ireland and in England, and residences in London and Dublin.

AN OLD JUDGE AND A NEW PEER.

None of the new peers is more popular and better known than the veteran Sir Henry Hawkins, who has a warm place in the hearts of all Englishmen as a wit, a sportsman, and a conscientious judge. At eighty-two Sir Henry is as healthy as ever, though (perhaps because) he has led the life of a very hard worker. He is the son of a Hitchen solicitor, and his brother was a

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

LORD IVEAGH,

Who has given £250,000 to the Jenner Institute of Preventive Medicine and £250,000 to improve Dublin.

Chancery barrister, so that he has always lived in a legal atmosphere. He has been working at law himself for fifty-six years, for he was called to the Bar of the Middle Temple in 1843, and got his silk forty-one years ago. He gave the Crown great assistance during the Tichborne Case, and was raised to the Bench in 1876. Sir Henry is a kinsman of Anthony Hope (who is a lawyer also). Like Lord Russell of Killowen, he has been very keen on the Turf, being counsel and honorary member of the Jockey Club; and you might often have seen him riding at Newmarket Heath on a sturdy cob. He had a favourite fox-terrier called Jack, which Lord Falmouth gave him in 1881. It was Sir Henry's constant companion till 1894, when it died, and nearly broke his heart. His first wife was an actress, Miss Reynolds, who was long associated with Macready.

Photo by Russell.

SIR HENRY HAWKINS.

THE NEW LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

The two pictures below suggest such a title as "From Cowboy to Chamberlain." As a matter of fact, Lord Hopetoun, the new Lord Chamberlain, roughed it like a squatter when he was in Victoria in 1889-95 as Governor. He is a Peer who wants to get on. Born in 1860, he began his career under the wing of the Scots Kirk by representing her Majesty as Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly. He has been a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen, and has served in the yeomanry. He married the daughter of Lord Ventry, and has two sons. His two sisters amuse themselves by breeding ponies. The supporters of his arms are figures of Hope, and his motto (as Englished) runs: "But my hope is not broken." How could he do other than succeed?

Photo by Johnstone O'Shannessy.

LORD HOPETOUN AS A COWBOY.

Photo by Johnstone O'Shannessy.

LORD HOPETOUN IN COURT DRESS.

LADY BARBARITY.

A ROMANTIC COMEDY.

By J. C. SNAITH.

Mr. J. C. Snaith, the well-known Author of "Fierceheart the Soldier," has chosen the stirring times of the Jacobite Rebellion for the mise-en-scene of this story.

SYNOPSIS OF FORMER CHAPTERS.

LADY BARBARITY, so called because of the lack of heart she showed to her suitors, becomes tired of the bewigged puppets of London Fashion, and retires to her family's ancestral seat, High Cleeby. While there, Captain Grantley, a London acquaintance of Lady Barbarity, in pursuance of his military duties craves permission of the Earl to escort a Jacobite prisoner whom he is taking to Newgate across the Earl's moor and to billet the escort at High Cleeby for the night, which permission the Earl, an ardent Hanoverian, readily grants. Captain Grantley, who is desirous of making Lady Barbarity his wife, gratifies her curiosity to see the prisoner, whom she finds to be young and handsome. She inquires what punishment is going to be meted out to him, and is told that as he has done good service for the Pretender he will be hanged at Tyburn. On further inquiry she learns that he is of low birth and named Anthony Dare, and that he has preferred death to the betrayal of his friends. Inspired by pity or a love of mischief, she at the dead of night sets him free of his fetters, but just as the prisoner attempts to escape Captain Grantley appears. There is a hard struggle, in which the Captain is wounded by the prisoner with a pistol given by Lady Barbarity, who herself receives a flesh wound from the same shot. The prisoner makes good his escape, and the Captain threatens to complain to the Government, which will bring about the arrest of the Earl for High Treason.

CHAPTER V.

I MIX IN THE HIGH POLITICAL.

I WAS very mystified by the manner of my papa. When I tripped into his presence, I was met with that wonderful sweet politeness that was so much in the marrow of the man that at his decease a tale was put about in town that his death was delayed ten minutes by the elaborate courtesies with which he introduced himself to the Old Gentleman's attention.

Having paid me a compliment or two and discovered the good condition of my shoulder, he congratulated me on that fact, and then took a chair with such comical solemnity that I burst into laughing at the picture that he made.

"Mr. J.P.," says I, "that's excellent. Mr. Custos Rotulorum, my *devoir* to you! And I am sure your worship hath only to strike that attitude at the Petty Sessions to reform every poacher in the shire."

I rose and swept three curtseys at him, but he sat more serious than ever.

"Bab," says he, "there hath been an accident; and, my dear child, I would have given much to have prevented it."

There was a depth and brevity about these words that startled me out of my lightheartedness. I had never guessed that this old barbarian kept such a chord locked up in his heart. In five-and-twenty years I had not touched it till this instant, and why or how I had done so now I did not know.

Meantime I sat in silent fascination at the fine and sorrowful power that had come into his voice, and hearkened with all my ears to everything he had to say.

"Bab," says he with a gentle smile that was intended to conceal his unaccustomed gravity, "man is a whimsical animal, I am aware. But there is one thing in him that even a woman must deal with mercifully.

You have, perhaps, not heard of what he calls his honour. The omission is not yours, my pretty lady; your angelic sex rises superior to honour and little flippancies of that kind. But your papa suffers from his sex, and is therefore tainted with their foolish heresies. He hath also what he calls his honour; and a certain young person whom I will not name, but who, I may say, is as greatly celebrated for her beauty as her wit, hath quite unconsciously put her foot upon it. And that spot is so tender that she must forgive the victim if he groans."

He smiled a charming, melancholy smile, and made me think of those noble velvet gentlemen by Vandyck upon the walls of our state chambers, whom I would stand and look at hours together and make love with all my heart to when I was a little girl. To watch him smile, and to hear him speaking like a most tender music, none could have discerned what his emotion was, unless one had the experience of a lifetime to bear upon his ways. And for myself, 'twas only the misgivings of my heart that told me he was in great pain.

"What is it that I 've done, my lord?" cries I, feeling that he must have been furnished with a very highly coloured picture of my deeds.

"I gave my word to the King," he answered me, "that I would succour his soldiers here at Cleeby for a night, and take the prisoner that they held into my keeping faithfully. Instead of that, I send my maid to drug the sentry; I go out in a pair of carpet slippers in the middle of the night; I set a ladder up against the hay-loft; I climb up there, and by means of dropping through a trap into a manger, I get into the prisoner's cell and let the prisoner out; I furnish that prisoner with a pistol; I disarm an officer of the King, and cause him to be shot severely in the knee, and enable the prisoner to escape. It is in this manner that I redeem my promise to the Government of his Majesty the King."

"You, my lord!" cries I, aghast, and doubting whether he had the proper enjoyment of his mind. "Pray shatter *those* delusions! I, my lord—I, your daughter Bab, did that, and I can show you the wound upon my shoulder that I got." And here I chanced to sneeze, and turned it into evidence.

"And that, my lord," says I, "is the mortal cold I 've caught from those carpet slippers. I put them on for fear of waking you, Sir."

"Bab," says he, in a wooing voice, "was it you who made that promise to the King?"

"Certainly not," says I in triumph, "for do you suppose that I would have thus amused myself had I done so? I told the Captain I was a rebel from the first."

"Then that confirms all that I have said," says he, "and I have informed the Captain that you count for nothing in this matter, and 'twas I who let the prisoner out."

"Which, under your pardon, you never did," says I, misunderstanding him. "I took the risks and I 'll have the glory. 'Twill be published in the *Courier* that that audacious wretch Bab Gossiter let out a dangerous rebel in the middle of the night, at her father's country seat, by outwitting nimbly a well-known officer of his Majesty. They will put me in a ballad, and sell 'em two a penny in the Strand. Sylvanus Urban will have a full and particular account of me in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and for a whole nine days I shall be as variously known as Joan of Arc or wicked Mrs. Molly Cutpurse."

"But 'twill be said," says he, "that Mrs. Rumour hath lied as usual, and that she hath been quite put out of countenance by the fact that the Earl of Longacre, her peerless ladyship's papa, hath confessed in his own person to this treason; that he hath stood his trial upon it at Old Bailey; hath been found guilty, and therefore stands committed to the Tower."

"Papa," says I severely, "you are become profane. Do not jest with such sacred names as 'High Treason,' 'Old Bailey,' and the 'Tower.'"

"Bab," says he, "a woman's head is far too pretty to understand these ugly matters. But 'tis enough that 'twas I that let that prisoner out in the middle of the night; 'tis my name that Captain Grantley has [illegible] the special favour of inserting

in his despatches to the Minister of War, and it will be my body that will be committed in dishonour to the Tower. And now, my pretty Bab, suppose we wash our hands of these dirty politics, and solace ourselves with a little game of backgammon and a dish of tea."

There was only one person in the world that this delightful mirror of the graces could not deceive with his urbanity. She chanced to be his daughter Bab. That young person's eyes could penetrate his embroidered vest and look into his heart, or any substitute that he wore for that important organ. His countenance I never saw more easy and serene, and was good enough to cheat the devil with; but behind that mask his every nerve was quivering with an agony of shame. His sensibility to politics astonished me. This worldly man, this polished heathen, this ancient fop, this hard-bit *roué*, who feared not God nor anybody; this scandalous Court chronicle of sixty years of Stuartry, to be laid prone and bleeding by a frolic of his daughter Bab's! 'Twas impossible, you'll say, and that is what I also said; but there it was.

"Oh, these politics!" cries I in a passion. "A pestilence upon 'em! Confound these politics! And what in the world is there to make so wry a face about, my lord? The matter might be serious. Do I not repeat, Sir, that the thing was but a piece of mischief? Call it fun, my lord, bravado, diablerie, what you will, but I want you to understand that 'twas a piece of mischief."

"'Tis perfectly correct," says he; "an infernal piece of mischief."

"Then might I ask, my lord, what there is to make a song about? True, the rebel is escaped, but I'm not sorry in the least for that; indeed, betwixt ourselves, I am somewhat glad of it. He is a very handsome lad and will make a prettier man than any that I've seen. But what is there to make a ballad of, I ask? Is he the only rebel in the world, then? There are thousands of rebels up and down the earth, and I'm sure not a man jack of 'em's so handsome as that lad. Why," laughs I, "he hath an eye that is a rival to my own. No, 'twould not be truthful of me to say that I am sorry for it. As for the bullet that traversed Captain Grantley's knee, I do, indeed, regret that very deeply; but I ask you, my lord, is his the first knee that hath had a bullet through it? And is it going to be the last? Why at that same instant a portion of the same discharge hit my shoulder too, so he is not the only sufferer. Pah! 'twas only a piece of mischief, and my maid Emblem will tell you quite the same, and she should know, for she put my cloak on and saw me down the stairs. Why, if it comes to argument, my lord, the King, nor you, nor politics, nor precious Captain Grantley hath a leg to stand on, and 'tis argument, they say, that is the only thing that is considered in a court of justice. Come, tell me, is it not so, Mr. Custos Rotulorum?"

"Faith, that is so!" laughed his lordship heartily, and he hath been on four occasions High Sheriff of the County; "and if they shall find a lawyer who may prevail against this argument of yours, my delightful criminal, it will have to be a woman—a second Portia, let us say—for the man hath not been fashioned yet who could possibly chop logic with you; nay, nor if it comes to that"—and my papa stood up and bowed to the bright buckles of his shoes in the most flattering fashion—"the combined genius of our sex could never hope to overcome in argument the dialectics of you fair, unfathomable, amazing ladies."

Yet despite his smiling speeches, the hard-wrought look still sat in his eyes. Then I grew Tower-haunted. Could it be possible that my frolic had so greatly shocked old, indignant, sober-sided Politics? But if any proof were needed to the Earl's assertion that my night's work was criminal, it was at my elbow. On the table I saw a sheet of the official blue with a brief statement of the prisoner's escape upon it. It was a rather garbled version, for the name of me, prime agent and offender, was not allowed once to appear; nor were the inconvenient details set down at any length, but in the sum it said that the whole of the responsibility rested with my papa, the Earl, and he had affixed the peculiar scrawl that was his signature upon this preposterous indictment.

The familiar way in which this was irresolutely writ, in his trembling, old, and gouty hand, affected me most strangely. There seemed a sort of nobility about the behaviour of this old barbarian; and a strain of the hero in a man delights me more than anything, and generally fills me with a sort of emulation.

"This means the Tower!" says I, brandishing the paper.

"It does," my lord says, inclined to be amused at my impetuosity.

"Then, Sir," says I, "I will be mentioned in it fully as is my due. I did the deed, and I will take the recompense. If its reward is to be the Tower, I will claim it as my own. Therefore erase your name from this document, my lord, and insert the name of her who hath duly earned her place there."

"Nay, Bab, not so," says he. "I gave the soldiers of the King my hospitality, and now they must give me his."

"Which they never shall," cries I, with my cheeks a-flaming. "I will go and see the Captain, and insist upon his keeping to the truth. Oh, these politics! 'Tis well said that there is no such thing as rectitude in politics. But in the meantime I will draw the teeth out of this wicked document to prevent it committing harm."

And under the nose of its custodian I screwed the paper into a ball, and planted it calmly in the blaze. Having watched it thoroughly consumed, I swept from the room to beard the Captain, and left "laughter holding both his sides" in the person of his lordship, who quoted Horace at me or some other, whom I have not sufficient Latin to locate or to determine. 'Twas about the Sun-God Apollo and his tender sentiments towards some deity with a cheek of fire.

I found my worshipful friend the Captain in occupation of the library. He was dressed rakishly in lavender and in a peruke that flourishes most in Chelsey and suchlike Southern places. His shattered knee was strapped upon a board, and though his face was pinched with pain, it was anything but woeful when he gazed up from the writing-table at which he sat, and beheld me glide into the room.

He was monstrous busy with a full-feathered quill upon a page of foolscap the twin to the one to which my papa had signed his name, and that had been so considerately burned.

I asked him of his hurt, and he questioned me of mine. Both, it seemed, were recovering excellently well. Then says I with that simplicity which is perhaps the most insidious weapon of all that I possess—

"My dear Captain, I have just seen a paper identical to the one you are now engaged upon, in the room of my papa. I call it very thoughtful of you to suppress my name in the manner that you do. Am I to suppose?" I inquired, with an eagerness that he noticed with a gleam of pleasure, "that you have treated my part in last night's affair as kindly in this document that you are now preparing?"

"Look, my dear lady, for yourself!" cries he, happy in his own adroitness. "I will wager that you shall not find your name once mentioned in it."

My gentleman handed five close-writ sheets of foolscap to me to examine for myself. I scanned every page, and saw that it was even as he said, and that the case, a black one in all conscience from the point of view of politics, and quite enough to hang even a peer of the realm upon, was made out entirely to the prejudice of his poor old lordship.

"'Tis true, Captain," says I, "that there is not a word of me within it. And last night at Cleeby without Bab Gossiter is like the tragedy of 'Hamlet' without the Prince of Denmark. 'Tis utterly worthless, Sir. As a truthful narrative it is inadequate, but is none the less a very pretty fairy-tale. But in this cold and unromantic age of Politics, pleasing fictions are popular. Therefore, dear Captain, I think it better that it were suppressed. And I do not doubt if it be any consolation to you, Sir, for the futile pains you have spent upon this document, that one day all the Prime Ministers and Privy Councillors, and stout Whigs and arrant Tories, and every kind of politician that ever was or ever will be, will fizzle just as briskly and completely together in another hemisphere as these five papers this instant do in this."

And in the course of this decisive statement I tucked the five papers deeply in the grate, saw them turn black in a twinkling, and then turned round to enjoy the industrious writer's countenance.

To prove how little this summary deed affected him, he selected another sheet without granting me a word of any sort, took a new dip of ink, and calmly re-began his labour.

"Come, Sir," said I tartly, "do you not see the nonsense of it? You know quite well, Captain, it was I who wrought the mischief of last night; and if it hath earned Old Bailey and the Tower, I am determined not to flinch from my deserts."

"My Lady Barbara," says he with an elegance that disarmed my anger, "it is the desire of his lordship and my humble self to spare so much wit and beauty these indignities. Besides, one really must be considerate of the Justices. Assuming that the Court found you guilty of this crime, there is not a Judge upon the Bench with sufficient tenacity of mind to pass a sentence on you."

"Why, of course there's not," says I complacently. "I foresaw that all along."

But there was indeed a conspiracy between these gentlemen, and I tried very hard to break up this cabal that I might stand or fall upon the consequences of my act. Now when I was a very little girl I had only to stamp my foot and dart a fiery glance or two to obtain my way with any man, beginning with my papa, the Earl. And from that time, either in London or the country, whether the unresisting male was a marquis or a hosier, I had only to grow imperious to bend him to my will. But now old Politics, that square-toed Puritan, was here, and a pretty game he played. For the first time in my history I could not persuade, direct, or browbeat my papa, who was the best-brought-up parent of any girl's in England. And then there was this foppish officer, who would have died for me in Kensington, as inflexible as steel before my downright anger.

"Captain," says I, for the tenth time, "I never saw such monstrous fables as are put into these papers. And I give you warning, Sir, that if these falsehoods are sent to London, and the soldiers come for my papa, the Earl, I will post to town myself, and tell the Judges all about it privately."

"I suppose you mean the Government?" says he, smiling for some reason.

"Judges, Government, and King, I'll see 'em all!" cries I fiercely, "for they're all tainted with the same disease, and that disease is Politics. And I'll accost every power in the kingdom rather than my lord shall go to prison in the room of me. And Captain, I would have you prepare yourself, as you are the person I shall call in evidence to prove 'twas I who let the prisoner out."

"Madam does me great honour," says the silken villain, "but all I know of last night is that the prisoner escaped. I do not know who enabled him to do so, and I do not greatly care. But 'twas a member or members of his lordship's household, and the entire responsibility rests with that gentleman."

As the Captain desired to continue with his writing, I thought it the more graceful to withdraw. This I did, and shut myself up in privacy, for my mind was filled with grave considerations. In a day and a few hours over, my existence had become a terribly complicated matter. There was the prisoner. My life had long been waiting for a man to step into it. A man last night had done so, and I wished that he had not. For in spite of myself, all my thoughts were just now centred in his fortunes. Would he escape? And if he were retaken? That second question sent a new idea into my head, and straight I went and consulted the Captain on it.

"If," says I, "the prisoner is brought back by your men, Sir, you will not need to report the matter of his escape to the Government?"

He looked at me quickly with a keen twinkle in his eye that appeared to spring from pleasure, and then answered glib as possible—

"That event will indeed supply an abrogation of this unpleasing duty. But he must be retaken within a week. Understand that, my Lady Barbara. If he is not in my hands within that period there is nothing for it but to despatch papers to the King."

My question seemed so exactly to his mind that he could hardly restrain a chuckle. But I soon provided a bitter antidote to his satisfaction.

"Captain," says I, "I hate you. I would rather have one hand cut off than that poor prisoner lad should be brought back and hanged at Tyburn in his shame. And I would sooner the other hand should perish, too, than that the Earl, my father, should be committed in his age in dishonour to a jail. Captain, I repeat, I hate you!"

I meant every word of what I said, and my voice made no disguise of its sincerity. And at last I had found a tender place in the Captain's armour. My words left him livid as his wig. At once I saw why he was affected so. The Captain was in love, and the object of his passion had just told him in the frankest terms how much she was prepared to sacrifice for the sake of another man. I will admit that my handling of the Captain was not too tender. But let us grant full deserts, even to the Devil. I had hit the Captain pretty hard, but beyond a slight betrayal of its immediate shock, the blow was accepted beautifully. Without a word he went on writing, and in despite of the cruel situation he had put me in, and the hatred that I bore towards him, he forced me to admire his nature in its silken strength. And for that night at least I could not rid my brain of the picture that he made, as he sat writing his despatches in the library with the lamp and firelight playing on his livid face and his increasing labours. I began to fear that a second man had come into my life.

CHAPTER VI.

I CONTINUE MY NIGHT ADVENTURES.

If the prisoner were retaken in a week, the Earl, my papa, would have a pardon!

This was indeed a grim fiat to take to bed and sleep upon. What was this rebel to me that I should be so concerned for him? Why should he not perish at Tyburn for his deeds, as had been the fate of more considerable men? He was but a baker's son. I had only exchanged a glance and a few broken sentences with him in all my life, yet never once did I close my eyes that night but I saw him in the cart, and the topsman preparing to fulfil his gruesome offices. More than once had curiosity prompted me to sit at a window with my friends, as was the fashion, and watch these malefactors hang. A kick at space, and all was over! But this handsome youth, with the fiery look, a baker's son, who had committed crimes against the State—must he, a child, be strung up in ignominy? Brooding on this horrid matter through this interminable night, I grew so feverish and restless that sleep was banished utterly. At last I could endure my bed no more. I rose and covered up my nightrail with a cloak, relit the lamp, and read the timepiece. It wanted twenty minutes to three at present.

"Faugh!" I pondered. "These lonely speculations are so unendurable that I will fetch Emblem to bear me company the remainder of the night."

But everything outside seemed muffled in such silence as with the hush of snow, that ere I started for her chamber, I drew the blinds up of my own and looked out into the park.

Snow indeed! Quite a fall of it, though it now had ceased. The moon was shining on the breadths of white; every tree stood up weird and spectral, and such a perishing cold presided over all that the whole of Nature seemed to be succumbing to the blight of it. The lamp I held against the pane struck out for a quarter of a mile across the meadows and revealed the gaunt, white woods of Cleeby sleeping in the cold paleness of moon and snow. The night appeared to hold its breath in awe at the wonderful fair picture the white earth presented. And very soon I did also, but for a different reason.

To my left hand a hedge that stood a distance off was plainly to be seen. Suddenly a figure emerged stealthily from under it. 'Twas that of a man, who, after looking cautiously about him, began in a crouching and furtive fashion to approach the house.

He came creeping slowly through the snow, and at every yard he made it seemed as much as ever he could do to drag one leg behind the other. Once he stopped to listen and observe, and apparently heard

sounds that did disquiet him, for he speedily resumed his motion, and at a more rapid pace than formerly. His form grew sharper and clearer as he came, and soon the moonlight fell on it so distinctly that I presently recoiled from the window with a thrill of very horror. It was the fugitive!

I think I was more frightened than surprised. During the weary vigil of that night this wanderer had held such entire dominion of my thoughts that after my brain had been fretted into a fever on his account, it seemed one of the most natural consequences to step from my bed and discover the cause of my distraction coming towards me through the night.

I quite supposed that his enemies had managed to turn him from the north, and that, finding himself without money or any resources for escape, he had returned to Cleeby to implore the aid of the only friend he had in the cruel country of his foes. Yet his movements were so mysterious that I was by no means certain that this was so. Instead of coming underneath the window in which the blinds were up and a lamp was burning, that he should have known was mine (my figure must have been presented to him as clearly as by day), he renounced the front of the house entirely and turned into a path that led to the stables and kitchen offices on the servants' side.

To try and find a motive for his action I pulled up the casement softly and thrust my head forth into the stinging air. Certain sounds at once disturbed the almost tragic hush, and assailed my ears so horridly that I hastily withdrew them and shut the window down. The poor lad's pursuers were shouting and holloaing from a distant meadow. In half an hour at most they must run the wretch to earth, for they were horsed, and he was not; besides, his painful gait told how nearly he was beaten.

They say that the deeds of women are the fruit of sentiment, and after this strange night, I, for one, will not dispute with the doctors on that theory. There was no particular reason why I should give a second thought to the fate of this hunted rebel, this baker's son, this proletariat. Nay, the sooner he was retaken the better for myself and my papa. Yet at three of the clock that snowy morning I did not review his end with such a cold, complacent heart. His affairs seemed very much my own. Once when I had played the friend to him his brave eyes had delighted and inspired me. No, I would not sit down tamely and let him perish. Why should I—I whose spirit was adventurous?

Therefore, my determination taken, I wisely put the lamp out, that its brightness might not attract attention from those enemies scouring the fields, then proceeded silently but swiftly to get into my clothes. Never was I dressed less carefully, but haste meant the salvation of a friend. Warmly shod and clad, I descended the stairs with expeditious quietude, groped to the left at the bottom of the staircase, through dark doors and the ghostly silence of moonlit and deserted passages, until I reached the kitchen part. Soon I found an outer door, unlocked it, slipped the bolt, and stepped into the night. The slight, soft breathing of a frosty wind came upon my face, and a few straggling white flakes rode at intervals upon it, but only a film of snow was on the yard, of no more consistency than thistledown, but the sharp air was wonderfully keen.

However, 'twas precious little heed I paid the elements. The shoutings of the soldiers from the meadows was even distincter than before, and by that I knew the men were moving in the direction of the rebel and the house, and that if I hoped to put the lad in some safety not an instant must be lost. First, though, I had to find him.

I peered particularly on all sides for the fugitive, but failed to discover a solitary trace, and yet there was such a lustre in the hour's bright conditions that the yard was nearly as luminous as day. Sure I was, however, that he must be close at hand, and accordingly was mighty energetic in my quest. And I had taken twenty steps or less when my eyes lit on a stable with an open door. Immediately I walked towards it, and as I did so remembered that this was the very prison in which the lad had been previously held.

This time there was not a bayonet and a sentry to repulse one, else a strategy had been called for; but, walking boldly in, I was rewarded for my labours. The prisoner was lying in the straw in the very posture of the night before. No sooner was my shadow thrown across his eyes than he rose to his feet with every evidence of pain, and, casting the pistol I had lately given him upon the ground, said—

"All right, I am taken; I submit without resistance."

"On the contrary, my friend," I answered angrily, being bitterly disappointed of his character, "you are not taken, other than extremely with your cowardice. You do not care for fighting at close quarters, I observe. Bah!" And I turned my back upon him.

"My benefactress!" he cried, in a strangely altered tone, "my benefactress! What do you here at this place, and at this hour?"

"What did I here before?" I said in scorn. "And why, Sir, may I ask, are you not footing it to Scotland, as I ordered you, instead of returning in your tracks? I suppose it is, my gallant, that rather than help yourself, you would choose to throw yourself upon the mercy of a friend, heedless of what degree she is incriminated so long as she can contrive to shield your valuable person. So you submit without resistance, do you?"

He was very white and weary, and his breast was heaving yet with the urgence of his flight, but it pleased me to discover that my speeches stung.

"As you will, Madam," he answered, with a head upthrown, but also with a quietude that had a fire underneath, "as you will; but you are a woman and my benefactress, and I bend the knee before you."

"Not even that," says I. "Do you suppose I will take a coward for my servant?"

"Madam," says he, "say no more of this, for perhaps you would regret it at another time; and, Madam, do you know that you are the last person in the world that I would have regret anything whatever? You have been so much my *friend*."

"Thank you," says I bitingly. "But, Mr. Coward, you infer that when I act in the capacity of your friend I enjoy a privilege. Let me assure you I am deeply honoured by it."

"Oh," says he, "how good of you to think so!"

This was staggering simplicity, for I judged him to be too young to be ironical.

"But, hark!" says he. "I hear the soldiers shouting and approaching. I must beg you, Madam, to leave me to my fate; but do not think too hardly of my cowardice."

"Then I will not leave you to your fate," says I. "'Tis not in my nature, however I may despise your character, having once befriended you to desert you at the last. I came forth in this wintry night especially to save you, and that is what I 'll do."

"No, no, Madam," he replied, "I will not have you further prejudice yourself with his Majesty for the sake of me."

Now I could only accept this answer as something of an outlet for his wounded feelings, seeing that he must be back in his present spot expressly to implore my further aid.

"Mr. Coward," says I, "I think you will, and readily, when you reflect that certain death awaits you, should you spurn my offices."

"I think not," says he, with a stoutness that astonished me.

"You think not!" cries I; "why, what in wonder's name hath brought you back to the very spot you started from, if 'tis not to beseech my further aid?"

"Madam," he said, "had you refrained from my defamation I would not have told you this. But I will, to clear my name, for I could not bear to walk the scaffold with such a stigma on it."

"Bravo!" says I; "boy, you use the grand manner like an orator. What was the school in which you learnt your rhetoric?"

"'Tis the very one in which you learnt your gentleness," says he.

Being at a loss to answer him, I made haste to turn the theme by warning him of his foes' approach and his great danger.

"The sooner they are come," he said, "the better I'll be suited. But if you

must know why I am here to-night, 'tis you that brought me, Madam."

I put my finger up, and said, "Pray be careful, Mr. Coward, or I shall not believe you."

"When my enemies four times foiled me," he said, "in my attempts to make the north, and feeling that I had neither friends nor money in the south, that there every man would be my enemy, I knew that sooner or later I must be caught. It then occurred to me that your kindness, Madam, towards a rebel had probably exposed you to a severe penalty from a Government that respects not any person. Wherefore, I thought, should I deliver up my body in the very prison that I had lately broken, without any prejudice to my foes or to myself, the matter might be simplified, and as no one had been incommoded, your pardon would perhaps be made the easier."

I knew this for the truth, as the simple and deep sincerity of his words cast me in a miserable rage at my own impulsiveness. This speech had taught me that his behaviour, instead of being craven, verged perilously near the fine. And of course in the height of the mortified anger that I indulged against myself, the moon must choose that moment to throw her rays about the lad's white face, that made it even sterner and stronger than before.

"And," says I, "had it not been for thoughts of me, what had you done when you found your plight extreme?"

"A bullet would have done my business," he answered with an eager, almost joyful promptness, that showed how welcome to him was that prospect of escape. "Anything is kinder than Tyburn in the cart. Madam, I would have you believe that even I have my niceties, and they draw the line at the ignominy of the mob."

I chewed my lips in silence for a time, and, you may be sure, should have been very willing to forget the epithet I had so unsparingly clapped upon his conduct.

"My lad," says I, "confound you! Why couldn't you contrive to let me know, you unreasonable being, that a deed like this was in your mind? You wretched men are all alike, so monstrously unreasonable! How should I know that when you threw your pistol down you were trying to play the gentleman? I say, confound you! But here, here's my hand. Kiss it, and we'll say no more about it."

The lad went gallantly upon one knee in the straw, like a very well-bred person, and did as he was bidden, with something of a relish too.

"Mr. Baker's son," says I, "I confess that I should be glad to see you rather more diffident at the audacity of this; and a little more humbly rejoiceful in your fortune. For, my lad, you are the first of your tribe and species to be thus honoured. And you will be the last, I'm thinking."

"I am none so sure of that," says he, with a marvellous equanimity, "for that depends upon my tribe and species. If they ever should desire to kiss your hand, I reckon that they'll do so."

"Don't be saucy, Sir," says I, and put an imperious warning in my tone.

"Humph!" says he, "I'll admit it is a nice, clean, white one, and not so very fat. But when all is claimed, 'tis but a mortal woman's."

"Come, Sir," I says, "this is not the time for talk. Not an instant must we lose if you are to escape the soldiers."

"But, Madam, I do not intend to escape them," he replied.

This startled and annoyed me, and promptly did I show him my displeasure.

"Nay, Madam," he said, "you have risked too much on my account already. I repeat, it was to lessen your culpability that I am come back to my prison. Therefore, can you suppose that I will allow you further to incriminate yourself?"

"Bah!" says I, "you had not these scruples formerly."

"No," says he, "and it is my shame. I was unthoughtful."

"And do you suppose," says I, "that if so much as my little finger were endangered in your service, I would risk it?"

"You would," says he, "for your high temper is writ upon your face. If my shoe required buckling, and she who buckled it did so at the peril of her neck, you would attempt the deed if you had the inclination. Ha, Madam! I think I can read your wilfulness."

For the moment I was baffled, as I had to admit that he read it very well.

"The danger," I rejoined, "is quite nothing, I am certain. My papa, the Earl, hath a great interest with the Government. He can turn it round his little finger."

"Can he so?" says he. "Then let him procure my pardon, for I would not willingly risk again the safety of his daughter."

"He would not procure your pardon," I replied, "for the good reason that he abhors all rebels and their work. Yet he is strong enough to protect his daughter if the need arose."

This was flat lying, I believe, but when one is hard pressed one is rather summary with truth.

The lad was immovable as rock, though. His conduct threw me in a pet of downright anger and alarm. Having made my mind up long ago to save him if I could, and having planned it all so perfectly, 'twas not my disposition to let his foolish scruples interfere.

"My lad," says I, flashing out at him, "any more of these absurdities, and you will put me in a thorough rage. Come, we must not lose an instant now. Why do you view your life so lightly?"

"I only view it lightly where your safety is concerned, dear lady," he replied, with a spice of the proper gallantry.

"It would require a person of a higher calibre than yours to affect it any way, either with the world or the Government," I answered harshly. "My Lady Barbara Gossiter is able to take care of herself, I 'll hazard."

"My Lady Barbara Gossiter!" he echoed; "whew! this is interesting. Now, Madam, do you know that I took you for a great lady at a glance! But I 'll confess that I thought you scarcely such a personage."

I should have liked this confession better had there been more of embarrassment about it. But this baker's son was as greatly at his ease as ever. I laughed and said: "Sir, you should reserve your judgment of my qualities until you see them underneath the candelabra instead of underneath the moon. But I think you will admit, Sir, that I am one who should be strong enough to shield herself against the State if necessary."

"Madam," says he, and his proposal staggered me, "I will put my life in your hands once more on this condition: that you swear solemnly upon oath that you shall run no danger in my affair."

Was anything more delightfully or more boyishly *naïve?* I fear that I should have betrayed some laughter had he not worn a face of gravity that said my word would have been unaccepted had I given him reason to suppose I was not equally as serious as he.

"Swear?" says I. "Of course I 'll swear. There is not the remotest peril in the case." I think it was a miracle that choked my mirth back.

"Very well," says he, with a boon-conferring air, "I will remit myself entirely to your hands."

"'Tis very good of you to do so," says I, remarkably relieved, yet even more amused. "And now then follow me, Sir, and I will take you into safety."

But alas! we had tarried over long. Escape was now cut off. I had no sooner stepped outside the stable than I fled back in such a haste of fear that I nearly fell into the arms of the fugitive, who was now obediently following. For the soldiers had arrived at last, and I could see them leading their weary horses across the yard in the very direction of this block of stables that we occupied.

"Up, up," I whispered my companion. "into the manger; force the hay-trap and mount into the loft! Up, I say! Can't you hear their feet upon the yard?"

"After you," says he. "I would not have these men see you for the world."

"Oh, what madness, boy!" I cried; "don't you hear them coming? Another moment and you are ta'en. 'Tis you, not me, they 're seeking."

"Madam, after you," says he.

"Then I won't," says I; "I will not be badgered by anybody."

'Twas then that this delightful youth acted in a way that I could never sufficiently admire. He drew up his form and looked upon me with all the majesty of six husbands made in one, and pointed

with his finger to the trap. "Madam," says he, in a terribly stern voice, "you will go up first, for I 'm infernal certain I won't!"

At another season I must have dallied to enjoy the situation; but knowing that the life of so remarkable a boy depended wholly on my obedience, I went up willy-nilly.

With his assistance I had soon scrambled into the manger, and had been pushed most comically upwards through the trap; while he came on my heels with a cat's agility, the pistol in his teeth. On the instant we composed ourselves in security in the straw, and in such a posture that we could enjoy a full view of the trap, peer down there through, and observe the movements of our enemies should they enter the lower chamber.

As it proved we were not a second too early in our hiding. A clattering of hoofs announced that the horses were come to the stable-door; and it was to our dire misfortune that their riders here dismounted and held a council, whose import was the reverse of comforting. Leaving their animals outside, they sought the protection of the stable against the bitter air, and without restraint discussed their future courses. From our vantage in the upper chamber we looked down and listened with all ears through the trap; and, as they had evidently not the least knowledge of our presence there, we felt quite a keen enjoyment in the situation, which was terribly dashed, however, by the resolution they arrived at.

"You men," says one, with the authority proper to a corporal—Corporal Flickers was his title, as later I learned to my sorrow—"you men, this fox is a knowin' varmint. Why did he come back here? I puts it to you. Why did he come back here?"

"'Cause o' me lady," was suggested by one of his companions.

"Eggsac'ly," says the corporal. "George, you 're knowin', you are, you take my word for that. 'Cause o' me lady. And if I was to have a free hand wi' my lady, what is it I 'd do to her?"

"Screw her blazin' neck," suggested the same authority.

"Eggsac'ly," says the corporal; "screw her blazin' neck. George, you 're knowin', you are. Oh, the air'stocracy! They never was no good to England, and durn me if they don't get wuss! Never did no honest labour in their naturals. Lives high; drinks deep—ow! it turns me pink to mention 'em. It does, George Marshal; it does, John Pensioner; fair congests my liver. And fer brazing plucky impidence their wimmen is the wust. This here ladyship in perticular—a sweet piece, isn't she? Never does a stitch o' honest labour, but sucks pep'mint to find a thirst, and bibs canary wine to quench it. And it 's you and me, George, you and me, John, as pervides this purple hussy wi' canary wine and pep'mint. Us I say, honest tillers o' the land, honest toilers o' the sea, as is the prop o' this stupenjuous air'stocracy. It 's we, I say, what finds 'em in canary wine and pep'mint. Poor we, the mob, the scum, the three-damned we what 's not a-going to hevving when we dies. But who 's this ladyship, as she should let a prisoner out in the middle o' the night, and sends six humble men, but honest, a-scourin' half Yorkshire for him? As Joseph Flickers allus was polite, he 'll not tell you what her name is, but do you know what Joe 'd do if he had a daughter who grew up to be a ladyship like her?"

"Drown her," Mr. George modestly suggested.

"George," says the corporal, in a tone of admiration, "you are smart, my boy, downright smart, that 's what you are! Drown her 's what I 'd do, with her best dress and Sunday bonnet on. I should take her so, by the back of her commode, gently but firmly, George, and lead her to the Ouse. And then I should say, 'Ladyship, I allows you five minutes fer your prayers, for they never was more needed; because, ladyship, I 'm a-going to drown you, like I would a ordinary cat what strays upon the tiles at nights, and says there what she shouldn't say.' Ow, you besom, wi' your small feet and your mincing langwidge, you should smell hell if Joseph Flickers was your pa!"

Now I have sat long and often in a playhouse, but Sir John Vanbrugh, Mr. William Congreve, and all those other celebrated gentlemen of mirth have yet to give me

an entertainment I enjoyed half so much as this. There was something so utterly delightful in the idea of Corporal Joseph Flickers being my papa, and his conception of a parent's duties in that case, that I had perforce to stuff my cloak into my mouth to prevent my laughter disturbing my denouncer.

Next moment, though, there was scanty cause for mirth. The corporal, having delivered this tremendous speech with a raucous eloquence, gave it as his opinion that the prisoner had already been let into the house with my connivance, and that I had put him in hiding there. They were unanimous in this, and came to the conclusion that he would abide some hours there at least, as he had been so sternly chased that he could not crawl another mile. This was true enough, as their quarry took occasion to whisper as they said so. It was considered inadvisable to challenge the house just then ; the majority of its inmates being abed, the night not yet lifted, and therefore favouring concealment, and above all, they were full of weariness themselves, and their horses beaten. Accordingly, they determined to put them up, and also to allow their own weariness a few hours of much-needed ease.

"Even us, the mob, the scum, can't go on for ever; what do you say, John Pensioner?" the corporal remarked.

"Truest word you've spoke this moon, Joe," John Pensioner asserted, with a yawn for testimony.

"Where 'll we sleep though, corp'ral?" inquires my friend Mr. George.

"There's a hayloft top o' this," the corporal replied, "pretty snug wi' straw and fodder. Roomy, too; bed six like blazes. And warm, warm as that 'ere hussy of a ladyship will be in the other life, when the Devil gives her pep'mint but no canary wine."

"The very spot!" by general acclamation.

I could have cried out in my rage. This meant simply that we must be taken like a brace of pheasants in a snare. With the soldiers already underneath there did not appear the remotest possibility of escape.

"The game's up, Madam," the poor prisoner whispered to me, while I whispered curtly back again that I'd be better suited if he'd hold his tongue.

"But you, my dear lady, you?" says he, heedless of my sharp reply; "'twill never do for you to be discovered with me thus. Nay, you shall not. Rat me, but I have a plan! They are still underneath this trap, you see, assembled in a talk. I'll drop down in their midst, scuffle with 'em, and while we are thus engaged, you can get from here into the yard, and slip back to the house unseen, and so leave them none the wiser."

"Very pretty," says I, "but how am I to get from here into the yard? It means a ten-feet drop upon weak ankles, for the ladder, you observe, is no longer there."

"Confound it!" says he. "I'd forgot the ladder. Of course it is not there. What a fool I am! But 'oons! here's a means to overcome it, Madam. We'll drop a truss of straw down, and that will break your fall if you leap upon it carefully."

"I'm to run away, then, while you, my lad, are to be delivered up to death?"

"Perhaps," he dubiously said; "but then I am the least to be considered."

"Then I intend to do nothing of the sort," says I. "'Tis like man's vanity to cast himself for the part of hero. But I think I can strut through that part just as handsomely as you."

"You have your reputation, Madam, to consider," he reminded me. "They surely must not find you here."

"A fig for reputation and her dowager proprieties. Am I not a law unto myself?"

This was a simulated flippancy, however, for we were in a grievous situation now. But the desperation of it spurred me, and very soon I found a plan by which the fugitive might after all go free. It called for a pretty daring act, and much kind fortune in its execution. Adventure nothing, nothing win, is, however, the device by which I am only too prone to order my behaviour. For even granting that your effort fails, the excitement it engenders is something of a compensation.

Briefly my stratagem was this. I would exchange cloaks with the rebel, muffling my form up thoroughly in his military article, and don his three-cornered hat in lieu of the hood I wore. Thus arrayed,

'twas not too much to think that when his enemies caught a view of me in the uncertain moonlight, and expecting to see the prisoner there and at that season, they would mistake me for him. In an undertone that admitted of no parley I caused the prisoner to effect this alteration in his attire, and having done so speedily, I gave him further of my plan.

"My lad," says I, "let us drop that truss of straw down, as you said, but we must take care that none of them see us do so. I am then to fall upon it, and having done so safely, shall contrive to advertise them of the fact. And when they run forth to seize me, I shall flee hot-foot across the park. They will, of course, pursue. Then, Sir, will be your time. While we are having our diversion in the grass, the path will be open for your flight into the house. You will find one of the kitchen-bolts unslipped, and on my return I shall expect then to discover you awaiting further orders."

"'Tis a sweet invention, Madam," he replied, "but how shall you fare when they catch you, and your identity is known?"

"The chances are," I answered stoutly, "that they will not catch me. A thick wood infringes on the path a quarter of a mile away. If I once reach that, and I think I can, for these men are dog-weary and I shall have a start of them, I'll wager that I am not ta'en. For I could traverse every inch of that wood in the darkest night."

The rebel was exceedingly loth to let me do this. But the more I pondered the idea, the more I became enamoured of it; small the danger, the exertion not excessive, the prospect of success considerable, the promise of diversion great. There was all to win and nought to lose, I told him. Besides, in the end I did not condescend to argue, but simply set my foot down and led him to understand that when Bab Gossiter had made her mind up no mortal man could say her nay.

Therefore he submitted, with a degree of reluctancy of course; yet none the less did he obey me to the letter. First we peered down through the trap to see what our enemies were at. They were succouring their horses. This being a three-stall stable only, three of their steeds had to be elsewhere furnished. The corporal, John Pensioner, and another soldier had led their animals into the one we occupied, while the others had taken theirs to the one adjoining. Choosing a moment when all the men were in the stables, the prisoner dropped a truss of straw down gently ten feet to the stones. Then we listened painfully to learn if this movement had been discerned by those within. Seemingly they were all unconscious of it, for they went on uninterruptedly in the bedding of their horses. Therefore, the moment was still propitious, and I ventured my descent. Quickly I stepped to the edge of the loft, got through the wide bars that enclosed the provender, dropped upon my knees, tightly grasped my companion's outstretched hands, swayed an instant above the space that intervened between me and the straw, was lowered several inches nearer to the ground by virtue of the rebel's offices, then renounced my grasp of him and leapt lightly on to the cushion that awaited me beneath. The shock of the fall was of the slightest, and left me ready for an immediate flight. This was truly fortunate, as it was evident that my descent had been duly noted by the corporal and his men. Hearing a commotion in the stable and various astonished cries, I began to run at once, and was, perhaps, the best part of a hundred yards away ere they came fuming and shouting from the stables and were at last alive to my retreat.

"The horses, men! The horses!" bawled the corporal, never doubting that it was the prisoner in full flight.

To lead forth their weary beasts, to saddle them, and to coax them to pursuit meant such a loss of time that I was far out in the middle of the park ere they had started on their way. I headed straight for the gaunt, shadowy line of woods that looked the veritable haunts of ghosts and the supernatural with their deep, dark masses of tree and foliage bathed in the eerieness of snow and moonlight. It always was my pride that, though a woman of the mode, I could, when in the country,

run both easily and lightly, being blessed with the nimblest feet and a stride which, if not an athlete's, had at least a spring and quickness in it not to be despised.

Further, it was easy running across the soft, thin carpet of the snow, while the flakes had ceased to fall, and the bitter wind was dead. I was soon aware, however, that it was to be the sternest race. Once mounted and away, the hunters decreased the wide distance that was between us mighty soon. And presently I knew that my long start would prove not a yard too much to enable me to reach the woods. In a little while, being in no state for such violent and prolonged exertion, my chest became restricted and my breath grew dreadfully distressed. And every minute my pursuers drew more near. Therefore, despite my discomforts, I set my teeth and trotted on as determinedly as ever; and I would have you to believe that I felt a fierce delight in doing so, for after long months of a suppressed and artificial course of life, this strange race in the snow seemed a return to very nature. Sure, this tense, exhilarating agony of hope and fear and hot breathing energy were worth a hundred triumphs in the drawing-room!

Yard by yard the horses ran me down. But I had fixed my eyes upon those weird trees ahead that assumed shapes more palpable and familiar as I ran; and though I could hear the perpetual shoutings and hoof-thuds of my enemies, I never once looked back, but trotted valiantly on with a mind for nothing but the woods. There was no time then to enjoy the quaintness of the matter, or to laugh at my ridiculous employ. However, that lack hath been made up later. Soon I was so near the trees that I could plainly see the ditch I had to cross, and the very gap the hither side it in the fence that I proposed to scramble through. The proximity of safety lent me strength, and for a few yards my failing pace was perceptibly improved.

Here I had a horrid fright. My feet were almost on those dim, mysterious woods, the snow upon them pure, the moon upon them eerie, and such a mighty silence in the trees that if a squirrel cracked a beech-twig the report of it rang among them like a gun, when a pistol barked out loud and brutally, and a bullet whistled by my ear and pattered ominously in the ditch. 'Twas a very cruel, peremptory means, I thought, and my heart stood still with terror. Not my feet, forsooth, for fear was a sharp spur to their flagging ardour. I durst not look behind, but the shot informed me that, despite the perilous nearness of my pursuers, they saw that I must be the first within the wood, where horses could not follow, and among that continent of branch and herbage they knew that their search must prove most difficult. Evidently they meant to stay my entrance, cost what it may.

Another shot yelped out at me, another, and then another. One touched my hat, I think, but that was all. Verily the Devil was wonderfully kind this morning.

And, strange as you may think it, I felt pretty callous to these bullets. Nay, I was not afraid of anything. My spirit had thrown for once the fetters of convention off. It was itself for one brief hour. It was part of the earth and the trees, the snow and the moonlight; free as air and primitive as nature. 'Twas running unimpeded under God's moon, without any of our eighteenth-century fopperies of brocades and powders upon it.

I scrambled through the ditch and out again, brushed through the hedge-gap at the cost of cloak rents and a briar in my hand, and found myself within the thicket. I plunged into the deepest I could find, but as I did so a new volley rattled above my head among the trees, and the splinters from a shattered bough missed my face by inches and fell across the path. Knowing the ground so thoroughly I could take a great advantage of it, and sure every bit of it was needed, for the soldiers were desperately close. There was so thick a roof of branches to this wood that the moon could hardly penetrate, and not the snow at all. Thus the question of footprints had not to be encountered, and the deep gloom that slumbered everywhere also lent me aid. Once under the protection of the trees I checked my pace, for in this sanctuary it would be easy to dodge a whole battalion.

(To be continued.)

"ALL Balzac's characters," says Baudelaire, "are gifted with the same ardour of life that animates himself. All his fictions are as deeply coloured as dreams. Each mind is a weapon loaded to the muzzle with will. The very scullions have genius." It would seem, indeed, that certain qualities predominate in all the characters created by one author. The men and women of George Meredith are all brilliant and obscure, wise and cryptic as himself. Did he write of finger-posts, the directions on them would be unintelligible epigrams. The heroes of Mr. Henry James are all—including the valets and even the ghosts—perfect gentlemen to their polished finger-tips. His heroines are sensitive plants, universally filled with subtle scruples, strange intuitions, curious and deep delicacies and refinements, all of which lead up to some renunciation, some exquisite piece of sacrifice, at all events to *not* doing something or other that the reader wants them to do. One believes far more in the genuineness of their feelings than in the sincerity of the characters of M. Paul Bourget, who resemble one another also in their soul-struggles, and have their cases of conscience and ethical scruples too—though these seem to lead them in the opposite direction to that of sacrifice. There is in them all, besides, a certain strain of romantic snobbishness — a tendency on the part of the rather fatuous Parisian dandies to wash their linen in London (and as publicly as possible), and on that of his tortuous, Worth-dressed duchesses to suffer horrible agonies of literary remorse in their boudoirs of faded old brocade—remorse not, indeed, entirely unmerited, after their surprising "psychological" difficulties in elegant *rez-de-chaussées* and "goings-on" on board charming yachts belonging to millionaire Americans, who all "move," of course, in the highest possible "circles."

Yes, our dear M. Bourget is just a little the literary parvenu; he is impressed by the long pedigrees and titles he himself invents, he has a certain solemn respect for luxury, and cannot take even silver hair-brushes, or marble baths, or the *Almanach de Gotha* as a matter of course. How different from Lord Beaconsfield, or, indeed, Ouida, who also revelled in purple formerly—I think she does still, though she is a little less gorgeous and more moderate! But neither of these ever gave the impression of being dazzled by it. It would take more than a little silver and marble to astonish *them!* Taking M. Bourget's novels as a whole, one realises that just as in Kensington at one time "all roads led to Earl's Court," so in his delightful romances all roads seem to lead to a breakage, more or less technical, of his favourite Commandment — the one, at least, that I may be permitted to say he has made peculiarly his own.

To turn to a very different writer, are not all Mr. Kipling's heroes exactly alike essentially—all manly, spirited, patriotic, brusque? Even the villains are good chaps, and there is not one without the proverbial "soft spot" in his heart; besides, it's all the fault of those "Up Above" — which is not profane, but merely an allusion to the Viceregal Court. They are a little narrow in their views perhaps, a little slangy, and, of course, lacking in manner as their author is lacking in style. But they were created by genius, and will not die.

What of Mr. George Moore? I think his characters have less in common with one another than is usually the case. Evelyn Innes bears absolutely no resemblance—not even an *air de famille*—to Esther Waters, and had their circumstances been exchanged, they would have behaved entirely differently. Owen in *Evelyn Innes* and the hero in *The Mummer's Wife* are as far as the poles asunder. *Evelyn Innes* (which I regard as the great literary event of last year) is as much in advance of the other works as though it had been written by another author—say a disciple or pupil of the earlier George Moore—superior to his model,

as pupils often are superior to their masters. It will take years for *Evelyn Innes* to be appreciated at its real value. The character of the heroine is an extraordinary study of a dual temperament, always in extremes. I do not think Evelyn Innes ever really *loved* anyone except her father. She had a grateful admiring affection for Owen, who represented for her, besides freedom, fame, and luxury, that tender devotion that is the secret ideal of the hearts of all women. But she grew tired of that very devotion, and his artistic amateur's attitude towards life palled on her and wearied her, as any attitude to life would in time have done. For Ulick, the young poet, she had the wildest fancy, but that was less real even than the feeling for Owen, and in the scenes at Dulwich with her father—a most exquisite and most difficult subject, the return of the daughter as a great opera singer to her little suburban home—one sees the depth of her real love. Then she turns with a rebound to religion. *Sister Theresa*, the new book on which Mr. Moore is now engaged, is the history of Evelyn Innes after she becomes a nun. One looks forward to reading it as to hearing news of a dear friend who has adopted a new life. Will she be happy? Will she ever wish to return to the triumphs and excitements of the stage? She has all the fascination of a mystery, and the interest of a note of interrogation.

On the whole, I think the winter has been fertile in readable and pleasant books. A new one has lately been published that will make, and deserves to make, a sensation: *Idols*, by William J. Locke (John Lane, the Bodley Head, Vigo Street). This is a powerful story. Herbert is devoted to his friend Gordon, and has saved his life. He is equally and respectfully devoted to Gordon's wife, Irene, and all three are excellent and true friends. Then Herbert meets Minna, a handsome and fascinating girl of the Hebrew race. She wishes to marry him and almost proposes to him. He is somewhat carried away, and, for the time, in love with her. But she has a father with hundreds of millions a year, who will not leave her anything if she marries a man of a different religion. As she is impulsive and unscrupulous, with a charming mixture of childish self-indulgence and sordid speculation, she marries him in secret and makes him "promise faithfully" never to tell unless her father would consent. This he will never do. Now comes a difficulty. Herbert is falsely accused of murder (never mind how—I refer you to the book), and, in order to prove an alibi, would have to break his promise to Minna, confess his marriage, and show that he was at the time with her alone at Brighton. He knows Minna, who is now tired of him, would prefer risking his life to her fortune, so he says nothing. At the last moment in court, Gordon and Irene being there, when Herbert is evidently about to be convicted and condemned, Irene suddenly stands up and makes a false confession, saying, in order to save his life, that he was with *her* at the time. She gets him off, but the result is disastrous to her and to her future. Again I must refer you to the volume itself for the *dénouement*. It is powerfully told, and all the people are quite real, spite of the melodramatic thread of plot. It is a book to be read and enjoyed.

Another clever novel is *A Guardian of the Poor*, by T. Baron Russel (also published by John Lane, Vigo Street). This deals with the cruelty and sufferings inflicted on shop-girls, with the far-reaching evil that a selfish and brutal proprietor can do. It is particularly well told and without exaggeration. The marriage of Edith and her admirer, founded as it is on an error, and a very important one, may yet, one feels, turn out well and be happy. For they are suited to one another in nature and in education, except that he has more of a sort of superficial culture that impresses her and delights him to be able to show.

There have been more good children's books of late than for many seasons past, but I feel rather inclined to agree with Mr. Max Beerbohm, who says that most of them would make charming presents for adults. I think he is right, too, in his opinion that children like a moral in their tales, that irresponsible fantasy does not delight them. The old stories went perhaps too far. Do you remember when even Paul Dombey declines to believe that a little boy was "gored to death by a mad bull" for "telling a story"? "How," says the young sceptic, "could anyone go and whisper secrets to a mad bull? I don't believe it." Children may think this too severe a punishment, though there is a certain delight, too, in the idea of Foolish Harriet and other ancient child heroines being burnt to death for disobedience, or even (a favourite punishment) catching small-pox, from vanity. There is no doubt they enjoy a little retribution in their literature. Children have a strong sense of justice, and there are few that do not prefer to read of "naughty" children rather than "good" ones. *The New Noah's Ark* (also published by John Lane) is a charming book of nonsense of a school now becoming familiar—chiefly the natural history of real and imaginary beasts. The rhymes in this volume are not very good; but the pictures are exactly what they should be, and will make it popular.

I wish I had space to speak of a deliciously humorous volume, *Dan Leno—His Book* (published by Greening and Co., 20, Cecil Court). Here is a quotation from *his* "literary chat": "I am never tired of reading *Paradise Lost*. Perhaps that's because I never start on it; but I really must say I think it is one of Dickens' failures For a purely lyric poet like him to set out to write a twelve-act comedy of manners was rash and ill-considered. He should have stuck to conundrums, like his friend Pope."

SPHINX.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

THE WORLD'S SPORT.

CURIOUS CHARACTERISTICS OF BRITISH GAME BIRDS.

By H. A. BRYDEN.

THE partridge is a singular combination of nervousness and courage. Its natural fear of mankind and its incessant dread of the assaults of such bloodthirsty enemies as stoats, weasels, foxes, and hawks, are, of course, well known. Yet few creatures are more truly courageous. During the pairing season the male partridge is one of the most pugnacious and determined of all birds, and the courage and devotion shown by both the parent birds in defence of their young is, in its way, almost unequalled. In the days when kites were still plentiful in Britain, Markwick, a reliable observer, has placed it upon record that he has seen the old birds fly up at this most formidable bird of prey, "screaming and fighting with all their might" in order to preserve their brood from its assault. A hen partridge will stand up boldly in defence of her nestlings, even against so bloodstained and terrifying a marauder as the weasel or stoat. In passive defence of her young she is equally brave, and will suffer herself to be carried from her nest sooner than desert her eggs or nestlings. Mr. Macpherson, in his monograph on this bird, mentions the case of a sitting hen partridge which allowed a schoolgirl to pick her from her nest and carry her home in her apron, a distance of a mile. Happily the order was at once given to replace her, and the brave mother not only quietly resumed her seat on the nest, but in due time hatched out a covey of partridges. When the young are hatched the old birds are equally courageous, and will practise curious shifts and strategems to save their fledglings. A partridge has been seen to feign itself wounded, and run tumbling and apparently maimed just in front of the nose of a pointer which had come suddenly upon its brood, and this stratagem was not once but twice enacted.

One of the most singular features in connection with partridge life is the fact that during the nesting season the hen bird loses for the time, or has the power of suppressing, the strong scent which characterises her race. And it would seem that the nearer a bird nests to a path or building, the greater is this power of suppression. This curious fact, it is to be noted, is common to grouse and other game birds also during the nesting period.

Few birds make tamer or more interesting pets than the partridge. Years ago a Sussex lady had a tame partridge, which she kept about her for many seasons. It came into her possession as a tiny chick, and displayed extraordinary affection and intelligence. It had the run of the house, but its favourite abiding place was the dining-room, where, perched on the back of its mistress's chair, it was in her presence thoroughly happy. In the absence of this lady, it showed undoubted marks of grief and concern. At bedtime it invariably accompanied its mistress upstairs and took up its position near the head of her bed. Other instances of the successful taming of young partridges are

well authenticated. It is a fact worth knowing that tame partridges kept about a place in the country are useful in attracting a stock of wild birds near home. The late Mr. Francis Francis, the well-known angler and sportsman, fully established this circumstance at his place in South Bucks.

Touching the handsome horse-shoe marking which is so often found to adorn the breast of our English birds, it is to be remembered that it is either entirely absent or very imperfectly developed in the full-grown female. It distinguishes the adult male, but not the immature male bird; while it is, curiously enough, to be found on the breast of the young female.

Why does the partridge tower? That is a question once hotly debated, but now set completely at rest. A towering bird has been so hit that it suffers from an escape of blood into the lungs or windpipe. It chokes, and in its piteous desire for air flies upward and upward until it can fly no higher. Then it falls, rocket-like, to earth, and is found stone dead, usually on its back.

An abnormally dry season (preceded by a good nesting time), such as those of 1893 and 1897, suits partridges better than any other. There probably never were more partridges in Britain than during the shooting season of the latter year. Gilbert White long ago pointed out how these birds favour a parching year. "In the dry summers of 1740 and 1741," he says, "and for some years after, they swarmed to such a degree that parties of unreasonable sportsmen killed twenty, and sometimes thirty, brace in a day." What, I wonder, would our modern gunners say of such prodigious bags? And what would Gilbert White have thought of the makers of a bag of 1458 partridges in a single day of Hampshire shooting, a record made in 1897 at the Grange, Lord Ashburton's place in that county? It is enough to make the old parson-naturalist shift uneasily in his quiet grave!

It has long been a pleasant and a comfortable belief among lovers of the pheasant that our old English bird, known to our ancestors certainly as far back as Saxon times, came originally from the Phasis, a river of Asia Minor, flowing into the Black Sea, and was imported into Britain by the Romans during their occupation. That is a picturesque belief, which it seems cruel indeed to shatter. Yet the recent researches of palæontologists seem clearly to point to the fact that this splendid bird was not improbably a denizen of Britain long before the Roman conquest. The pheasant, with its magnificent plumage and colouring, seems at first sight far more likely to be an importation from the gorgeous East than an indigenous dweller beneath the dull skies of Albion; and yet recent discoveries of fossil remains of pheasants in western France seem to indicate clearly enough that these birds had always a much wider range westward and northward than has been hitherto supposed. The old English pheasant (*Phasianus colchichus*) is identical in every particular with the bird known to the Romans and Greeks, and procured by them from the banks of that river of Asia Minor (the Phasis of the Ancients, the Rion of modern maps), from which the bird has acquired its European name. The pheasant is still abundant in the wild state among the forests, reeds, and thickets fringing the Black Sea and in other parts of South-Eastern Europe. In this country it retained its purity of descent uncontaminated for many hundreds of years, until, in fact, towards the end of the last century, when the ring-necked, or Chinese, pheasant was introduced. Nothing is more remarkable in the annals of game-bird life than the rapidity with which the ring-necked pheasant has spread itself abroad and imprinted its characteristics on the old English strain. So much is this the case that it is now rare to see a cock pheasant in this country without strong traces of the white neck-ring characteristic of the Chinese bird. It would, indeed, be a somewhat hard matter to find in any corner of these islands a real old English pheasant, uncontaminated by a trace of the Chinese strain. Other breeds are also being constantly introduced, and a glance at a poulterer's

PARTRIDGES.—By Archibald Thorburn.

shop during the winter months will often convince the spectator interested in bird life that some of the paler pheasants before him are neither *Phasianus colchichus* nor its ring-necked ally, nor a cross between the two, but a fresh blend of these and others of the numerous pheasant family. Happily, the old English breed is being again strengthened here and there by importations of the same blood (*P. colchichus*) from Eastern Europe and the Black Sea shores, and the rich, dark breed of Old England is not likely to be entirely suppressed or supplanted.

In spite of the coddling with which the modern pheasant is so unduly surrounded, its natural instincts of wildness and suspicion are so deeply implanted that a few days of roaming in woodland and covert suffice to render the hen-reared bird almost as truly feral as its wild-bred congeners. A curious instance of the strange nervousness of the pheasant happened many years ago (1850) in the south of England. When the terrible gunpowder explosion in March of that year occurred at Messrs. Curtis and Harvey's mills at Hounslow, the dull shock and concussion were felt perceptibly in West Sussex, more than fifty miles away. And it was remarked by Mr. A. E. Knox, the naturalist, and by a number of labourers engaged at work among some coverts in that part of the county, that a loud and alarmed crowing proceeded from the pheasants in all parts of the wood for many minutes after the explosion.

The cock pheasant has been described by an old writer as "bold, voracious, and cruel," and one of these birds has been known to seize a tame canary, which had escaped from its cage, and after rending it with its strong bill, to devour it. These birds are certainly not so particular in the choice of their food as might be expected. They have been witnessed feeding on a dead carcase in the evil company of crows, and there is a curious and persistent legend among country folk that they will greedily devour toads and yet will not touch a frog. That they assist farmers materially by eating vast quantities of *grubs and insects* inimical to agriculture, is quite certain. Mr. Tegetmeier, a well-known authority on these birds, has stated that in the crop of a single pheasant no less than 726 wire-worms were discovered, while the crop of another contained 440 grubs of the crane-fly. On the other hand, pheasants certainly devour at times large quantities of grain. It is upon record that no less than 1606 grains of barley were taken from the crop of one of these birds at Bury, in Suffolk, in the year 1727. The increase of pheasants in these islands during the present century has been enormous. Fourteen years ago it was computed that 335,000 were slain during a single shooting season. That estimate was believed at the time to be below the mark. At the present day it is probable that about 500,000 of these birds are shot each year in the United Kingdom.

The red grouse, inhabiting as it does some of the wildest and most romantic scenery in these islands, is, as a sporting bird, probably productive of more real pleasure to the gunner than any other of our game birds. It is, unlike some others of its family, monogamous, and has further the peculiar distinction of being found in no other part of the world than Great Britain and Ireland. Grouse are, as befit their Highland breeding, desperate fighters during the pairing season. So furiously do they wage their contests for the possession of the hens that severe injuries are often received, and the birds are maimed and even blinded from the effects of these assaults.

The grouse is, like most of the game birds, a most devoted mother, and in protection of her young will brave the assaults of what to her must be appalling foes. A cock grouse has been seen to keep at bay a sparrow-hawk, which was attempting to seize one of the nestlings. While the hen gathered her chicks under her, the cock dodged backwards and forwards, and exposed his breast whenever the hawk attempted to make its strike. "This," says Mr. J. G. Millais, to whom the incident was narrated by a keeper in Strath Beauly, "lasted for some five minutes, till the hawk became disgusted

GROUSE.—By Archibald Thorburn.

and beat a retreat without having effected her purpose."

Red grouse, if taken young, make excellent pets, and are extraordinarily fearless. A tame cock grouse at Lord Tweedmouth's place, Guisachan, in Ross-shire, made great friends with one of the dogs, and used frequently to ride on its back. He was once taken to Oxfordshire, but seemed while there to be depressed and out of spirits, so much so that he was never heard to crow. Sent back to Scotland again, and enlarged from his box at his native home in the Highlands, he instantly ran up a grassy hillock and crowed loudly. This bird once furiously attacked a pointer, which had the temerity, while ranging, to approach him too closely upon the hillside.

In many parts of Scotland and almost everywhere in the north of England grouse now lie far less well to the guns than was formerly the case. Whether this is the result of much driving or of some other cause is hardly yet decided; probably the great increase of shooting and the effects of driving have much to do with the matter. In the west of Ireland grouse lie absurdly close, quite as much so as many of the francolins in Africa. In the mountains of Mayo and Galway the writer has found them exceptionally close-lying, and, right on to the New Year, they afford there excellent shooting over dogs.

Black game, or black grouse, are, it is to be feared, a vanishing race in these islands. In most parts of England, where they once abounded, their haunts know them no more. These birds are peculiarly dependent for their food-supply upon plants and wild fruits, which thrive only in wild, waste, and boggy country. The constant increase of cultivation is, therefore, almost solely answerable for the steady disappearance of this most handsome game bird from localities where it had existed for untold centuries. The blackcock, curiously enough, never seems to have been found in Ireland, and attempts to acclimatise the race there have failed. Even in Scotland, these birds are steadily disappearing, and upon estates where, forty or fifty years ago, a hundred brace were secured in a day's shooting, fifteen brace would now be considered a good bag. There is one peculiarity about blackgame which is not generally known. When fairly under way, these birds have a strong, easy, and rapid flight, but they will never, if they can help it, fly down wind, a direction which their cousins, the red grouse, usually prefer. Often, sooner than endure the discomfort of having their handsome tails blown about by a strong breeze, they will choose to face the gunners and submit to their fate, or will remain upon a wall or tree sooner than go off down wind.

Capercailzie, the most gigantic of all our game birds, were, until past the middle of the last century, indigenous in the north of Scotland. Common as they are in the pine-forests of North and Central Europe, they were probably never very abundant in these islands. By the year 1760, when the last indigenous specimen is stated to have been seen in the woods of Strathglass, they had become almost extinct in Scotland, and they were not again heard of until reintroduced by the Marquis of Breadalbane, at Taymouth, in Perthshire, in 1836. They have spread considerably since that period, and have been reintroduced in other localities, and in several parts of Scotland are now fairly abundant. In 1888 one was killed as far south as Lord Rosebery's place at Dalmeny, near Edinburgh. Capercailzie driving is first-rate sport; the great birds come down wind at astounding speed, and take a good deal of stopping even by expert gunners who know their habits and flight. In spring the male bird displays himself to the hens very much as does the blackcock; his cry at this season has been compared to the noise of the whetting of a scythe. When perched upon a branch, thus uttering his amorous call, the bird seems quite oblivious of what is passing around him, and is often stalked and shot by the gunners of North Europe.

The capercailzie is nothing like so good a table bird as the grouse and blackcock; its habit of feeding upon the young shoots of pine and larch imparts a bitter flavour to its flesh, which is by no means palatable.

PTARMIGAN. By Archibald Thorburn.

During late summer and autumn, however, when the birds feed much upon the berries and wild fruits of the forest, the flesh is much more palatable, and a young capercailzie is then really good eating. As a rule, these birds roost in trees, but when moulting, they are compelled, ignominiously enough, from lack of flying power, to take refuge on the ground. In Austria, capercailzie are shot only in the spring, and then the cocks alone are slain. They are very abundant in the forests there, as may be gathered from the fact that in April of 1892 not less than 5143 capercailzie cocks were shot in that country alone, without reckoning Hungary. The gigantic "Cock of the Wood," as it is sometimes called, attains to the size of a turkey, and is certainly one of the noblest and handsomest birds of the forests of the north of Europe.

Ptarmigan, or white grouse, true lovers of the mist-enshrouded hillsides and snowy mountain-tops, are seldom met with at a lower elevation than 1500 ft. The colouring of the plumage, which varies from pale brown and white in summer to pure snow-white in winter, is singularly protective, and the bird is, upon its own ground, most difficult to pick out. In fact, the scheme of plumage-colour, varying as it does from month to month with the changing effects of the mountain-side, and affording a marvellous protective resemblance, is one of the most remarkable and beautiful things in nature. Ptarmigan are, like the red grouse, monogamous. They assemble in considerable packs or coveys, and in fine weather are the easiest of all game birds to approach, the gunner often being astonished to find himself within a few yards of the very birds he is in search of. From the nature of the high ground they frequent and the hard climbing involved, ptarmigan are not, however, very popular game with any but the most active and vigorous pedestrians. These birds were formerly found in Wales and Cumberland, but have been for some time extinct there. Twenty brace of ptarmigan may be reckoned a good day's bag in the British Isles, but if the gunner should happen to be on the Lofoten Islands in a severe winter, when the ptarmigan (fjeldrypa) migrate in immense numbers from the mainland of Norway, he may have the chance of amassing a huge bag.

Quail visit Britain in far smaller migrations than of old, although in exceptionally dry seasons fair numbers of these charming little game birds still wing their flight to these shores. In 1893, after a particularly droughty summer, they were shot in nearly every county in England. The fact remains, however, that their appearance is far less common than it used to be. Quail are not fond of high cultivation, and the inevitable changes in agriculture have, no doubt, had something to do with their scarcity. But the capture of immense quantities of these birds during the migratory periods of spring and autumn in the south of Europe has had probably a good deal to do with the gradual lessening of their numbers. For ages the island of Capri has been famous for the enormous numbers of quail caught there. The principal revenues of the bishop and some of the convents largely depended, and, I believe, still depend, upon the capture of these birds, which are sent thence to Naples. The birds are taken in nets set upon high poles. A good season lasts about three weeks, and sixty or eighty years ago as many as 150,000 were taken at Capri in a good season. At the present time from 40,000 to 60,000 is considered an average catch, so that it is clear that the supply is gradually but very perceptibly falling off. During the spring migration the little creatures are thin and in poor condition. In the autumn passage, however, after the high feeding of Europe, they are plump and delicious eating, as experienced gourmets well know. Quail are the most pugnacious little creatures imaginable. They were used by the Greeks and Romans, and are still used by the Chinese and Italians, as we English formerly employed fighting cocks, and desperate battles are waged over a few grains of seed thrown between the little game birds.

It has been well said that "Here to-day, gone to-morrow" may fairly be called

WOODCOCK.—By Archibald Thorburn.

the motto of the delicious woodcock. A certain number of cock, it is true, breed in the British islands, but the vast majority of the birds found within our borders are shifty migrants, of whose presence you can never be secure. To-day they may be seen in numbers in a favourite covert, yet to-morrow not a cock may be found within a score of miles. If you know that woodcock are about, lose not an hour if you are wise, but take your gun and go in search of them. They are, in truth, the most evanescent of birds. They arrive upon our coasts often so lean and storm-tossed that they lie utterly exhausted for some hours, scarcely able to move. They have been known to drop in considerable numbers in the churchyard—nay, in the very streets of Rye, in Sussex. A pair took refuge, in 1799, during a gale of wind, on the *Glory* man-of-war, then cruising in the Channel. They migrate from the North of Europe to Britain, usually towards the end of October, and remain with us until March, when they seek their accustomed breeding grounds in Scandinavia, Russia, and elsewhere. Their southerly migration extends to the Mediterranean and North Africa, while eastward they are to be found as far distant as Japan. The flight of this bird during migration must be enormously swift. A well-fed woodcock seldom weighs much more than twelve ounces; yet, in the year 1796, the keeper of the lighthouse upon the Hill of Howth, in Ireland, found a pane of glass, more than three-eighths of an inch thick, broken by one of these birds, which, attracted by the strong light, had flown against the pane. The unfortunate bird struck with such violence that its bill, head, breast-bone, and both wings were all found to be completely smashed. Woodcock feed almost solely at night, and by consequence lie up closely during the day in those snug harbourages, in warm and sheltered woodlands, to which they are so partial. Their food consists almost entirely of worms, larvæ, small water and mud insects, beetles, and the like. They have inordinate appetites, and with their long bills bore countless holes in search of food in the soft places to which they repair. The digestive process of this bird is extraordinarily rapid. A tame woodcock, which had breakfasted in the morning upon half a flower-pot full of worms, was found the same afternoon with its stomach perfectly empty, while the viscera contained no perceptible trace of its ample breakfast. What would not the confirmed diner-out give for such digestive organs? Only one other bird, the Locust Bird, of South Africa, that I am aware of, equals the woodcock in this respect. The Locust Bird, sometimes called Nordmann's Pratincole, one of the plover family, preys in enormous numbers on the mighty swarms of locusts which devastate South Africa, and is provided by nature with astonishing digestive powers.

The woodcock is a most tender mother, and has the curious habit of carrying its young, one at a time, from its nesting-place to and from some chosen feeding-ground. The baby woodcocks are held suspended between the claws, and pressed closely against the mother bird's breast and stomach.

The West of Ireland, with its soft, moist climate and freedom from frost, is, and has always been, a favourite winter resort of woodcock. Great bags are still frequently made there in good seasons. At Lord Ardilaun's place, Ashford, in County Galway, for instance, as many as 365 of these birds have been secured by six guns in four days' shooting; while 173 cock have fallen to the same number of guns in a single January day. After all, however, these bags, made with the finest of modern breech-loading weapons, are scarcely equal to the score of the Earl of Clermont, in County Cavan, in 1802, with a pair of flint-lock guns. For a wager of 300 guineas that nobleman shot, without difficulty, in the course of the morning, fifty couple of woodcock, and easily won his money. At that time, it is to be remembered, cock were extraordinarily plentiful in Ireland, and were sold for the price of one penny a-piece, plus the expense of powder and shot.

SANTA MARIA.

A STORY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

By ATHOL FORBES.

"AH, Signore," and the old sacrist shook his head in reverential awe, "that is a long story."

I was "doing" one of the churches in Rome, and turned suddenly from some unique specimens of frescoes by Guido Reni to ask the meaning of a vacant niche on the north side of the chapel of Santa Maria. The church was so full of the priceless enrichments of almost every age that I wondered why such a large space as the niche I pointed out should be left blank. Not a sign of mural painting even, and for a statue it was the place in the whole chapel, as a window opposite threw a soft light right on it, which now only revealed the barrenness.

"Why, what can have been the reason for leaving such a place vacant without even an attempt at decoration!" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Ah, Signore, it is a long story. You have heard of Andreas Erizzo?"

"No, never," I replied.

I saw that my guide regarded me with surprise and disapproval, and an expression of pity glimmered in his sleepy dark eyes.

"Ah, Santa Maria! It is sad."

I was uncertain whether this remark was in reference to my ignorance or the story itself; and as the old man seemed inclined to go off into a day-dream I thought I might as well remind him of my presence.

"What is sad?" I asked.

"*Scusáte*, Signore. What was I saying?"

"The story of Andreas Erizzo, I want you to tell me," and I pointed to the vacant niche.

"*Scusáte*, Signore, I was thinking" (I felt strongly inclined to say he was sleeping), "but it will not interest you English Protestant. *Basta!* it will not interest you," he repeated slowly, "and you will not believe it. Why should I tell you? Protestant! *Che peccato!*" and he shrugged his shoulders.

I felt I had the chance of learning something, and fearing that my tone might have struck him as flippant, and that I had thereby offended the sensitive old man, I asked him to supplement this neglected portion of my education with a gravity befitting the difficulty of the situation.

"Well," he answered, "I cannot now tell you; perhaps some other time when you come. I must now say my Mass for the day."

I was more anxious than ever (I am always on the look-out for something of historical or romantic interest), and I was determined to let nothing stand in the way, so I pressed the old priest to name a time and I would come. I saw him give me a searching glance, and I must say, though I am not a religious man, there was a beauty in his face, a calm confidence that was not without its effect even upon my indifference.

"It is impossible for me now to tell you the old tale of Andreas, but as you are anxious, you may come to the sacristy after siesta to-day, and you shall hear."

I thanked him, and assured him of my deep obligation.

"*Va bene! A rivederci!*" he replied, and left me.

I had arranged to meet some friends of mine that afternoon, but business before pleasure, so I wrote and put them off. With my usual obstinacy, I was determined to hear the history of the vacant niche. It always gave a good finish to any holiday of mine when I could reckon up useful material at the end. So when I thought my friend had had fair time for his siesta, I walked up to the church and knocked at the sacristy door.

My summons was answered by a younger priest, to whom I explained the object of my errand. He was very polite, and invited me to enter, but I detected a smile playing over his face when I broached the subject of the niche.

"Ah, yes," he said in excellent English, "the father is a good narrator of the popular legend, but I wonder he mentioned it, as the last of your countrymen who was here offended him deeply by laughing; but" (and he bowed with true Italian grace) "I am detaining you. Follow me, please. You will find Father Clement in the chapel of Santa Maria. He is always there unless he is sleeping or eating," and he conducted me through a corridor to the entrance of the church.

Father Clement saw me, but greeted me with only moderate cordiality.

"You have come, then," he said. "I did not expect you; and now perhaps you will be grievously disappointed, but, at all events, your coming here is a proof of a sincerity which I doubted."

"I am afraid, father, my manner this morning was perhaps not so reverent as it should have been, but I am young and careless. However, there is such a thing as an apology," and I bowed deferentially.

"Unfortunately, apologies explain what they do not alter, but as you have come I will tell you what you ask. Will you please sit down?" and taking a seat opposite to me, he began—

"Many, many years ago, in the seventeenth century, in an age of greater piety than this, when angels did at times condescend to visit us, and even worship in this church, a young babe was one day left at the sacristy. A cavalier, who would take no denial, entered, saying he was off to the wars, and the Church must take the child. If he came back he would pay handsomely, if not—well, the Church must make the best of the bargain. Ah, Signore, they were lawless as well as pious days, and the Church was often at the mercy of her wayward sons, but the good fathers took the child, a laughing, merry lad of about a year in age.

"'Baptize the child and call him Andreas,' and the cavalier galloped off. As he never came back, no doubt he was killed in the wars.

"The boy grew up and soon became a great favourite here. In due course he was made a chorister, and it was the intention of the good fathers to make him a priest, but he was ever in trouble. No sooner was he forgiven than he was in mischief again. But he was clever. All day long he would roam about cutting at everything with his knife. See!" (And he pointed to some grotesque carving on his chair.) "This was his work when a lad. There were many similar chairs, for he carved everything he could lay hands on, but they were taken away one by one. Still, we have pieces of his work here and there, but fragmentary only. One day—a great festal day it was, and a cardinal sang Mass—what does Andreas do but cut a wicked caricature of the good Cardinal on the panel of his Eminence's carriage. They show it now in the library of S. Giovanni in Laterano. The good fathers did not know what to do, but the cardinal laughed. 'Come here, my boy. Why did you do this? Tell me now, truly.'

"'Because I did not wish to be a priest,' answered the graceless youth. One of the fathers explained as far as he was able.

"'The lad shall not be pressed against his will,' said the cardinal.

"'What is it you wish to be, my son?'

"'A sculptor, good cardinal,' he replied.

"'So thou shalt. I will make arrangements for thee to attend the studio of Lorenzo Bernini,' and he drove off.

"The fathers rebuked the lad, but he never slept until the messenger of the

cardinal came to take him away. Still, the old place had a large share in his heart; and often he would come in after years, and tell of all he had done and what he had seen. Yes! he was a winning lad. Soon he gave evidence of marvellous ability, of work which they said did rival even that of his great master. When the great Bernini died, Andreas succeeded him by acclamation. son after all. He was a wonderful sculptor, but above all he excelled in his first art of carving in wood; afterwards, with the aid of colours, he would make it lifelike. One day he came to the sacristy, and said a statue of the Santa Maria would be his gift to the church, and it was to stand in the niche above us.

"Well, as I said, Andreas refused all other work. 'Not until my gift is finished

"The story of Andreas Erizzo, I want you to tell me," and I pointed to the vacant niche.

He was then a tall, handsome youth, who, in spite of all success, still paid his weekly visit to the sacristy. He was feasted and fêted by the nobility and the princes of the Church, and after the death of Bernini each church, as well as every noble of note, competed to have him work for them. But he refused all requests. 'No! no! My first great work,' he said, 'shall be something for my old home.' The people—ah! they were so pleased, and the good fathers, they said he was a true will I do anything else,' was his answer to requests and orders. He shut himself up and laboured incessantly for two months. From morning till night he was in his studio, busy on the statue which was to be placed in position on the Festival of the Assumption. Many of the highest in the Church and among the nobles visited him, and begged to see the result of his genius, but to all he gave the same answer—'On the festal day, and not till then. Have patience with me.'

"Various and many were the conjectures whether the Blessed Virgin would be represented standing or sitting, whether she would bear in her arms the good Jesus. And, my son, as you know, when people begin to guess they soon begin to imagine, and imagination and superstition are closely allied. One is parent to the other. So it was an easy transition from the strange to the marvellous, and from the marvellous to the miraculous. A rumour spread that the Blessed Virgin herself actually assisted in the work by a revelation of herself. Other stories told of people who had seen her approach when the streets were veiled in darkness. Night after night the studio was a blaze of light, and many believed that it was no earthly illumination.

"Again and again cardinals and princes called and begged for a private view of the blessed statue. Wait till Assumption Day,' said Andreas, 'then all shall see.'

"Other stories were circulated. An evil-living woman said she saw the Devil gliding along under the dark shadows of the street adjacent to his studio. Soon others saw him enter the studio. Then a boatman swore that, passing up the river, he saw from his bark Andreas put a hooded figure into a skiff and row up the stream, but the boatman himself was too much afraid to follow. Excitement begets excitement, and the Holy Father was called upon to interfere. Crowds blocked the street to stare at the outside of the studio. Andreas replied to the Holy Father as he had answered others: 'Assumption Day, not before'; and if the mass of people were not cleared from the street and the thoroughfare kept free, he would smash the statue and sink it in the river.

"For a time the people ceased to annoy, but the excitement was even greater. Rich and poor alike made it the one topic of conversation. Work in the city came to a standstill. Demands were made that Andreas should be arrested and burnt, while others maintained that he had sold himself to the Devil, and that he ought to be drowned, for fire would not *hurt* him. Slowly the days crept on to the great Festival of the Assumption." Here my old friend stopped and shivered.

"Signore," he said, "the church gets cold. Come, I will finish in the sacristy." He looked faint and ill, and he gladly accepted my aid to walk along. He had told the story with so much earnestness, accompanied with all the usual Italian gestures, that the dear old man was almost exhausted. The younger man to whom I had spoken on my first arrival at the sacristy quickly procured some wine, which his senior sipped leisurely, while his companion gently remonstrated with him for staying so long in the church. I could see that there was great affection between the two.

"*Pater carissimus!* you must take more wine before you speak again." The old man would have waved it back, but the younger insisted, and then placed a cushion at the back of the chair for him to lean against.

"Where was I? Ah, yes, the great Festival of the Assumption came round and the excitement was intense; but on the eve the impatience of the people could be kept under restraint no longer, but burst forth, and a vast mob went in a body to the studio and demanded the statue. For a long time Andreas heeded them not, but the crowd grew and grew and the reports concerning the artist were repeated, with fresh additions. Soon the mob was reinforced by some of the Holy Father's guards, who hammered on the door and swore they would break it in unless he acceded to their demands.

"Andreas appeared, and in great anger reminded them of his promise, and begged a few more hours so that he might execute the last touches. They replied that he could do that in the church. The dense mass swayed like an angry sea. 'Very well, then,' said Andreas, 'you shall have your way, but it shall not be uncovered in the street.' That he made them promise. He called for the clergy of the church to which the statue was going, and the good fathers came forward, for they also were in the crowd—and so, surrounded with torches, and preceded by crosses and banners, amidst the solemn chanting of

When the people entered, one loud burst of admiration was succeeded by a deep reverential awe.

a litany, the Santa Maria was slowly drawn to her destination, closely covered up, with Andreas steadying it on the carriage.

"Then comes a wonderful part. When the *cortège* arrived, Andreas said he alone should place her in the niche, and the dense crowd was locked out, but only for a short space of time. How he got the statue up by his own unaided efforts no one knows; it is a mystery. But when the people entered, one loud burst of admiration was succeeded by a deep reverential hush, and simultaneously the people sank on their knees. Yes, the Holy Virgin had indeed descended to sit in person for the work, and who would deny the miracle? 'What life! What celestial beauty!' the priests whispered as they gazed awe-stricken at the work of their young friend. 'See, see, it moves!' cried the crowd, and the fact was attested by the many hundreds in the church.

"Then Andreas shouted aloud: 'All must now depart, for the work must be finished for the Blessed Festival.'

"Silently and awe-stricken, the vast mass withdrew; for such had been the delight of the people that they became as children, and Andreas could do what he liked with them. His wonderful genius had mastered them. It was indeed a triumph for the lad in the church which had been his home for so many years. The priests crowded round him with congratulations.

"'Go quickly,' he replied. 'I must finish before the morning,' and reluctantly they withdrew, with many a glance at his Santa Maria."

"Take some more wine, father," said the young priest. "You are exhausting yourself." Father Clement took a few sips, and there was a tenderness in his eyes which spoke of a deep affection for his brother cleric as he handed him back the cup, and who smiled in reply.

"My story is nearly finished. I wish I did not get so excited, but I cannot help it. I seem to have seen the whole scene. It is so real to me.

"Well, next morning, at a very early hour, before the good fathers were astir, they were wakened by the cries of the *people* eager for admission, but when they entered the church for the first Mass, and with bated breath approached the chapel to look at the statue, they were dumb with amazement, for the Santa Maria was gone and the niche was vacant; and while they gazed, an acolyte shouted in terror, 'Andreas!' and pointed to another part of the church. There was the artist lying quite dead, quite cold. Life had been extinct some hours.

"The people were admitted, but it was to poor Andreas' funeral. It was a sad day for the funeral. The people had been wild with joy the night before; now they beat their breasts in their grief. Ah, poor Andreas!"

For a time the old man was quite overcome.

"Poor Andreas!" I repeated softly; "but what did it all mean?"

With an effort he again proceeded—

"Ah! you do not understand. Andreas' heart was broken, for the angels, when they saw this statue perfected, carried it away. You see, it was too perfect to remain among sinful mortals. It was too divine, so they carried it away. Andreas could not live after the loss of his beautiful idol."

"But," I said, "how did he die? What was the cause of his death? Were there no marks? May it not have been," I hesitated to use the word, "suicide?"

Never shall I forget the old man's reproachful look.

"No, my son, as the reward for his work one of the good angels kissed him, and the divine kiss drew forth his expiring spirit.

"We buried him in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin. Did I show you the inscription in the pavement? Ah, well, you can read it for yourself."

The look of reproach gave place to a sweet heavenly smile, as if he had indeed seen the vision of angels himself, as with a murmured blessing and a soft "Dormi bene," he shook my hand and left me to seek his couch. He was followed by his companion, who motioned me to remain.

"A curious story," I remarked by way of opening the conversation as soon as the

young priest entered the room. "Does Father Clement really believe it?"

"Very curious until you hear the explanation; but perhaps you do not care to be disillusioned." I saw he meant to ignore my question.

"There is an explanation, then?" I asked.

"Why, yes," he answered with a smile at my question, "there is a sequel, or, at least, another chapter, which Father Clement omitted, and which throws considerable light on the incident."

"I hope I am not detaining you, but I should like to know the sequel, if I am not keeping you from other more important duties," I said.

"I am indeed pleased to have someone to talk to," he answered, with a sigh as I thought. "Father Clement always retires very early, and I find the evenings long. He is a saint if ever there was one on this earth. He does not know what I am going to tell you. His is the popular story. I came across the other, the sequel as you call it, quite by accident. With so much time on my hands the library here is my favourite haunt, and a few months ago I came across some old manuscripts that had evidently been the private papers of some priest who had gone before us in the work here. We have many such packages. You see, when a priest dies it is very rarely that any relatives come forward, unless he be a cardinal or hold some high office, so his papers are tied up and put away in the lumber-room adjoining the library; and some of them reveal curious things—this bundle, for example."

There was the artist lying quite dead, quite cold.

"I should very much like to spend some time in that lumber-room," I remarked; and my eyes beamed at the very suggestion of it. "I am a fair Latin scholar," I ventured as a hint that an invitation would be acceptable.

"Yes, but these papers are all written in an abbreviated monkish Latin, which varies with each decade. At times I am puzzled. Deciphering them is almost an art by itself; but you are welcome to come and try.

"The story told you by Father Clement

is, I think, accurate enough as regards his early history, but Andreas being a handsome man as well as a genius, half the ladies in Rome were in love with him. His story was a romantic one, and his success so marvellous we cannot wonder. The most beautiful woman in Rome at that time was a daughter, the only child and heiress, of the great Duke Orsini. She was a proud dame, with all the patrician pride of her race, and something more besides, so contemporary history says. In those days, as you are no doubt aware, there was a sovereignty of art, and sculptors and painters were admitted as guests into princely households. If they presumed—well, a thrust with the rapier or the hired dagger of the assassin solved the difficulty. The lions were fêted as long as they were harmless, but death was the cost of any forgetfulness on their part of the deference due to patrician rank.

"Strange to say, the lady, who was cold to everyone else, encouraged Andreas in his expressions of love and devotion. Marriage, of course, was out of the question; indeed, her father, who may perhaps have noticed something, insisted upon her accepting a Neapolitan prince as a suitor for her hand, but Julia, as she was called, and Andreas were not to be baulked. She had revealed to him the real state of her heart, and Andreas formed his plan.

Andreas took an axe and smashed the statue to pieces.

"Every evening she stole out to visit him in his studio. She was, of course, always disguised. You will understand now Father Clement's allusions to the strange visits. No doubt it flattered her ladyship to be beloved by the first genius in Rome. So well was the secret maintained that for two whole months the lovers were able to see each other nearly every night. Where the old priest got his material from I do not know. I am merely telling you as I have read his manuscripts."

"Perhaps he may have been in the secret," I suggested.

"Possibly. Her marriage with the prince was to take place during the week following the Festival of the Assumption," he went on, "and as I have said, so carefully was the lovers' scheme carried out that she was with him on the very eve of the festival itself. Only by the genius of Andreas was the secret preserved then, and the reputation of Julia saved. When the crowd suddenly appeared and demanded the statue, naturally they were taken by surprise, for they had reckoned on the people being kept to their part of the bargain by the authorities. However, such a master mind as that of our artist was not long in finding means to save the fair name of the lady he loved, for had the mob succeeded in entering the studio, had Julia been discovered, she would have been shut up in a convent. While the excited populace surged and shouted outside, Andreas took an axe and smashed the statue to pieces, which he threw out into the river behind his studio. Then Julia took her place on the pedestal; the priests were admitted only when her lover had covered her up, and then she was drawn in procession here. You know the rest. Andreas remained in the church and released her, and died, probably of a broken heart, but he had kept his secret well. No breath of scandal, so far as I can learn from the secular history of the time, was ever heard against the Lady Julia. She married the Neapolitan prince, and became a great benefactress to this church and a liberal friend to the poor. The condition of her benefactions to this church was that the niche should remain unfilled, and that a special Mass should be said each Assumption Day for the repose of the soul of Andreas. This excited no suspicion, it would appear, for the people regarded Andreas as a saint. Ah! Signore, there are some strange stories in some of the old manuscripts here; but that is the history of poor Andreas."

CRANKS IN CROCKERY.

By EDWARD F. SPENCE.

OF the many works of man which to the outsider seem to command prices absurdly disproportionate to their intrinsic merit or absolute value, none is

SALVER BOUGHT FOR SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM FOR £170.

more remarkable than the ware concerning which this article will deal in a very unscientific fashion. Perhaps the prices paid by enthusiasts for postage-stamps, the sums given by bibliomaniacs for rare editions or tall copies, the king's ransom offered now and again for a picture, or the startling figures at which superb pieces of Sèvres or Dresden are sold may seem more amazing than the three thousand pounds, the purchase price of the Henri II. ewer of no less than nine inches in height. Yet it would be possible to show that, either on the ground of absolute rarity or of essential magnificence of beauty, none of these cases of what to the philosopher must seem human folly are so astounding as the collector's mania for the pieces of stone-ware made in Touraine during the sixteenth century.

The collector speaks with bated breath when his subject is the ware of Henri II., of Oiron, or Oyron, or Saint Porchaire—for its names are many, and at a pinch he will fight as to the propriety of each name, and upon the question whether the work is of Italian origin or entirely due to the exquisite province of France concerning which the illustrious Balzac is eloquent. The safest name, no doubt, is "Henri II.," since it avoids any question as to origin from a geographical point of view; yet if modern ideas are correct, a large proportion of the known pieces, and the best of them, belong to the reign of François I., the hero of Pavia, rather than that of his less brilliant son, who fell in the lists by the lance of the Comte de Montmorency. To-day one may assert, without the fear of a *coup de Jarnac* from any student of the history of the duels as well as the pottery of Henri II., the view that the ware in which

CHAFING-DISH BOUGHT AT THE FOUNTAINS SALE FOR £1575

the South Kensington Museum is very rich really should be called St. Porchaire. Oiron had its claims, and the advantage of an interesting little human note; but

BASIN BOUGHT BY THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM FOR £140.

the theory of M. Edmond Bonnaffé in favour of St. Porchaire is now deemed conclusive by most collectors, and the known pieces, less in number than the three-score years and ten allotted by the Psalmist to the life of man, may no longer be ascribed to the labours of Hélène de Hangest, widow of Artus Gouffier. No doubt Hélène, with her potter, François Charpentier, and her librarian, Jean Bernard, did found an atelier at Oiron, in which some interesting work was produced, the decoration of which shows strongly the influence of designs for bookbindings by Grolier and Maioli; but to them may not be ascribed the glory of creating the little pieces of stone-ware for the possession of which collectors struggle almost to the last drop of their gold.

The outsider may ask, What is the appearance of this ware, which, though not embellished by beautiful painting, is sold for many times the value of its weight in the precious metal? Speaking technically, one may say the "body" is of a pure white *terre-de-pipe* so fine in texture that no coating of opaque glaze or enamel was needed, but merely a thin transparent varnish. This fact seems to render improbable the old story that it was a piece of the Henri II. ware which set the famous Bernard Palissy on the search for his enamel, during which he burned up the family chairs and table. Indeed, the popular story about Palissy and his relation to the ware of St. Porchaire seems rather upside down, and it may be suggested that the daring man of science who died as Huguenot in the dungeon of the Bastille was not inspired by the Henri II. ware, but that during the last period of the short-lived factory it was actually copying the Palissy style of decoration in some of its pieces which exhibit badly his jasper colouring and his lizards and frogs. Resuming the description, one may say that the ware was apparently moulded by hand, after which the rough surface was hatched with cross-lines, and a thin outer crust of the same clay was laid over it; then portions of the clay were cut out, and coloured pastes were introduced. It will be seen that this method suggests the *champ-levé* style of enamel. After this the work was tooled till it was smooth, and subsequently baked and varnished.

Of the result it is difficult to give any idea in mere words, for the system of

TAZZA AND COVER BOUGHT BY THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM FOR £450.

decoration, distinctly Renaissance in style, is exceedingly complex, and the pieces are richly decorated with figures, garlands,

A JUG VALUED AT £3990.

and mouldings in high relief. The colours are low in tone. Speaking broadly, one finds, as a rule, tones of yellow ochre, of handsome carnation red and clear brown, in different shades, with touches of yellow and green, while in some pieces of the second period blue appears. The general result, however, in point of view of colour, is very sober, and, as a rule, delightfully harmonious. At present this beautiful interesting ware has in one respect an almost unique position. So far as public record shows, very few pieces, if any, have come into the hands of the American collectors, who have become the terror of the European collectors and joy of the dealers. Moreover, so many pieces are safe in the hands of public institutions—such as our South Kensington and the Louvre—and so many in the collections of the Rothschilds, three or four of whom have been holders for a long time, that very few are likely to tempt buyers to the acts of splendidly extravagant folly which startle the humdrum world that adopts the Peter Bell attitude towards any but the most obviously magnificent of *objets d'art*. For, deeply as one may admire the tender, calm beauty of colour, the skilful, audacious design, and great technical achievement of the little treasures fabricated by the now nameless artists, one cannot pretend that to the ordinary eye it can be expected to appeal with such favour as some of the superbly painted products of the State factory at Sèvres or the Government studios of Dresden.

Those who feel any desire to see more of the ware than is shown by the photographs published with this article, will find a number of excellent specimens in the South Kensington Museum, such as the beautiful candlestick of which we give an Illustration. £750 may seem a high price for so small an object, and yet it may be believed that any dealer would pay the money with enthusiasm for such a superb example. Whilst upon the subject of prices, I may say a word or two concerning the wonderful advance in sums paid

EWER SOLD FOR 505 FRANCS.

for pieces of Henri II. The ewer sold in 1842 for £96 reached £1500 at the Magniac sale. A salt-cellar, which at the Rattier sale only reached £80, was valued by Mr. Chaffers in 1891 at £300, and at the famous Hamilton Palace sale realised £840. It is, perhaps, needless to multiply instances. One may state that Mr. Chaffers in 1891 estimated that the fifty-three pieces then known were of the value of almost thirty thousand pounds. Experience since then has shown that this sum is far below the present value. For instance, one piece valued by him at £1000 has been sold for £3675!

What an amazing fact that the birthplace of these little pieces of coloured clay, worth to-day the best part of a thousand pounds apiece, was for a long time the subject of dispute, and that though they were made in the days of Bluff King Hal, the names of the potters are absolutely buried in oblivion! One remarkable feature about the Henri II. ware is the fact that the specimens are unmarked. One piece, a *plateau*, in the South Kensington Museum, has a mark scratched in the clay under the glaze which looks like a frying-pan with a twisted tail; but the experts differ as to what exact signification should be given to it. No other piece at present known bears any mark at all. The writer, far too poor to be a collector of such ware, uses the term "at present" maliciously: envy, hatred, and uncharitableness, I must say, reluctantly, are qualities noticeable in the bosom of the collector. The one who can only look and long, and never hope to own, chuckles with amusement at the fact that the number of known specimens steadily grows greater. In 1839 only twenty-four pieces were in evidence. In 1891 fifty-three were known, of which twenty-six were in England and the same number in France, while one had its home in the collection of Prince Gallitzin in Russia. Since 1891, if one may accept the authority of Mr. Frederick Lichfield—an authority which few would be rash enough to dispute—a dozen more have come to light. Nevertheless, the price advances. It is conceivable that other pieces will present themselves; there may be families which, all unconscious of their value, treasure for the sake of old association, pieces of faïence which, to the uninitiated, may seem pleasing, but not remarkable. From time to time one of these will come into the market, and the expert may make one of those bargains that form the daydreams of the professional and also the amateur collector. Nevertheless, seeing how short was the life of the factory, how fragile its product, and how little in esteem its ware during quite a long period, it is improbable that the collector has really much to fear. One may ask whether the element of fraud will

CANDLESTICK BOUGHT BY THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM FOR £750.

not enter into the question. Is there any remarkable secret of manufacture that has perished? Palissy, we know, refused to bequeath his secret to posterity, for although a large-minded man, he had a personal vanity which made him hate the idea that anyone should ever be able to imitate his work— the work which had cost him almost his life—a price ridiculous to have paid for the independent rediscovery of an enamel well known to all the potters of Northern Italy at the time when he was using the floor of his cottage to feed the flames of his furnace. Probably, the greatest difficulty that the forger would have to deal with would be that of pedigree. M. Theodore Deck has done some charming work in the way of producing faïence with coloured paste inserted in the body of the ware, and in his valuable book on "La Faïence," published under the patronage of L'Administration des Beaux Arts, he gives an analysis of the body and cover of what he calls the *faïence d'Oiron*,

DRINKING-JUG IN THE COLLECTION OF BARON LIONEL DE ROTHSCHILD.

SALT-CELLAR IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. GEORGE FIELD, SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S FOR £500.

obtained, I believe, from treatment and examination of a broken piece of Henri II. which is in the possession of the Sèvres Museum. Perhaps, while on this point, I should add that chemistry has shown that the composition of what is now truly deemed Oiron faïence is identical with that of the Henri II.

Assuming, however, that the forger can succeed in making pieces absolutely in the style of the Henri II. ware, and if it be possible, it is certain that the cost of the accomplishment will not be very great, could he succeed in selling them? Probably not. An offer of them at a moderate price would cause suspicion in any collector's mind, whilst to demand a big figure would be to cause investigation as to origin, which would bring about disclosure of the fraud. So the collectors may remain happy, confident that for their wares there is a constant growth of the unearned increment, and happy in the fact that the forger is likely to leave alone this beautiful, interesting, if perhaps somewhat overrated, product of the potter.

"OLD VENNY."

By GEORGE GAMBLE.

"SO that 's the famous vase, 'The Pride of Venice'?"

"Yes. Its extreme height is twelve and a quarter inches; its greatest diameter five and a half. By every eminent authority the design is considered capital; the execution perfect. On the one hand, we have the most elegant line and tracery conceivable; on the other, the most glorious colour and blending imaginable. Once the property of a Venetian Doge, it came (some say surreptitiously) into the possession of an English duke. From him it passed (this time by purchase) into the hands of the trustees of the museum. Seventy-five years has it stood beneath its shade upon that pedestal—the wonder and desire of all its beholders."

Thousands and thousands of times "Old Venny" was asked the above question; thousands and thousands of times "Old Venny" returned the above answer. This informing speech, which he had culled from the catalogue, he delivered ever with the same sly lowering of his voice at the method of acquirement pursued by the duke, and ever with the same bold raising of it at that pursued by the trustees. But though somewhat of a humorist, "Old Venny," in two senses, always kept his place. Every working day for over thirty years—since when a mere lad of forty he had joined the staff of the museum—he had held good and faithful guard over its priceless treasures of china and stone and glass. Every working day for over thirty years he had tended the irreplaceable glories entrusted to his charge, and answered all questions concerning them sedulously and without demur.

He was not known by his real name; his real name was—well, people had forgotten it, and now called him "Venny," "Old Venny": a label fastened upon him because of his inseparable associations with "The Pride of Venice."

His life was easy and methodical. Each morning he attended the museum punctually (even though he did keep time by his own old-fashioned repeater), exchanged the same salutations as on the preceding morning, and carefully made ready to perform the day's duties. Taking off his private hat and coat, he would put on his semi-uniform. Then, having removed with a silk handkerchief all dust—real and imaginary—left by the cleaner on the shelves and cases, he would leisurely peruse the morning paper; always searching out articles and comments on relics, antiquities, curios, and, foremost, Venetian glass-ware. At one o'clock he partook of a small-salary dinner; afterwards, seated on his officially hard chair by the door, though he never slept, he would lower his eyelids for several minutes. At closing time he resumed his private attire and walked, for the sake of his health and purse, two miles and a quarter homewards.

When visitors were scarce, and he wished to divert himself, he would count and recount his possessions. For so he had come to think them. Their designers and makers long since had passed away; their buyers and donors mostly had followed. But for him—who had grown old watching them—these things of beauty would be scattered and destroyed. Surely they were his! . . . Certainly he enjoyed them as if they were. The great jars by the door he admired; the cases of

and mosaics to right and left he esteemed; the dainty figures at the end he liked. But he loved "The Pride of Venice." He knew all its history and all its legends; he knew its every curve, its every colour. The beauteous glory of it was the light of his life.

Of course these thoughts and feelings were the products of many years. In his middle age he had had different things to occupy his mind: the long and painful illness of his beloved wife, the wild and thoughtless doings of his only son, and other commonplaces of existence. But as the years had rolled away, and his wife had been laid to rest and his son had been lost at sea, he had had, except himself, nobody to trouble about—unless it were that invalid niece whom he helped. And so he had lapsed into the uncomplaining, quiet "Old Venny"—the worshipper of inanimate beauty, the warden of his own gifts.

People smiled sympathetically at his harmless hallucinations, and assumed to be credulous and grateful. He was a worn man, and near the grave. He was neither offensive nor obtrusive; so most liked him, while all admired him: for, despite age and trouble, he attended to his duties with the same regularity and faith as of old.

Now and then he became somewhat irritable, and answered questions grudgingly and grumpily. Why did people ask him the same things over and over again? Did they desire information? Or did they want but to know if *he* knew? Once, in a state of senile excitement, he had threatened that if they persisted in pestering him, he would destroy everything in the room, and thus have nothing for them to inquire about. But instantly after he had laughed so genially at the mere idea, that all, knowing it to be the old man's joke, laughed with him. Did a mother kill her babe? Or a lover his sweetheart? No—unless they were mad.

So the years came and so the years went, and still "Old Venny" poured forth all he knew concerning the beauteous things he guarded with such care; still he recited his little speech (innuendo and assertion included) descriptive of "The Pride of Venice."

One day—one foggy, depressing day—he became particularly annoyed at the innumerable questions asked and re-asked, and was not so ready as usual in answering. He had been unwell of late, and his old nerves were all agog with mental irritation. Why wouldn't they let him alone? Now that that fearful thing the nature of which he was not aware, was likely to happen to him, why did they worry him so? Well, he would bear it a little longer, and as for to-day, closing time was near. Then he would go home—home to his lonely fireside, with the vacant chair in the opposite corner. But it was home—away from those unending questions. And when the clock struck he ran into his little ante-room quivering with excitement, and prepared to leave without delay.

Two minutes following there entered a strange man — strange in face and manner. Glancing covertly from side to side as if to be sure that he were unobserved, he made his way on tiptoe to the centre of the room. There, gracing the post of honour, was "The Pride of Venice"—"the wonder and desire of all its beholders." A gleam of joy, as at a granted wish, shone on the man's features—a gleam instantly obscured by a cloud of doubt. But there followed a settled gloom of determination; and he prepared to fulfil his design. Carefully removing the enclosing shade, he placed it, without noise, on the tesselated floor beside the pedestal. Then he took a watch, big and heavy, from one pocket, and from another a handkerchief. This he bound round the watch till he had made a firm pad; and, gathering up the loose ends about his right hand, he leant eagerly forward. Ten seconds later the the delicate lines and glowing colours of "The Pride of Venice" lay unmeaningly blended into an ugly irreparable ruin.

Soon, attracted by the jingle, three attendants ran in. . . . The sight that answered their inquiring gaze shocked them still and silent. Seated on the floor, dabbling with cut fingers among the

splintered fragments of his destroyed treasure, was what once had been "Old Venny." Muttering "Now they'll question me no more—never no more," the age-worn, broken man lifted pieces of the glass level with his forehead and let them shower from his bleeding hands, as were he a wizard invoking a spell. . . . Horrified, they continued to watch him. It was bad for their peace of sleep that night that they continued to hear him. He triumphantly laughed, as would a Calvinistic devil who had just flung a sinner into Calvinistic torment. He rejoiced that he was free—rejoiced that his work was done—rejoiced that no longer need he dog the footsteps of this elusive, obnoxious, irritating thing that some mighty power had deputed him to damn. He commenced to gibber; he ceased. They were quietly grateful. . . . With the double feebleness of the twice childish, he quavered a snatch of a nursery rhyme; it was as if one of the thin, cracked fragments on the floor had started into speech. Some such fancy seemed to flit, as a moth in an old box, through the skull of the demented ancient. With outspread hands and unheeded wounds, he strove to stifle this fairy utterance of the fragments; he scribbled upon the mosaic with them; he shuffled them back and forth—in all the silly fierceness of a child who is losing at dominoes.

He had held good and faithful guard over its priceless treasures.

And, then, the watchers were thrilled by a sympathetic horror that compelled them to save. Curiosity and irresolution were annihilated. They sprang forward and dragged him from the splinters. He staggered to his feet; he stood bent; his lacerated hands swung at his sides; from them the blood drip-dropped audibly upon the marble. . . . His alternations of manner were as noticeable and startling as hitherto. With the eager suspicion and blinking lids of a caged ape that has been spat in the eyes, he searched the faces of his discoverers for signs of their intentions. One shook him and called him by his old familiar name. He muttered that now they would question him no more—never no more. Another told him to rouse. He looked about the room with a relapse of childish feebleness. The third told him to be a man. He playfully dabbed his adviser's cheek in the style of a baby.

Of a sudden, it seemed that a stone was rolled away from the grave of his reason. Forth stepped the "Old Venny" they all had known. He smiled at them as a little girl awaking from a sleep. Then he

stared, saw his murdered treasure, and burst into tears—tears that almost flooded from his brain the last wreck-wrack of his deliration. Only almost, however! Down upon his knees he fell; where he fell, there he bowed his head. And, with many whimpers of despair, he strove earnestly to reform his shattered idol, and to bring it back in all its beauty, grace, and splendour.

But soon, even to himself, it was obvious that (unlike "Old Venny's" reason) the glory of "The Pride of Venice" had departed forever.

The trustees of the museum did not charge their ex-faithful servant with wanton destruction of their other-people's-property. Perhaps, because a conviction would have been more than unlikely. At any rate, they were merciful, and gave him a pension upon which he could comfortably starve. He might have done so with a success as speedy as final, but that a friend came to his aid. This, not with money. However, recommendation is often as effective as charity, of which it is a minor form, neither so rare nor wrenchful, nor so perturbing for both parties. The friend was a property-man in a theatre that had hours of success; his recommendation was stammered to the property-master, who likewise had hours of success. That almighty personage was in want of somebody to mind three or four dozen ornaments of real china and glass, to place them on the scenes of a drawing-room melodrama (which the critics had smitten and the public caressed), and to return them to the property-room without undue decrease of their value; and, above all, of their number. . . . The man previously told off for this duty had developed a habit of occasionally breaking one or three into a habit of nightly decimating them, a subtraction that, of course, would have entailed their complete renewal every tenth evening had he been allowed to proceed. But he was not. He was told to play the bull elsewhere, a china-shop for choice; or to get a pantomime engagement, as the hind legs of his so sincerely *flattere*d animal. In short, he was told to do terrible things to himself; and, foremost, to go away. . . . Accordingly, being desirous of a man at once, the property-master did not express a wish to dispense with the sight of "Old Venny."

Their interview was soon in progress. The property master made short inquiries; and "Old Venny," who had been warned not to argue, replied with a corresponding brevity.

"Ever worked in a theatre?"

"No, Sir."

"Sorry?"

"No, Sir."

"Glad?"

"No, Sir."

"Old?"

"No, Sir."

"Eighty?"

"No, Sir."

"Seventy?"

"No, Sir."

"Between?"

Unconsciously taking advantage of the lucky number, seven, "Old Venny" broke his sequence of negatives, and thus avoided irritating his interlocutor, by saying—

"Yes, Sir."

The property-master showed his appreciation by doubling the length of his questions.

"Carry weights?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Light ones?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Keep sober?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Handle glass?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Break things?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Very often?"

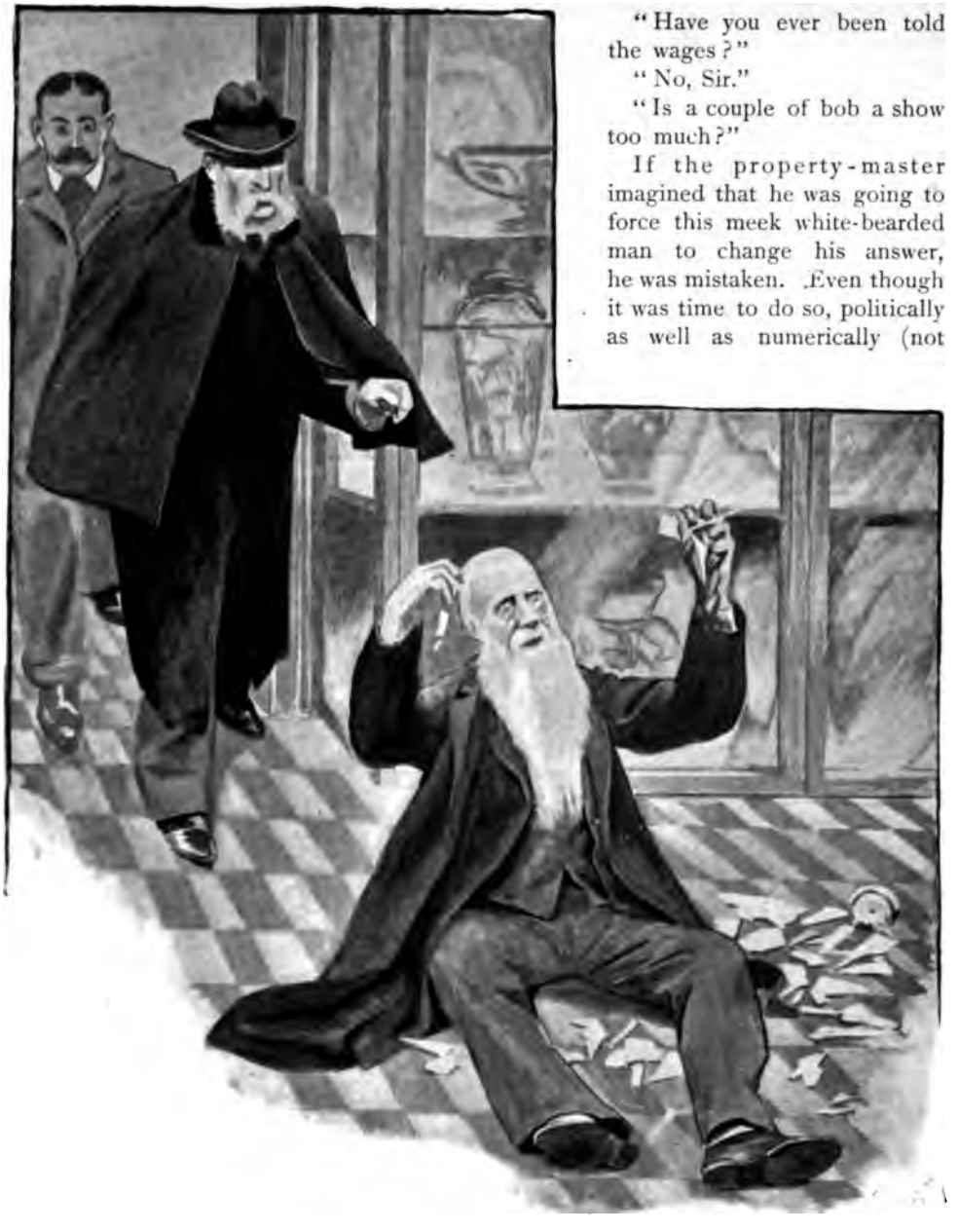
Once again the luck of the number, or of the question, or of something held good, and "Old Venny" won a further increase of words by saying—

"No, Sir."

The property-master paused—not for a reply but for a question. He wanted something effective.

"More than once?"

"No, Sir."



"Have you ever been told the wages?"

"No, Sir."

"Is a couple of bob a show too much?"

If the property-master imagined that he was going to force this meek white-bearded man to change his answer, he was mistaken. Even though it was time to do so, politically as well as numerically (not

And let them shower from his bleeding hands, as were he a wizard invoking a spell:

"Are you a good liar?"

"No, Sir."

"Then you won't do for a property-man."

"No, Sir."

"Don't say so much 'No, Sir' to me!"

"No, Sir."

that either, curiously enough, thought of anything so mechanical as the latter), "Old Venny" risked his luck by saying—

"No, Sir."

And as the property-master fully agreed with him, that personage was content to

ask if he would like to start at once. To which "Old Venny" answered—

"Yes, Sir."

It is not to be supposed that this minor employer of labour, this niggard in words, this staccato deliverer of worn notes, was in any way a truly wonderful soul; he was merely the cause of wonder in others. He he was duly impressed, the great man allowed this new admirer to stand beneath the portico of his favour. Him he addressed *without* seeming to tap a pair of steel-lined top-boots with the whip of a tiger-tamer; opposite of which omission he had found so useful in his bearings towards others. Him he treated almost deferentially. To

"Is a couple of bob a show too much?"

suffered from the vice so peculiar to middle-age: the desire to seem a strong man—the wish to be taken for a terrible fellow. If anybody showed signs of seeing in him a person with powers engathered beneath his hat of controlling destinies, and nations, and managers, the said somebody was at once placed on the free-list of this poser's drink-bill. Therefore, when "Old Venny," by his refraining from anything stronger than "yes" or "no," exhibited that give this animated paradox his due, although he began showing kindness to the white-beard for one reason, he continued showing kindness to him for more than one. He saw that "Old Venny" ought not to be working at such an age, and that he had had troubles.

"Old Venny" never spoke of his troubles. He did his work without speech; also without falter. It seemed that from the ashes of his swift madness

had sprung a new thing. His hallucinations, concerning a supposed ownership of those beautiful glories he had left behind at the museum, were gone—gone with all those tiresome questions. He had regained his mental balance; and, old and worn and near the grave though he was, there had come with his release from routine, his escape from monotony, an apparent freshness. But, of course, it was only apparent: even a flash of lunacy cannot burn out the accumulated dust and decay of a lifetime; and where those things remain, there shall memories keep. So "Old Venny" used often to think of the past; and, thinking, used to grieve over his killing of the thing he loved — that superlative irony of Nature, who so frequently impels the mad to strike at their dearest. As if to propitiate the gnawing rat in his heart, he took of the china and glass with which he was entrusted the supremest possible care. If one article should be cracked, or even chipped, he knew it would be put down against him in the great book. He was frightened to love his charges overmuch lest he came once more to that condition of hatred when—— But there was a particular vase — nacreous glass, graceful — that brought always to his inward view a vision of "The Pride of Venice." And as a man will often take interest about some woman who has no special value in herself but who reminds him of one he has loved and lost, so "Old Venny" made of this recollection-bringing, immemorable, commonplace, five-shilling article a particular favourite. He would guard it and tend it and touch it as lovingly as he had those other things — those other things of the gone days that now seemed dead, ah, so long, so long! Also, he found that the money he earned

He was quite unconscious; but he still grasped his rescued treasure.

was a useful addition to his starvation pension, and that he was enabled still to help that invalid niece.

One evening, just as the audience were gathered together in momentary expectation of the rise of the curtain, smoke was seen waving its forbidding arms about the staircase leading to the stage from the property-shop, and an hysterical Cockney, who more than scanned the Sunday newspapers, came rushing up from the lower level, yelling: "Fi-yer! Fi-yer! Fi-yer! Ev'ry man fer 'isself! Save us! Save us! 'Elp! 'Elp! Oh, my Gawd!"

The fireman of the theatre, a man that knew his business, chancing to meet this vociferous voluble at the top of the stairs, carefully kicked it on the lips. Quite quickly it returned to the bottom of the stairs, and began disgorging from its stomach some therein ill-gotten teeth. Then the fireman started to put the fire out, making no noise whatever. He knew that the building was packed with people; and, although he did not pause to phrase the matter, he was aware that if they became informed of the danger—remote though it was—disaster would follow. When Pan stamps his hoof, and men and women begin to trample the bowels from each other, it is not good—not good either to see or to hear, or to read, much less to do.

The mischief had begun in an inner room of the property-shop. There was no one about. Perhaps the glue-pot boiled over—it is mostly a farce that causes a tragedy. At any rate, the property-master came galloping up, and was — was guiltless of performing the obvious. Strange to say, the strong man did not turn weak, the terrible fellow did not become as harmless and as useless as a little child. No—he did several good things. Although a bully, he was not a coward. Remembering that the industrious white-beard had not been seen lately, he dashed into that choking smoke; and he found "Old Venny" on the floor, lying as if struck down while retreating. . . . In the devout hands of this worshipper of inanimate beauty was the live substitute of the dead "Pride of Venice." He was holding it above his head, as a drowning mother has been known to hold her babe.

They bore him to the green-room. He was quite unconscious; but he still grasped his rescued treasure—the companions of which had been spoiled by heat and water. They placed him on a sofa. And the terrible fellow bathed the worn wrists and temples in a way that was not in the least terrible, the strong man smoothed the singed white beard as might a weak woman.

But "Old Venny" was beyond relief, or need of relief. Already his mind had drifted to the hither shore, and his soul was fain to follow.

He began to mutter. They listened.

"Please God—I'm—I'm sorry—for what I did. . . . But it was not—all—my fault. The people would ask so many questions—so many times. . . . And—and as I saved this one—perhaps—perhaps—dear God—that will atone."

ABOUT 'NUNZIATA.

By ARTHUR BLOUNT.

I SUPPOSE every soul in this world has its own pet weakness.

Mine is a most innocent one, yet I guard it jealously. It is only this: I paint.

Perhaps I should say, "I try to paint," for years ago when as a boy I took a few lessons of an old Italian, he dismissed me after two months or so of patient labour on both sides.

"I advise you to try something else," he said gently. "You may have a voice. You will never be a painter."

But in spite of Moretti's kindly discouragement, I could not bear to throw away my brushes, which I loved as a violinist loves his bow, so I took to the modest sketch book, and to this day occasionally steal away by myself to pass a blissful hour over some picturesque bit of landscape.

There is one corner in the Boboli gardens which I resisted for over a week. Then the temptation overcame me, and—there it is, that insecure-looking balustrade overgrown with scarlet creepers. I have always been a methodical man (perhaps a kindly forearming of Providence for one destined to be an old bachelor), so I have, in a secluded drawer, over thirty sketch-books filled with more or less execrable aquarelles, and each sketch is named and dated.

So when, as I sometimes do, I take out one of the little books and look through it, at each picture I go back to the time and the place; I see old, half-forgotten faces, hear old voices, perhaps.

The other day I came across a full-page sketch under which is written—"La Madonna Miracolosa. About 'Nunziata. Oct. 7, 187—"

The picture is very bad. The wall of rough rock, high up in which the Madonna's shrine is hollowed, looks like brown paper. The overhanging trees are blurred, and the torrent of water which springs from just below the niche is flat and dull. But I can see the real picture as I look on the poor little imitation, and, what is more, I can see all the people whom I knew there. In a word, the whole story about 'Nunziata comes back to me so vividly that I must write it, if only for myself.

The road leading from Naples to San Giacomino turns off the Cornice not far beyond Castellamare, and climbs up through the vineyards to Santa Rosa della Corona. Then it sweeps around to the right, and for some four miles clings to the edge of the steep olive-covered descent which drops to the Cornice far below—thus commanding a fine view of the bay as far as Corleo.

I was idling away the last week in September between Naples and Amalfi, where, early in October, I was to join a yacht.

I stopped overnight at Santa Rosa, and then started off on foot to the next village.

It was one of those breathless crystal-clear days so common in Southern Italy, and I had taken pains to be up betimes.

So I swung along "with a light heart," as they say, happy as a king because the day was fine and the bay below as blue as a huge sapphire. It takes rather more to make me happy now, but I remember so well that pure joy of life!

Somebody has called it High Rapture of Living.

Then, turning a bend in the road I came suddenly on such a picture that I at once gave up my walk and set up my portable atelier on the little one-arched bridge.

High up in the wall of rock was the niche, strengthened by some rough masonry, and below it — indeed, just below the tall figure of the Madonna—burst out the stream, clear and brilliant as an emerald.

It leaped down the rocks in sidelong springs, and then, after a torrent-like fall of some six feet, fell meekly into a large shallow basin of rock level with the road.

This basin was emptied by a modest little brook, which flowed, in its turn, under the bridge on which I sat.

About the pool of water knelt three girls, each one busy with her basket of clothes, dipping them into the water and rubbing them with stones and sand, which process, if not so good for the clothes as soap, was infinitely more picturesque!

They nodded good-morning to me, and continued their work, while I set to mine with hope and ardour, listening to their chatter at the same time.

One of the girls—the one they called Filomena—was very pretty, with a Botticelli face which would have been lovely had her teeth been good—the second one, Maria, was very ugly; and the third, a big, strong young woman with a square, brown face and the most wonderful blue eyes I ever saw. This one the others called 'Nunziata.

The three chattered away merrily, answering my questions without boldness and without shyness.

Before they left each one of them climbed the wooden steps leading to the shrine, and, kneeling reverently, said her prayers.

While Filomena was praying, I asked 'Nunziata to tell me about the Madonna; why the shrine was so high up.

"It was a miracle, Signore," answered the girl. "A poor beggar was dying of *thirst one day in* the plague-time, and she prayed the Madonna for water. So the stream came out from the rock, and—that is all."

"And the Madonna is then in honour of the miracle?"

"Sissignore, we pray her for common things, for bread, and for good harvest, and sometimes even for husbands." She laughed shyly.

"Filomena prayed nine days in the spring, and then she went to Castellamare to see her aunt. And while she was there came a ship loaded with fruit from Sicily. One of the sailors fell in love with Filomena, and they are to be married in October."

"The Madonna answered her prayer, then, you think?"

"*Eh, altro!* of course."

I was so interested in my picture that I decided to stay a couple of days at Santa Rosa to finish it. So I went back to the inn, and while I ate my dinner I inquired of my landlady about my two friends of the morning.

I was still so young that the third girl—she of the plain face—did not count.

"Sissignore," said old Anna, "Filomena is very pretty. She is Tommaso Vicci's girl. He is rich; he owns two vineyards and three houses. 'Nunziata, she is not so happy, *poverina*. Her mother is——" The old woman crossed her first and little fingers over the two middle ones. "Her mother is *jettatrice*—evil-eyed. The Signore understands?"

"Certainly. And are you sure?"

"*Eh, altro!* One doesn't say such things unless one is sure. She sent some grapes to Corleo in Giacomo Landri's cart, and the horse fell over the cliff. And my cousin Giulia met her in the churchyard one day, and Giulia burnt her hand that night with the soup, and couldn't work for a month. And Angela Bissi gave her a penny, and poor Angela's baby was born blind."

"Poor old soul," I said absently. "And the daughter?"

"Oh, 'Nunziata is a good girl enough, but—I wish she would stay up at her home. My cream all turned sour the other

day when she passed," finished the good woman, repeating the sign of the horns.

That afternoon I climbed up the steep road to old Giannetta's cottage.

My excuse for the visit was a present of a fine, gaudy kerchief and some beads for the daughter; my real reason, to make friends with the old woman. She was a mild, terrified-looking old creature, who seemed bent to the earth under the load of her dreadful accomplishment.

"The Signore had better not come up here," she said; "they say I bring a curse on all I see, though the Holy Virgin knows I don't want to."

After half an hour or so I left the cottage, pondering.

Neither old Giannetta nor her daughter had the slightest suspicion that the reputation of the one was beginning to extend to the other.

* * *

I worked on every day at my picture, and every day saw different people creep up the little stair to pray to the rigid-faced Madonna.

I was in no hurry to reach Corleo, so I stayed on, making friends, as I love to do, with the peasants. One day 'Nunziata came, and passing me with a nod and a smile, ascended to the shrine and prayed a long time.

When she came down she looked serious and yet a little excited.

"Tell me," I said; "you have prayed a long time!"

"Sissignore."

"What did you pray for?"

She frowned. "Could I not just have been praying that the Virgin would make me good?"

"No," I returned calmly. "In that case you would have gone to the church."

"The Signore had better not come up here," she said.

She blushed and played with her kerchief.

"I believe you are praying for a husband," I continued.

"*Dio mio!* How did the Signore guess?"

I looked as wise as I knew how, and said that I knew a great deal.

"*Ebbene!* the Signore is right. It is a

nine days' prayer I begin. Why not? Filomena did it, and her Gennaro is coming next week to see her. And the blacksmith's Rosa, who is as ugly as a toad. Why shouldn't I?"

I saw no reason, and wished her good luck.

The next day she came again, and just as she left the shrine and came down the stair, a young man turned the corner from Corleo way, and—saw her! I sat as still as a mouse.

It was a clear case of love at first sight.

She looked very pretty, hesitating shyly, and he was a brown-faced, bright-eyed little chap with a checked handkerchief knotted about his muscular throat. After a minute's pause he removed his hat and knelt in the road looking up reverently at the Madonna—and perhaps at the girl!

Then he passed on.

"*Eccolo!*" I cried enthusiastically to 'Nunziata as she reached the road.

"Oh, Signore, if it *were!*"

"I tell you one thing, 'Nunziata, my dear," I continued paternally, "if ever I saw a man lose his heart, it was our friend with the earrings! I declare I saw his heart fly out of his breast to you!" (Remember, I was speaking Italian.)

"Earrings!" repeated the girl; "then he is a sailor!"

She turned and went back to the shrine. Needless to say, I was enchanted. I closed my book and went at once to the village to find out about the stranger.

"This will put an end to the evil-eye nonsense," I thought.

In front of the inn stood Angela-Maria, the inn-keeper's daughter.

"Oh, Signore," she exclaimed breathlessly, "have you heard? He is here, he has just come! Who? Why who but Filomena's Gennaro!"

* * * *

That evening I walked down the road to the shrine. The sailor was there. It was moonlight, and I saw him distinctly as he knelt where the poor 'Nunziata had knelt only a few hours before.

When he came down I spoke to him.

Anyone, I suppose, was better than no one, so he told me all about it.

"You see, Signore, she is very pretty, my little Filomena, but, *per Bacco*, six months is a long time, and the other—this brown-faced lass with the blue eyes!"

He stopped and swore angrily to himself, cheerfully unconscious of any incongruity in the proceeding, so soon after his prayers.

"And—I've promised." He didn't ask my advice, and I was heartily glad he didn't.

"Who is she?" he asked abruptly.

"Her name is 'Nunziata; she lives up there in that little cottage. Where are you going?"

"Going? I'm going up there, of course." He was off.

"There is going to be the deuce to pay," I thought, lighting a cigar.

Italians cannot be judged by English standards, and Sicilians cannot be considered ordinary Italians. The next day the thunderbolt fell.

To my mind the love-stricken sailor did the best thing. He called on the papa of Filomena and explained matters to him.

The old man was angry, of course, but in the end calmed down and went to call on the blacksmith who had a son who seemed to admire the slighted Filomena.

I learned these details from Gennaro himself, who wept and kissed my hand, and rhapsodised. Then I met 'Nunziata.

"Sissignore, it is all true. I am *so* happy. I am taking the beads you gave me to the Madonna. *Arrivederla.* We are to be married on Tuesday, for on Thursday he must join the brig at Castellamare. *Arrivederla di nuovo.*"

She was positively beautiful!

The next day was Sunday, and I went to Mass in the morning. The church was crowded, and the centre of attraction was, of course, 'Nunziata and her lover, who both behaved with extreme reverence throughout the service.

I stood at one of the two doors to watch the people come out of church.

Filomena, her father, and the blacksmith's Tonio came out of one door just

as 'Nunziata and Gennaro, both dressed in their best, issued from the other. The two girls had not met since the arrival of the Sicilian.

Everyone watched with interest.

'Nunziata hesitated a second, and then stepped forward.

"*'N giorno.* Filomena," she said breathlessly. Filomena crossed her first and little fingers, and held her hand up in front of her face.

"*'N giorno,* 'Nunziata," she said.

* * *

That was all that was needed to set everyone to "remembering things."

The cream of my worthy landlady, for instance; the cow that fell over the cliff after 'Nunziata milked it; the child who died of croup the very night after the girl found it lost on the hill-side, and carried it home to its mother.

In vain I struggled, feebly aided by the parish priest, whom I more than suspected of "making the horns" behind his back.

For two days the Sicilian fought like a tiger.

But it is useless to fight against a superstition in which one believes oneself.

On Monday evening the post brought him news. His ship's company had disbanded, and he was no longer needed.

He turned even whiter than he had at the church door.

The next morning as he passed under an arch in the town a stone fell and hit him on the head.

When I met him with a ghastly bandage around his head, and saw his face, then I gave up.

"It's no use, Signore!" he cried. "Everything's against me! I was going to marry a rich girl, and I met—her." He crossed his fingers.

"I lost my rich girl, then I lost my position, and now——" He pointed to his bandage.

"I believe you are praying for a husband," I continued.

"Nonsense, you fool!" I said roughly. "How could that poor girl influence your captain to disband his crew or that stone to fall on you? You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"I can't help it, Sir," he answered sullenly. "There's no use going against

the 'Mal Occhio.' I go now to pray the Virgin not to punish me any further for meddling with a *jettatrice*."

I went my way, cursing the besotted ignorance and superstition of the fellow.

"How can he pray after such behaviour?"

"Oh, Maria Madonna mia, make them believe me, or let me die."

I asked myself wrathfully. I had yet to understand the Italian character in its religious phases.

After my evening meal I took a walk, and naturally went to the shrine.

It was a cloudy, windy night, and I could see nothing. As I passed, however, I heard a groan. I crept softly up the stair.

"Oh, Holy Mother of God, I am *not jettatrice*—I have no evil eye—I have been so happy, and I meant to be so good.

"Oh, Maria Madonna mia, make them believe me, or let me die.

"I will forgive Filomena. I will be *so* good. I will bring you my new shoes, and two tall candles, *wax* ones."

I took off my hat in the darkness. After a moment's silence the voice went on—

"Please let him come. If he would come and find me here, he would believe me and forgive me——"

Hark! Was her prayer to be answered? Someone was coming. I drew back against the rocky wall. There were *two* people instead of one. I heard a rustle overhead, as 'Nunziata withdrew to the far corner of the niche.

The newcomers passed me, and after a minute I heard another voice—

"Holy Mother, we thank thee. Thou hast saved us. Thou hast not punished me for thinking I loved a *jettatrice*."

"What was that, Gennaro?" followed in a sharp whisper.

"A bat, most likely, little goose. Now it's thy turn to pray."

"Oh, most Holy Mother, I thank thee too. I have brought thee my yellow bodice and my corals (put them down, Gennaro). Do you like them, Mother of God? Now let's say a Paternoster."

They did so, and then, after an "Ave Maria," they came down the stairs past

me. They were laughing and chattering now, on the principle, I suppose, that a regimental band plays a quick-step returning from a funeral.

I could have choked them both with pleasure. When their voices died away down the road I listened eagerly for some sound from above. There was none.

The body of the "jettatrice" was found in the pool below.

At last came a moan, and I heard the poor thing creeping from her corner.

"So I am *jettatrice!*" she said. "And he is to marry her! And these are her offerings! *Ebbene!* Do you hear me, you image? I see you, grinning at me in the darkness! Well, then, I hate you, and I hate them, and I hate God, and I'm going to jump down the cliff, and I hope every cow in Santa Rosa will die, and——!"

I sprang up the steps, but I was too late.

* * * *

The body of the *jettatrice* was found in the pool below, where I had seen her first, as she washed her clothes.

That is all. I told no one of what I had heard except the priest, who, I hope, kept his promise about taking care of the poor old mother.

I suppose the other two married, but I didn't stay for the wedding, though I saw the funeral.

And now I will put away my poor little sketch-book and close my ink-bottle, for that is all about 'Nunziata.

THE EXECUTION OF CHARLES THE FIRST, JANUARY 30, 1649.

THE LAST DAYS OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

By EDWARD ALMACK.

That interest in the House of Stuart still survives was shown by the recent celebration of the 250th anniversary of the death of the "Royal Martyr." This article retells the story of Charles's trial and execution.

THE celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the execution of Charles I. calls to mind the last two anxious months of his chequered reign. On Dec. 1, 1648, he was moved, by orders from the rebel army, from Carisbrooke Castle to the gloomy block-house known as Hurst Castle. On the 6th, after an all-night sitting, the House of Commons resolved that the King's concessions were satisfactory for a settlement of differences. The violent party in the Army and the House was not satisfied, and so, without a day's delay, a guard of soldiers forcibly prevented moderate members from entering the House. On Jan. 4 the remainder gave themselves "the Supreme Authority," and the High Court of Justice to try the King was appointed. Captain Harrison, with a troop of cavalry, was now sent to bring the King to Windsor, where the King stayed until, on the 6th of January, he was taken to St. James's. On hearing from Colonel Whitchcott, the Governor, of this change, the King merely remarked, "God is everywhere, alike in wisdom, power, and goodness." The short journey to London was made by way of Brainford, and then through Hammersmith. Arrangements were now made for the trial, if such a farce can rightly be called a trial. The house of Sir Robert Cotton, in Palace Yard, on the riverside adjoining the west end of Westminster Hall, was taken for the King's residence, and a body of two hundred soldiers quartered in the garden. On Friday, the 19th of January, the King was taken from St. James's Palace to Whitehall, and on the following day to Sir Robert Cotton's, Guards lining King Street, Palace Yard, and Westminster Hall, as the King passed out from the garden door at Whitehall in a sedan-chair, attended only by the faithful Sir Thomas Herbert.

The scene of the trial was the site of the old Courts of King's Bench and Chancery, at the upper or south end of Westminster Hall, the partition between these two Courts being taken down for the occasion. Two strong bars were placed across Westminster Hall, about forty feet to the north of the Court. The great Gothic entrance to the hall was open to the people. A rail was fixed from the Court down the length of the hall to the western side of the great door, to separate the people from the soldiers, who were stationed in strong force, armed with partisans or halberts, within the rail on its western side, close to the old Courts of Common Pleas and Exchequer Chamber. This left the eastern or river side of the rail to the people, who crowded in at the great door. Soldiers were posted on the leads and at the windows looking on to the hall. All the narrow avenues which then led up to the hall were either guarded by soldiers or walled up; and a special order was issued for stopping up all back-doors from the house called "Hell," a coffee-house, under the old Exchequer Chamber. In quoting this startling name of a coffee-house, it is but right to balance the account by adding that close by there was a coffee-house named "Heaven."

When the court assembled, Bradshaw, the president, arrayed in a scarlet robe, and wearing his broad-brimmed hat, took his seat in the middle of the court on a

crimson velvet chair, with a desk and a velvet cushion before him. Below, at a table covered with a rich Turkey carpet, sate two clerks, with the sword of State and the mace on the table before them. The other members of the court, with their hats on, and clothed in their best attire, took their places on side-benches hung with scarlet; and a guard of troops lined each side of the court. The first step in the proceedings was the reading of the order of the packed House of Commons for creating the trial. Then the roll of the members of the court was called. The first named was Bradshaw, the president, and the second named was that of Fairfax, the heroic general. Whereupon the court was startled at the clear sound of a lady's voice, saying, "he has more wit than to be here." The voice was none other than that of Lady Fairfax, the general's own wife. The Serjeant-at-arms was now ordered to send for the prisoner, and in a short time Colonel Tomlinson brought in the King from Sir Robert Cotton's house, walking up the side of the hall next to the river. Arriving in court, the King was led to the bar, where a crimson velvet chair, facing the court, had been placed for him. Looking on the court with a stern and steadfast gaze, the King took his seat; but without removing his hat or manifesting the slightest emotion.

CHARLES THE FIRST IN 1634.

Bradshaw then addressed the King, and after a few words, called upon the Solicitor-General to read the charge; but at the words, "in behalf of the Commons of England, and of all the people thereof," there was another startling interruption.

The intrepid Lady Fairfax, a proud descendant of the fighting de Veres, Earls of Oxford, cried out from one of the galleries: "No! Nor one hundredth part of them! It is false! Where are they or their consents?" Colonel Axtell, with chivalrous gallantry (!), ordered his soldiers to fire upon the lady, an order which was not complied with. During the reading of the charge, there was another strange incident which somewhat affected the King, and was much noted in that superstitious age: this was merely the sudden falling on to the ground of the head of the King's walking-cane. All accounts, without exception, represented the whole bearing of the King on the several days of the trial, and at the execution, as calm, dignified, and intrepid to the last degree. His speech on the first day is kingly and worthy.

CHARLES THE FIRST.

From a black and white drawing by Northcote from the original by Vandyke. It is a strange fact that this hat, which the King wore at his trial, was of iron, covered with beaver.

As the King passed out at the end of the first day's proceedings, he pointed with his stick to the sword, saying, "I do not fear that"; and as he passed the crowd, many shouted "God save the King!" The only cries of a different nature were from a few of the guard, to whom Colonel Axtell had given precise orders to revile the King. On the other hand, many of the crowd, both men and women, pressed in close to the King as he passed into Cotton House, exclaiming: "God Almighty preserve your Majesty!"

The King had denied the jurisdiction of the court, and whereas twelve of his judges had refused to attend on this first sitting, a much greater number absented themselves on the second and the third day. Even among the regicide judges present, one of them, Colonel Downes, broke out in tears, exclaiming, "Have we hearts of stone, or are we men!" but his more stolid and amenable companions dragged him to his seat, saying, "Will ye ruin yourself and us!" and Cromwell demanded of him, "Are ye mad; cannot ye be still?" Downes only replied, "Were I to die for it, I will not sit still!" moved the adjournment, and the court broke up for the day.

Sunday, Jan. 21, came between the first and second sitting in Westminster Hall, and the King spent most of the day with Bishop Juxon, the Bishop of London. At the same time the members of the court were preached to by the mountebank, Hugh Peters.

On Monday, the second day of the trial, as the King was walking back from the hall to Cotton House, one poor soldier on guard could not help exclaiming, "God bless you, Sir!" and the King thanked him; but an officer at once struck the offending soldier a sharp blow on the head. The court sat again on the Tuesday, the King still calmly denying their having any Constitutional position; and on the next day, Wednesday, the solemn farce was drawn to a close, the president giving judgment against the King. The King was now conducted by a guard of halberdiers through King Street to White-

THE FRONTISPIECE TO THE "EIKON BASILIKE."

Said to have been drawn by Charles I. himself, except the emblematical part at one side. The following lines sometimes accompany the frontispiece.

A Sacred heat inspires my Soul to trie
If *Pray'rs can give Me what the Warres denie.*
Three Crowns distinctly here in order do
Present their objects to my knowing view,
Earths Crown lies humbled at my foot, disdain,
'Twas bright, but heavie, and withall but vain.
And now by Grace a Crown of Thorns I greet,
Sharp was this Crown, but not so sharp as sweet:
This was Christs crown, my book upon my bord
Explains my heart, *My hope is in thy Word.*
My Starrie Crown of Glorie, last I see,
As full of Blisse, as of Eternitie.
Now look behind, and midst most troubled skies
Behold, how *cleared from darknesse rise,*
And stand *unmov'd triumphant,* like a Rock,
'Gainst all the waves, & winds tempestuous shock
So like the *Palm,* which heaviest weights do trie,
Virtue oprest, doth grow more straight and high.

hall, sitting in a closed sedan-chair, and passing through lines of silent soldiers on each side of the roadway; but the shop stalls and windows were full of people, weeping as they prayed for and blessed the royal captive as he passed on, and through what was called the Privy Garden, to Whitehall. Here he stayed until he was taken to St. James's Palace on the day before his execution. The King now asked leave for his children to visit him, and whilst this was being arranged he wrote his last letters to the Queen, and to his eldest boy Charles, who was abroad, and received the Sacrament from Bishop Juxon.

CHARLES THE FIRST.

This portrait, after Vandyke, shows the costume which the King wore at his trial.

On Sunday, the 28th, he attended service at St. James's, escorted by a guard of soldiers from Whitehall and back again. Afterwards the Prince Elector of Bohemia, husband of the King's heroic sister, the "Queen of Hearts," the Duke of Richmond, and the Marquis of Hertford came to visit the King; but he said, "My time is short and precious. I hope they will not take it ill that none have access to me but my children. The best office they can now do me is to pray for me." The King's second boy—James, Duke of York—was safe out of England, having a few months before escaped from St. James's Palace, aided by Colonel Bamfield, who put on him a periwig and black patches: this was soon changed for a girl's dress; but at Greenwich, where they got on board a boat, the sailor nearly discovered them by seeing the Colonel tying the young lady's garter—a very extraordinary proceeding. Only Princess Elizabeth and the little Henry Duke of Gloucester remained. The former was one of the most lovely characters in all history, and was also a most learned scholar. She pined away and died of grief at her father's death. Our own Queen has had a monument erected to her

memory: it is a beautiful full-length figure; she is lying with her cheek on the open Bible at these words, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you."

It would be a piece of vandalism to pretend to improve upon the following, which was printed just 250 years ago: "Munday, 29th January, 1649. His children being come to meet Him, He first gave his Blessing to the Lady Elizabeth; and bad her remember to tell her brother James, whenever she should see him, that it was his father's last desire that he should no more look upon Charles as his eldest brother only, but be obedient unto him as his sovereign; and that they should love one another and forgive their father's enemies. Then said the King to her: 'Sweetheart, you 'l forget this.' 'No,' said she, 'I shall never forget it while I live.' And pouring forth abundance of tears, promised him to write downe the particulars. Then the King, taking the Duke of Gloucester upon his knee, said: 'Sweetheart, now they will cut off thy father's head,' upon which words the childe looked very steadfastly on him. 'Mark, childe, what I say: They will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a King; but marke what I say. You must not be a King so long as your brothers, Charles and James, do live; for they will cut off your brothers' heads (when they can catch them), and cut off thy head, too, at the last; and, *therefore,* I charge you do not be made a King by them.' At which the childe, sighing, said—'I will be torn in pieces first,' which, falling so unexpectedly from one so young, it mayde the King rejoyce exceedingly."

THE GREAT LORD FAIRFAX.

Another account, penned by the little Princess's own childish hand, included also the following: "He wished me not to grieve and torment myself for him; for that would be a glorious death that he should dye; it being for the Lawes and Liberties of this Land, and for maintaining the true Protestant religion. . . . He told me he had forgiven all his enemies, and hoped God would forgive them also; and commanded us and all the rest of my brothers and sisters to forgive them. He bid me tell my mother that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love should be the same to the last. . . ."

On the Tuesday morning Charles awoke about two hours before daybreak, after a sound sleep of four hours. He called to Herbert, who lay on a pallet bed close by, to rise, saying, "I will get up; I have a great work to do this day." It was a piercingly cold morning, and the King put on two shirts—"by reason the season is so sharp as probably may make me shake, which some observers will imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation. I fear not death: death is not terrible to me. I bless God I am prepared."

The King wore a suit of silk or satin, consisting of trunk hose, waistcoat,

and doublet; over this he wore a black velvet cloak with a medal of the Order of the Garter on one side of it, and on his head his broad-brimmed beaver hat, which he took off on the scaffold, and put on a white cap. The King was on this last day very particular about his dress, saying that it was his second wedding-day.

CHARLES A MOMENT BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.

Reproduced from the original by Old Stone, the pupil of Vandyke. The drawing of the hands indicates Vandyke's influence, and there is in the original a warmth of colour very characteristic of Titian, whom Old Stone also imitated. Old Stone resided in England from 1636 until his death in 1653.

At about ten o'clock Charles walked out through the garden of the palace into the park, and there, attended by several companies of infantry, with the Bishop on one side of him and Colonel Tomlinson on the other, he stepped briskly forwards, cheerfully calling out to the guard to "march apace," and in passing close by the trees against which the cows and the cake-stall stood till but a few years ago, he pointed out a tree near the entrance to Spring Gardens, which he said that his brother Henry had planted. Leaving the park, they passed up the stairs leading to the long gallery, and from there into the Cabinet Chamber of Whitehall Palace. After a delay of about two hours, as the scaffold was not ready, and such extreme difficulty was found in getting any to help, the King was conducted by Hacker and Tomlinson through the banqueting-house, by a passage broken through the wall, which was afterwards filled with a centre window. The closing scene, the scaffold draped in black, the low block placed upon it, the troops of mounted soldiers preventing the loyal people from hearing their King's last speech, have often been recalled, and there are few who do not remember the lines of Andrew Marvell, the Republican—

> He nothing common did, or mean
> Upon that memorable scene;
> But with his keener eye
> The axe's edge did try.
> Nor call'd the gods, with vulgar spite,
> To vindicate his helpless right;
> But bow'd his comely head
> Down as upon a bed.

It was observed that the King came forward with the same indifference as he would have entered Whitehall on a masque night; he looked towards St. James's and

smiled, "then dauntless strode the floor of death."

The King explained to the executioner that he would put out his hands as a sign for him to strike, and to the very last his calmness and dignity never left him for a moment. The blow was struck, and a universal groan, as it were a supernatural voice, the like never before heard, broke forth from the multitude. Juxon and Herbert, with the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, Lord Southampton, and Lord Lindsey, now undertook the last sad offices. Leave was asked to bury the King at Westminster, but those in power, seeing the great sympathy called forth for the King, were glad to remove away from London all signs of their dark deed; and on Feb. 8 the body of the late King was buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. White, the emblem of purity, has been taken as typical of Charles I., and as his coffin was carried to the grave a fall of snow hid completely the black velvet pall covering the coffin.

CHARLES'S FAREWELL TO HIS CHILDREN.

ROSE AND CHRYSANTHEMUM.

II.—AT THE SHRINE OF SHINTO.

By CARLTON DAWE.

Mr. Dawe is well known for his stories of Japanese life. He wrote "Kakemonos," "The Bride of Japan," and "Yellow and White."

HANU-SAN knelt before the great Shinto shrine and prayed to the Master - of - the - August - Centre - of - Heaven. Pain had been hers, pain wrought of the deep anguish of bitter thoughts, and her soul was full of sorrow and her eyes were shaded with melancholy. For she had reached that age when maidens wed, and her beauty had found favour in the eyes of Sakata—Sakata of the hundred junks and many houses; and he had dreamed of her, and his dreams had filled his brain with restlessness and his heart with a great desire.

Being rich, he had the courage of riches. It mattered nothing that he was old, that his limbs were shrunken, that his lips were blue, that his little black eyes were lost behind innumerable yellow wrinkles. He counted his *yen* by the thousand; he was lord of a hundred junks, of many people. Those who did not love him bowed low in his presence; deep salutations greeted him as he passed along the street. "There goes the honourable Sakata," the people would whisper one to the other, "he who fills many mouths." And in this lay the cause of all reverence: "He who fills many mouths." His faults were many, his person unlovely, his manners uncouth. Of him tales had been told which reflected little credit on humanity. They said he had no heart, no feeling; that when he died one more spirit-wolf would join the spectral band which haunted the mountain recesses. But they said these things in whispers, for Sakata was a man with whom no one dared to trifle.

Of him, then, Hanu-San thought as she knelt before the shrine, and in her dumb, dull way called the gods to her aid. Not that she was wholly without fear of the efficacy of prayer. Her mother had said: "It is time that thou shouldst wed and rear sons to the glory of thy lord. The honourable Sakata hath exceeded condescension in casting his august eyes on our contemptible offspring. The gods are truly blessing the house of Naku, the compradore." Her father had added: "Worthless though we be, and as dirt in the eyes of the gods, yet are we singled out for this great happiness. The honourable Sakata is the lord of a hundred junks."

"Ay," echoed his wife, "and of a hundred houses as well."

And Hanu-San knew that here the gods themselves were of no avail. They, as she, were powerless against a hundred junks. The halo that surrounded Sakata no cloud could diminish.

And yet she knelt and prayed, but with a doubting soul. Your Oriental is more or less of a fatalist, and what the gods have once written they will in no wise blot out. Moreover, it was the wish of her honourable parents, and to thwart that wish would have been a crime beyond all pardon. If there is any religion in Japan it is that of filial obedience: obedience, first of all, to the Emperor, by whose exceeding magnanimity one lives, for whom it would be a pleasure and an honour to die; then comes obedience to one's parents, and, when one marries, the reverence of the mother-in-law. Fortunately, and in

this Hanu-San discovered some consolation, Sakata had buried his honourable mother some twenty years before.

She knew that it was sinful, this appeal to the gods in opposition to the wishes of her parents; but her mind was beginning to expand, and life was presenting its right and its wrong side, and she thought of what ought to be and what was. And a long dwelling on what was kindled the smouldering embers of rebellion, and all else failing, she appealed to the infinite justice of the gods. But the ways of the divine ones were ever inscrutable, and even as she prayed she knew it was a futile thing she asked, and her selfish and unfilial conduct filled her with shame and apprehension. Her duty was clear, her obedience to the parental wishes assured. How could the gods look with benign eyes upon one whose soul was charged with angry and rebellious thoughts? She would claim pardon: she would fulfil the wishes of her parents, even to entering the arms of Sakata, the lord of a hundred junks. She would——

Here she raised her head, her heart throbbing with a new and noble resolution, and, behold! her eyes fell upon the figure of a man who stood back some little way, regarding her intently. At first, owing to a quick, uncertain glance, she thought the figure was one of the priests from the adjacent temple, and for fear of incurring his displeasure, she made a pretence of continuing her devotions; but the man's form came between her and the gods, and in a way he seemed to read her thoughts, and she trembled like a child who is suddenly discovered in mischief.

Intuitively, for she had not the courage to look, she felt the presence draw near, and the strange throbbing of her pulses told her that it was no priest. In fact, she knew it now, even by that timid glance, in which he was seen silhouetted as something dark and big against the sky. Her imagination carried her even farther than that. Was he of her country?

She tried to think, but her brain whirled confusedly. Lower she bowed her head: she sought to interpose between her and this stranger the faces of the gods, those vague, mysterious deities who lived in clouds and rode upon the typhoons; but the effort proved unavailing. The gods were but shadowy substances at best—this stranger was a tangible reality.

Then she became conscious of the fact that a voice was whispering softly in her ear, and at first she scarcely knew if the accents were human or divine; but her agitation quickly passing, she recognised the commonplace words of everyday greeting uttered with a foreign tongue.

Her agitation was, if possible, even more profound; but it was of an entirely different nature. Hitherto she had been subdued by the strength of her spiritual aspirations; she had wandered in the realms of imagination, had trodden the borderland of the unknown, and her steps had been slow and her feet had faltered; but this voice and this presence recalled her to earth, and with a pretty show of confusion she began to scramble to her feet. Then it was, almost unknown to her, a hand grasped hers, and her burning palm slipped into his—so cool, so steady.

"Do not be alarmed," he said, a deep sincerity in every tone of his voice; for he saw her terror, and he had had some experience of the timidity of these strange little creatures. "I assure you there is nothing to be afraid of. I am merely a stranger who has come to see—who has come to learn."

He dropped her hand as he spoke, and she, feeling herself at liberty, had a great inclination to dash away from this presumptuous stranger with the soft voice, who stumbled so charmingly with her language. But her dignity and better sense came to the rescue: perhaps her feminine curiosity had not a little to do with the determination. Perhaps, also, the gods, who worked in a way unknown to mortals, had not turned a deaf ear to her prayers. Perhaps—but her soul almost sickened with terror at the awful, the sacrilegious thought — perhaps the god himself, the Master-of-the-August-Centre-of-Heaven, had——

With a strange throbbing of the breast she raised her eyes slowly from the ground, whereon was firmly planted a pair of white boots, and as her glance began

slowly to ascend the legs of the deity, she thought they were monstrous long, and totally unlike those of the men of her own race. But even as she thought, her glance continued its upward course, and presently she was looking into a pair of earnest eyes, the colour of which seemed to have been stolen direct from the farthest blue of the ocean.

The face was fair, white as she had dreamed the face of a god should be, and the thick golden hair fringed it as with an aureole. Amazement sat upon her face: indecision flickered across it in little hurrying waves of shadow and shine. Conscious of this unprecedented encounter, and of the proper behaviour of young ladies under such conditions, she hesitated to leave, impelled thus to defy the laws of decorum by a power which she felt acutely, but which she was utterly unable to analyse. And he saw her irresolution, and the smile deepened in his eyes and brightened his whole face, and in a vague way Hanu-San thought of the sun sinking in the sea.

He stumbled atrociously with the language as he attempted to propitiate her, to still her fears; but she found his strange phrasing and mispronunciation delightfully quaint and fresh, and she would not have had him speak in any other fashion for the world. Moreover, she discovered, after the first shock of nervousness had passed away, and she could listen with something like tranquillity, that he was English, and she delighted him, in reply to one of his questions, by answering him in his native tongue. For was she not the daughter of Naku, the compradore, he who traded with the English, who spoke their language with fluency? And had she not wished to know something of these people of the West, and striven to learn that language which everyone seemed to speak?

Castleton, the voyager in question, was overjoyed at the discovery, and henceforth eschewed all attempts to make himself understood in Japanese. It is enough for the Englishman that other people should struggle with his language: he never discloses any great inclination to battle with theirs. When Hanu-San fought valiantly with a word he came to her rescue; but her pretty struggles pleased him infinitely, and he was cruel enough to prolong her exquisite agony to the full.

Once her restraint had worn off she prattled glibly in an odd mixture of English and Japanese. She would begin solemnly enough with the foreign language, but she invariably finished at express speed in her native tongue. And though he did not thoroughly understand her, he learnt that she was the daughter of Naku, the compradore, he who provided the victuals for the great English ships. As he had never heard of the honourable Naku, the information contained nothing of much importance. The chief point was that she was somebody's daughter.

He looked at the quaint little doll-like figure, and even through her loose *kimono* saw the budding girl was blossoming into the rose of woman. Perhaps she was not entirely pretty—he had never become quite reconciled to the strange eyes with the puffy lids—but her complexion was good, her mouth full and fresh and pouting like a child's, and when she smiled she was wholly charming.

"Your name?" he said. "How shall I call you?"

"Hanu-San."

"Hanu-San," he repeated, admiration and pleasure blending with singular adroitness in his look. "An appropriate name, indeed, for you are just the sweetest flower that I have ever seen."

She blushed, but at the same time solemnly shook her head.

"Nay, your Excellency, I am but a poor creature who has incurred the anger of the gods."

"The gods," said he disdainfully, "are old, and deaf, and blind. What have they to do with thee, Hanu-San, with living flesh and blood? We go our way in spite of them, living, as the birds sing, the trees put forth their leaves, the sun rises and sets—simply because we must. All things in nature pursue their appointed course, and we that are a part of nature, shall we not walk rightly, guided by the spirit which is within us?"

Poor Hanu-San could not quite grasp the subtlety of such fine argument; but through the confusion of words and images she caught a fleeting vision of that vague something which, on more than one occasion lately, had flashed through her own brain; and she was aware that the stranger, or the essence of him, was entering her soul through her eyes, and unconsciously she abandoned herself to the strange, delicious process.

An hour after they passed down beneath the great *torii*, or granite archways, which are the invariable symbol of Shintoism, that old, vague, ill-remembered form of worship which they call religion; but this time his arm was thrown caressingly about her shoulders, and many times he stopped irresolute and gazed into her face with doubting looks; but she smiled up at him, and the sunshine danced in her eyes, and lit with a deeper scarlet her lips; and the man drew her suddenly to him and pressed her face into his breast. There was a pathos, a trustfulness in those clear eyes which overwhelmed him with a knowledge of his own guilt.

But the weakness, as he called it, quickly passed, and presently he remembered nothing but that this fantastic little doll was a living, breathing woman—a creature in whom was the pleasure and the pain of life. So he pressed her closer, and kissed her, until she wondered at his passion; and when she stumbled, he caught her up in his arms, nor would he release her until he had reached the very bottom of the long flight of steps. And then, all panting and blushing, and burning with an unknown fire, Hanu-San was set upon her feet, and for some moments she had not the courage to look into those eyes which were so like the sea. But it was delightful—all this strange whirl of excitement. Her soul would ever remain within the embrace of those strong arms.

He accompanied her for still a little way until he noticed that she began to cast uneasy glances about her; then he stopped and took her hand, and once more searched her eyes for the soul which had already filled them with a new light. But the dog-like, wondering pathos of the look touched him keenly. He would rather her eyes were not quite so serious.

"You will come to-morrow, Hanu-San," he said, "at the same hour?"

She hesitated, but only for a moment.

"I will come," she whispered.

He watched the quaint little figure as it descended the hill towards the town; then as it disappeared entirely he sat himself upon one of the great granite steps, lit a cheroot, and began to think.

He had only arrived at the port the day before. Coming from Yokohama, where he had spent the last twelve months of his life, he had intended to stay in Nagasaki for one week prior to his departure for England. Old friends were to be looked up, visits to be repaid, general farewells exchanged. In a week the southern-bound steamer would call and take him to Hong-Kong, there to join the greater home boats. He had spent some happy months in Dai Nippon, or Great Japan, as the natives proudly call their country. He would have some pleasant memories to take back with him—and, possibly, one regret.

The panorama that opened out beneath him was an exceedingly fair one—the far-stretching picturesque town, the masses of foliage, and the blue bay, upon the waters of which the light junks scudded to and fro and the great steamers lay asleep. But he saw all these things with the eye only: his brain was full of the image of a doll-like figure in a blue-and-white *kimono*. And he wondered what he ought to do. Curiosity had led him to explore the temple. As he passed up beneath the great *torii*, his thoughts were chiefly concerned with his voyage and his home-greeting. It was not until he beheld the devout form of Hanu-San bowed before the shrine that they took another turn. Then, for the time being, voyage, and home, and every other thought was obliterated. Was it not strange that just on the eve of his departure he should have met her? There was no consistency in fate.

But the next day, at the self-same hour, he toiled once more towards the shrine, and as he approached the great gaunt *torii* he almost wished that she might not be there. But this was not to be. All

athrob with an anxiety the like of which had hitherto been a stranger to her, she had requested permission to ascend once more to the shrine, and as she even sounded the name of Sakata in a tone of maidenly reverence, the permission was at once accorded. Slowly, and with the utmost circumspection, she bowed herself from the august presence of her honourable mother; but once she had begun her ascent of the hill her speed increased in spite of stumbles and hard breathing. He might be there, or he might have been there and gone! Both thoughts seemed to have an equally disastrous effect.

But he was not there, and she knew not if he had been, and a long little wait was hers, her heart beating with sickening suspense. The shrine was before her, but the gods were not those of yesterday. Another had come to fill their place—one whose hair was charged with the gold of sunset, whose eyes were as blue and as fathomless as the sea.

At last she caught a glimpse of him as he mounted the path towards her, and every nerve of her seemed to leap with a mighty bound, and for a moment her vision was blurred as by a mist. She could not understand this strange and sudden throbbing; she never sought to; but long after she remembered it, and life would gladly have been given for such another sensation, even though she knew not if the grip upon her heart was one of pleasure or of pain.

His greeting was inexpressibly tender: she nestled to him as a child might to its parent, and he, looking down at her, wrinkled his brow with thought. Then he stopped, irresolute, and held her away from him, and looked at her so strangely, so fiercely, that she trembled, wondering what she had done. But suddenly he threw up his head and laughed somewhat bitterly to himself. Then, seizing her hand, together they walked amid the trees and the flowers; and the birds sang to them, and the sun leapt into the eyes of Hanu-San and lit her face with happiness. And he said to her—"Know you me, O Hanu-San?"

She was at a loss for a suitable reply, because she did not wholly understand the question, but she smiled reassuringly.

"It is very strange, but I seem to have known your Excellency for many days."

"But as I am?" he said.

"As you are?" she echoed. "Ay, of course."

He saw she did not understand. Why should he make her? Again that hesitant, irresolute look showed itself in his eyes. Then he sneered at his own weakness.

And so for the five succeeding days, at the self-same hour, Hanu-San toiled upward to the shrine, and her parents marked with pleasure this proof of devotion in their daughter, and spoke repeatedly of the honourable Sakata and his hundred junks. And that daughter listened with a grave face, as became a maiden who was so highly honoured. It was a momentous event, this union with the illustrious Sakata, and no doubt the thought of it robbed her of the power of making an adequate reply. But the dazzle of her approaching greatness added a lustre to her stupidity. It was evident that she had not intelligence enough rightly to appreciate the magnificent condescension of Sakata; but she was young, and to such the gods are forbearing.

And so each day the quaint little figure toiled its way upward with a beating heart. Sometimes the thought of Sakata obtruded its hateful presence, and filled her breast with pain; but it only needed a glimpse of the well-beloved figure near the shrine to banish the hateful sensation. With her hand in his there was no longer any fear or trouble in the world. Even Sakata was but the memory of a bad dream, which was shadowed but indistinctly in the mist of things.

And so the days flew all too rapidly, and never once had she breathed the name of the illustrious owner of the hundred junks, and Castleton had but hinted vaguely at the date of his departure; but now the time had drawn horribly near, and his manliness forbade him longer to conceal the fact. He regretted that he had not spoken sooner, that he had not gently approached the subject, and so by degrees have prepared her for the inevitable. Yet she

would probably accept the news with the stoicism of her race, that Oriental fatalism which explains every incongruity. It is written: Who shall gainsay the wisdom of the gods?

After many ineffectual attempts at an opening, he said, "Know you, O Hanu-San, that to-morrow morning the *Mindoro* will arrive from Kobe?"

"Indeed," she said. What had she to do with the *Mindoro* or Kobe? Her heaven was here—here in Nagasaki.

"Ay," he continued, rather nervously, "and to-morrow evening she leaves for Hong-Kong."

And still she was not interested. Ships were always coming and going. Surely they were built for no other purpose.

"For Hong-Kong," he repeated. "You do not seem to understand."

Some strange note in his voice arrested her attention.

"I understand," she said, perhaps a little nervously. "To-morrow evening the *Mindoro* will sail for Hong-Kong. Is that not so?"

"It is."

"Good. In three weeks she will be back again."

"Yes," said he, "that is true: the ship will be back—but she will not return with all the people she took away."

Then for the first time her breast responded with a chill throb to the strange tone his voice had assumed, and she seemed to realise that under this apparently trivial piece of information there lay a serious meaning. Her eyes sought his, and in them he saw a look of pitiful anxiety. The mouth, too, quivered painfully as she spoke.

"I do not understand," she faltered. "Tell me."

He felt her little hands close tightly on his. They were throbbing and burning like fire; but as he spoke they grew, oh, so cold.

"Have you forgotten that I am but a visitor?" he said. "My home is away, away in the West. I could not stay here always."

Ay, to be sure. And yet she had not thought of it. The delight of the day had brought her sweet dreams in the night. Her life was full of dreams, of hopes, of soft sensations. Why should it not always be thus?

"I had already booked my passage in the *Mindoro*," he continued, sparing himself nothing—her nothing, though he saw her face pale and felt her hands tremble. "I must go home, Hanu-San; it is imperative. That is what I meant when I said that the *Mindoro* would not bring back all those people she took away. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she gasped; but she staggered as though she would fall. He caught her, and their eyes met; but to the longest day of his life Castleton will be haunted by the stricken pathos of that look.

Slowly, and for the last time, they descended beneath the great *torii* together. His arm was about her as before; the vague suggestion that he was murmuring words of consolation stole into her numbed brain; but the birds no longer sang, the sun, fierce as it had been a moment ago, now failed to warm the chilly air. The trees moved their phantom arms before her and flung cold shadows into her eyes: the rustle of the leaves sounded like a jeer at human hopes. Below she saw the bay and the ships as through a haze. Hateful bay! hateful ships! But for them he would not have come; but for them he could not go.

They stopped at the old parting of the ways, and again he sought to render her consolation; but the pathos of her eyes stole right into his heart and stilled his tongue. He could not say what he did not mean. It would have been too pitiful.

"My lord will come again?" she said.

"Perhaps," he answered.

She bowed low and pressed his hand to her forehead.

"I have been yours," she whispered, "and you mine, and so it shall be for all eternity. I have looked into your eyes, O my lord, and the sunshine of your glance has dazzled me. But the gods are good. I thank them for this glimpse of paradise. It is written. *Sayonara*."

"*Sayonara*," he answered.

It was the last word of farewell.

SHEELIA.

By ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

THERE were two Lenihans, each owner of a stall in Patrick's Close for the sale of old clothing. Both wanted to marry brown-eyed Molly O'Shea; and Molly accepted James, the father, rather than John, the son, for the sake of Sheelia.

The two girls, who had come up from the country in search of work, made a complete contrast. Molly was fresh and fair as a rose in the hedge, and Sheelia was ill-favoured, the sort of lass whom nobody cares to look on twice. Yet the sisters were tenderly attached.

Sheelia, being the elder, had fostered little Molly till an attack of the "small-pock" weakened and disfigured her, and Molly was in her turn acting as mother when she went to buy clothing from the Lenihans. James lowered the price of a gown for the sweetness of her eyes, and John carried home the shawl he had sold her for half nothing to Sheelia's lodging, an attic paid for out of Molly's earnings. By the next year Molly had two proposals, one from the father and one from the son. Why did she think of marrying either of them? Because, said the chronicler, "she was the most good-natured little crature on the face of the airth, and she got herself into a sort of a tangle between them both, for that they did be always doin' somethin' kind to Sheelia for the sake of bein' obligin' to her."

Molly was suspected of inclining to John, and why wouldn't she, seeing that he and she were born about the one day, while James was forty-seven years of age, if he was a minute!

The disagreement between them was on account of Sheelia. When John made his proposal, dreaming of a snug little home with Molly, he was unprepared for the condition on which his acceptance was made to depend. Molly, with the most beseeching expression in her soft brown eyes, said, "I 'm sure, John, you won't object to Sheelia livin' with us."

John declared that he did object most strenuously. A vision of Molly and himself, with their heads together at the fireside, was one thing; Sheelia, looking on for ever, made it quite another.

"I may as well tell you at once that I couldn't agree to it," said John Lenihan decidedly.

Molly's eyes grew stern, and she walked away abruptly and left him standing in the street. John said to himself that she was entirely unreasonable, and that he would give her time to return to her senses. So he denied himself the happiness of seeing her for an entire week. But before the week had come to an end Molly was his stepmother.

No one was very sure whether John and Molly had ever really cared for each other. It was generally said that neither of them could have been in earnest or one would have given way. Molly would have cast Sheelia to the wolves, or John would have opened his door to her. There was a consensus of opinion as to Sheelia's undesirableness in the eyes of any man who might marry her sister. She was useless and almost helpless. Her face was of the livid green hue seen on an unripe plum, and her eyes had the distressing prominence and fishy expression developed by asthma. She had a high-pitched, unmelodious voice, and a shapeless figure, rendered still more ungraceful by a scanty wardrobe. However, such as Sheelia

was, James Lenihan, for the sake of Molly, took her in.

"An' well he might," said the neighbours. "To see Molly goin' about his house with her cheeks like strawberries an' cream, an' the eyes of her like stars in her head, ought to be enough consolation for any man; and when she did be smilin' an' smilin' at him, divil mend him if he could see anyone in it at all but the darlin' herself! As for John, his father had learned him a lesson, an' quare enough it was to see a man able to be more of a lover at James's age than the like o' his own *bouchal* of a son. Sure, Sheelia was that delicate she had hardly any appetite — a sparrow was a glutton to her — an' little James would miss the bit she ate. An' the sisthers were together, the cratures, an' 'twas aisy to see there was a blessin' over the whole of it."

When John heard that Molly was married to his father, he made no remark to anyone, but he wound up his affairs, disposed of his stall in Patrick's Close, and disappeared from the neighbourhood. "An' no wondher for him to be ashamed of himself," said the neighbours.

The blessing supposed to be on James Lenihan's house did not altogether keep things straight, and, as time went on, Sheelia was as often in the street, or sheltered by a friend, as in the corner which Molly had made sacred to her. Having carried his point of marrying Molly, James was not above trying to get rid of Sheelia, and Molly's tears did not save the unwelcome one from a blow now and again and a pretty frequent curse. However, James found himself constrained to endure the invariable return of the poor rag of womanhood whom his passion for his lovely Molly had foisted on him.

It was about seven years after the marriage that a rumour went round Patrick's Close one day that Molly Lenihan was down and bad entirely.

"Do you think she will over it?" asked one neighbour of another.

"Sure what would aild her? An' two childer on the flure already!" was the *rejoinder.*

"They say it was a row about Sheelia that knocked her up," remarked a third.

"They're saying more than their prayers about iverythin'," said the first speaker. "It's a pity that the most o' people do always know too much."

The mother of three, one of whom never saw the light, did not "over it," and James Lenihan was left with two little girls of three and five, and—Sheelia!

Molly made the loveliest corpse that iver was waked in Patrick's Close, and when she was lying stiff and straight with the candles burning round her, in the brown religious habit that the like of her do love to be buried in, with her sweet, round white face shaded by her curly hair and her little hands clasped on her breast, people said she looked as if she were pleading with James, her husband, for Sheelia.

Sheelia herself was twisted up in a knot of agony at the side of the bed, and almost under it, as if she would hide herself away from a world that would no longer tolerate her now that Molly was out of it. The two little children were taken into a neighbour's house, and the room was full of friends. James Lenihan was looking miserable enough, when in walked his son John Lenihan, who had not been seen in the neighbourhood for going on seven years.

John walked to the foot of the bed and stood there staring at Molly dead for a good five minutes, says the chronicler, and then he drew his father aside and put his hand in his pocket.

"Here's money to buy her the han'somest coffin that's made in Cook Street," said John to James; and James accepted the money, and John went out.

On the morning of the funeral John came back, and James was put out at seeing him; for according to John's ways his father thought that he had seen the last of him. However, John came, and put his hand to the coffin to help to carry it; and after all was over he returned the third time to the disolate house, an' sthruck his father on the breast with his fist an' shook him by the shouldhers.

"You naygur!" he said, an' the eyes leppin' out of his head, "you pocketed the money an' gave her a pauper coffin afther!"

James whined; and John turned on his heel and departed, this time for good and all, out of Patrick's Close.

Sheelia, who had hitherto been as Molly's shadow, now came to the front. She crept from under the bed and held out her arms to the motherless children. When James saw her his grief gave place to wrath. Fate had trampled his flower under foot and left him with this weed!

"Why hadn't ye the dacency to die out o' this wid ye and lave me *her*?" he shrieked; and Sheelia fled into hiding among the neighbours.

Her return was very gradual. She began by creeping in when James was out, attending to the children with an energy that was surprising to the witnesses. Their clothes were mended, the little creatures were washed and brushed and dressed. After a time Sheelia grew bolder, and James Lenihan would find his stockings darned, and the rent in his old coat patched up, and he knew very well that someone had been busy for him. At last one day he surprised her at work in the house. He swore savagely at her and went out again. The next time he found her there he only grumbled. At the end of a month or so, Sheelia was established in James Lenihan's house, occupying poor Molly's place as housekeeper to the best of her ability.

Ten years went past, during which Sheelia's developed capabilities proved matter for continued amazement to the neighbours. "Sure, Molly must be at the bottom of it," they said, "helpin' her out of heaven. To see her staggerin' about with her face as green as bottle-glass and her eyes dhroppin' out of her head, doin' every mortial thing for that family, makin' meals, and scrubbin', and sendin' out the childher like young ladies to school, and hidin' away with herself 'when James Lenihan comes in, the same as if she wasn't in it at all! A body might think it was the fairies off the *boholauns* in the fields she was born in that did be makin' things comfortable for her little Molly's husband!"

The neighbour-women had to contribute among them a few rags to cover poor Sheelia, and this was considered matter for the reasonable indignation of the charitable, seeing all the second-hand gownds and things—an', goodness knows, some of them no great shakes!—that did be swingin' out of James Lenihan's doorway like live bodies, God help us!

"Sure an' he could spare one o' them sthreelish skirts that do be fright'nin' the heart out o' ye whin the wind is blowin' them across your eyes, an' the light not too good, an' them lookin' for all the world like Bluebeard's wives in the pantomime!"

It was a well-established fact that Sheelia worshipped the ground Molly's childher walked; and she was pitied doubly on that account when the influenza, having caught hould of her entirely, and left her no more able to stand up on her feet than if she was a yard of ould wet sthring, she was carted off by James Lenihan to the parish infirmary.

Where Sheelia had slept these ten years past was a mystery. James Lenihan did not know nor ask. She was always up and about when he appeared, and he left her still busy in the kitchen when he went to bed at night. There was no provision for her lying by anywhere: and so it was plain that she had to go elsewhere if she wanted to be an invalid.

Sheelia cloaked her departure for the poorhouse as going into hospital, her quaking heart foreboding that she never should return to her shelter on sufferance in Patrick's Close.

Why did she court that inclement harbour? True, she was there on the floor where Molly had stood, and was suffered to slave for Molly's children, whom she loved. But the girls were now of an age to take care of themselves and their father. When Sheelia, having been sent out of the infirmary, made her way back to the old quarters, James Lenihan hurled an oath at her and shut the door in her face. The children were away at

school, and Sheelia prayed to be allowed to wait to have a look at them, whereupon Lenihan promptly handed her over to a policeman as a beggar-woman escaped out of the union. Then he sat down and smoked a pipe, and congratulated himself on having kept his word to Molly in having fostered and cherished Sheelia, till the creature became impossible.

Meanwhile, John Lenihan had established himself in the milk business near a village some miles beyond the city. He had fields and cows and a pleasant house, for he had married a wife with a goodish bit of money. She was not in the least like Molly, but she was comely, and had charms of her own. There were three little children running after the butterflies and gathering the cowslips in the fields, and John was cultivating a bit of garden, and had a rose nailed up all over his house. Silently, to himself, he had given that rose the name of Molly. He had planted it the day after she was laid in her grave. What his regrets were, or whether he had any, nobody could say, or thought of asking. He had enough of the good things of the world, and knew how to enjoy them. He was busying himself with the rose one half-holiday, when an old acquaintance from Patrick's Close stopped on the road and looked over his low fence, and gave him the top of the morning.

"Sure it 's the fine place ye have, John Lenihan. The house ye have! I declare but your own childher 'll soon be as big as your little sisthers down yondher in the Coombe."

"Oh, aye," said John. "How are they gettin' on over there this while back?"

"The best of well, I 'm tould. Especially since your father got shut of Sheelia."

"Is Sheelia dead?" asked John in a lowered tone.

"Not a die on her. Sure thim dyin' ones niver does raly die at all. It 's only that James Lenihan 's got her shoved into the poorhouse. He might as well ha' been as wise as you at first, an' sent her there at wanst. It 'd ha' been betther for her, I 'm thinkin', than the life she has been leadin'!"

John was not conversational, and the acquaintance was in a hurry, and after the latter had tramped away John stood on the path like a man in a dream, and put in no more nails that morning. Molly's face was before him with the look it had upon it when they parted.

He went into the house and put on a clean shirt, and his best coat and hat, and took a stick in his hand. Then he said a word to his wife at the door and left her looking very serious. A couple of hours later he walked into the poorhouse yard and asked for one Sheelia O'Shea.

When Sheelia was confronted with him he could not recognise her. She was worn to a shadow with hardship and grief, her hair was white, her mouth had fallen in, she was prematurely aged and broken. When she saw John Lenihan she began to tremble and weep.

"What do ye want with me now, John Lenihan?" she whimpered. "Sure, I know it was me that parted you and Molly, but I didn't hear anythin' about it till she was a married woman. She niver tould me herself; it was the neighbours let it out to me. An' ye mightn't be comin' back to me now, whin I 'm here, where ye wanted me to be."

Lenihan looked at her pitifully, as you might look at an uncouth and famished dog.

"I 'm goin' to take ye home with me," he said gently.

It was long before Sheelia could believe that he meant her well; but home she went with him. She sat at the further end of the tram-car and watched him furtively. What was he going to do with her, this man who had been harder on her than anyone else in a cruel world? When his wife saw her come in the discontent that had clouded the younger woman's face went out of it, and she said with awe—

"You 've brought home a dyin' woman, John. She won't be long with us."

"Make her as comfortable as you can while she stays," said John, and the thought passed through his mind that when Sheelia went to the other world she would be sure to tell everything to Molly. And that look would go off Molly's mouth and eyes, and she would forgive him.

THE DOG AND THE MAN.

By B. PAUL NEUMAN.

THE light was waning on the tramps' highway. It had been a scorching day, and the coolness of the evening was delightful. So were the mellow amber tints in the sky after the glare of the cloudless blue. The hedges stood out against the sunset like black fretwork. On the grass by the roadside the dew lay heavy.

The tramps' highway led straight into Castleton. Before it commenced the long descent it skirted the side of a hill. On the other side lay a broad valley. From many a snug-looking farmhouse the smoke curled lazily up, or hung like a little firmament overhead. Here and there lights began to shine through the smoke, and above, in the eastern sky, one or two pale stars shone tremulous.

Upon this deserted road there suddenly appeared from round the shoulder of the hill a forlorn-looking company. A little ahead, well in the centre of the path, came a man—obviously a tramp born and bred. He walked with the measured lurch of one who is constantly on his legs and never in a hurry. He was of middle height, square-built, and stout. His complexion, coarse and weatherbeaten, had yet the soft soddened appearance that sometimes comes from long-continued drinking. He was dressed after the shabby-tramp fashion — for even the road has its Brummels—in an old reefer jacket with corduroy waistcoat and trousers, a greasy black cloth cap, and a flaming fold of red flannel round the neck. The last six buttons of his waistcoat were open, showing a tongue of dirty blue-and-white checked shirt. In one hand he carried a small bundle, in the other a short stick. Moody, dirty, frowsy, he swung along, his eyes on the ground.

A couple of paces or so behind him lagged a woman. She was carrying a heavy baby, and walked as if she were dead tired. Her face was pinched and worn, and she looked to the full as dirty and disreputable as the man.

The third—not counting the baby—in this woe-begone little procession was a dog. He was evidently a mongrel, and by no means a fine specimen of the breed. He had short, wiry brown hair, except where age or stress of circumstances had left it thin, a sharp intelligent face with fine brown eyes, and a short stump of a tail. He hobbled along with a pronounced limp, and at everything in the road that looked as though it might possibly be eatable he stopped to investigate. He was so thin one could almost count his ribs.

They walked along in silence, broken only by the baby's occasional cries and wails. Of these the woman took small heed. Her feet dragged and shuffled along the ground more and more. At last she spoke—

"Let's sit down for a minute, Bill, I 'm fair done. I tied this boot on, and it 's come loose, drat it!"

The man stopped, flung himself down on the bank without a word, took out a pipe, and began rummaging in his pockets.

"Got any bacca?" he asked.

It may be here stated at once that, owing to the character rather than the fullness of his vocabulary, his conversation can only be paraphrased or abridged.

She let go of the string with which she was trying to fasten the boot on, and drew forth from her pocket a small paper parcel screwed up.

"It's all I've got, Bill," she said apprehensively.

He tore it open, and thrust the whole contents into his pipe.

"You might ha' left me a bit," she said reproachfully.

Something in her tone annoyed him. He turned on her savagely.

"Shut your bloomin' row, or I'll give you something else to put in your pipe. Now then, look sharp, you're only shammin'. March!"

And he picked up his bundle and rose to his feet.

"All right, Bill," she said submissively, "I've just done."

The dog had been lying down with his tongue out, and his expressive eyes fixed on the two. He now rose up, and with a wag of his tail, came to his master's heel.

His reward was a kick on his bad leg, that sent him off yelping pitifully.

The woman looked up with a scowl, and muttered under her breath—

"The brute! What did he want to do that for?"

Then she felt in her pocket once more, and produced some crumbs, which she held out to the dog, having first satisfied herself that their master's back was turned.

The crumbs were not of much account, and must surely have tasted of tobacco; but the dog was not fastidious, and thanked her with another wag of his tail and a look that would have gone straight to the heart of any true dog-lover.

She patted his head.

"Poor dog!" she whispered. "Poor old fellow!" Then she got up, lifted the baby, and hurried after the man.

She soon caught him up, and for the next half-mile they walked together in moody silence. Then the woman once more broke silence—

"It's no good, Bill; I can't go on. I must have a rest, if you kill me for it."

And she sat down on the edge of the path and laid the baby by her side.

She expected a storm of curses and, quite possibly, a shower of blows. Neither followed. Instead, the man came back and stood opposite to her.

"Give me the dibs," he said. "I'll go on and see if I can find a place to doss in."

She looked up at him doubtfully, whereupon he pulled himself together and poured forth three or four lines of acute profanity, winding up in the imperative mood: "Now then, shell out!"

She felt once more in her pocket, and after a good deal of fumbling, produced a shilling.

A very ugly look came over the man's face. He uttered no word—not even an oath, but he took a half step forward and raised his stick.

"All right, Bill, here's the rest," she said hastily, shrinking back and producing another shilling and a few coppers. "But don't spend it all in booze. Let's have a decent lodging for once. I'm sick of the hedges."

The man seized the coins and turned away with a brutal laugh.

"Leave the dog, Bill," the woman cried; "it's lonesome, and he's company."

"He can do what he likes, blast him!" shouted the man over his shoulder.

"Come along, Jack, and stay with me and the baby," she said, holding out her hand.

The man merely whistled.

The dog hesitated, ran up to the woman and licked her hand, then turned sharp round and galloped hard after the retreating figure.

She called him back once, twice, thrice. At the third call he stopped and looked back, gave a short run towards her, and then halted. He was evidently in dire perplexity. Once more he turned his head for a moment; his master was just vanishing round a bend in the road. That decided the matter. With a bark that might be meant as an apology to the woman for leaving her, or as an appeal to the man in deprecation of the customary kick, he stretched his neck, and, in spite of his game leg, raced after his master as fast as he could.

An hour afterwards the man and the dog appeared at the far end of the Castleton Road. The man was lurching heavily: he had called at three taverns, and only a few coppers were left in his pocket. He was in a vile temper, for

drink had no mellowing effect on him, but just the reverse. The dog, on the other hand, was in good spirits, for, while his master was wasting his substance, he had found rest and a bone. And now he frisked about, as if there were no such things in life as kicks and game legs. Unfortunately his liveliness was little to his owner's taste.

"Keep still, you dirty, mangy brute, or I 'll break every bone in your ugly body."

This is an expurgated edition of what he really said.

Jack subsided for a minute or two, while his master went on muttering to himself.

"She 'll catch me up 'fore long—she 'd better not say much about the shillings—jolly well bash her if she does."

Such was the effect of his ruminations.

Then a catastrophe happened. The unhappy dog suddenly renewed his frisking. The man, whose equilibrium was none too stable, stumbled over him and fell, grazing his cheek and breaking his pipe.

His wrath was too great for words. Just at that moment the sound of wheels was heard, and the lights of some vehicle appeared close upon him. He staggered to his feet, and seizing hold of the unsuspecting dog, misled by his master's silence, hurled him right in front of the wheels with a sudden volley of unreportable oaths.

He took a half step forward and raised his stick.

The driver of the dog cart pulled his right-hand rein violently, hoping thus to clear the animal. In this he was partly successful. The wheel only struck him, and did not, as it otherwise must have done, pass over his body. Jack gave a loud yelp and crawled slowly to the side of the road, where he lay down uttering sharp short cries of pain. His infuriated owner, finding himself baulked of his full revenge, took up a huge stone, and was just about to fling it at the dog when the driver of the trap leaped down, whip in hand.

"Drop that!" repeated the other, raising his whip.

"Drop that, you brute, or I 'll give you the thrashing you deserve," he thundered.

The tramp was an arrant coward, moreover, half-drunk as he was, he could yet tell in a moment that he was no match for this tall, powerful-looking stranger. He drew back a pace or two, still holding the stone.

"It's my dog," he said sulkily.

"Drop that!" repeated the other, raising his whip.

The tramp dropped the stone, but repeated—

"It's my dog—do what I like with it."

"And I shall do what I like with you," said the other significantly.

"You'll have to wait here all night, then," said the tramp.

"No; I shall take the dog."

But when he stooped to lift him, Jack snarled and tried to snap.

"He's mad," said the tramp, "that's why I was trying to kill him."

"And me and my daughter, too; very kind of you."

"Father—" it was a child's voice from the dog-cart—"buy the poor doggie—I'm sure he'll die if you don't."

The tramp heard, and thought of his shillings. This was talking sense.

"He's a fine bred 'un," he said, "you shall have him for a couple of shillings."

"He's mad, you know."

"Oh, that was only my chaff."

"And he's certainly half dead, thanks to you."

"You're my doggie now," she whispered.

"Not he. He's been worse hit than that half-a-dozen times."

"I can quite believe that, with you for a master. Now, then, you put him in the trap. You shall have half-a-crown, brute as you are, if you get him in without a yelp."

"All right, governor," said the tramp, whom this incident seemed to have sobered.

The tramp, with an evil smile, blew a long whistle.

He approached the dog and patted him.

"Silly old fool!" he said; "what did you run under the wheels for?"

"He didn't *run* under, you horrid man!" said the child's voice. "You threw him. I wonder he'll let you touch him."

"Oh, bless you, Miss," answered the tramp with easy contempt, "he'd let me do anything I likes to him. He's as big a fool as a woman."

And perhaps he was, for as his master lifted him up and placed him carefully on the seat—sixpence extra depending on the result—the animal licked his hand and wagged the stump of a tail, and followed every movement with eyes that seemed full of content.

The little girl stooped and kissed him, her long yellow hair falling over him like a shower.

"You're *my* doggie now," she whispered, "and if you get well you shall have such a good time."

But Jack was looking uncomfortable. He had lost sight of his master. He tried to raise himself, and an involuntary yelp told the effort it cost him.

"Lie down, you ugly beast!" shouted the tramp, holding out his hand for the coin; and the dog obeyed.

But when the money had passed and dog-cart was well on its way, the tramp, with an evil smile, put his fingers to his lips and blew a long whistle.

"That'll make him half kill himself to get out. If he does, I'll do the other half to pay for *this*." And he rubbed his cheek.

And in the trap the dog was struggling eagerly, desperately, to obey the call he had never before failed to answer. Comfort, plenty, and love were driving him away fast from hunger, cruelty, and death, and his one desire was to give his deliverers the slip.

The tramp was right: he was as great a fool as a woman.

A MONARCH OF ALL HE SURVEYS.

This article tells of the Happy Isles of the British Empire, which are the Cocos-Keeling and Christmas Islands in the Indian Ocean. They are owned by a family of sturdy Scots called Ross, who have put the story of Robinson Crusoe into the shade.

'TIS the merest jest that supposes a Scot to be seated on the top of the North Pole. And yet in sober fact you find the Scot in the most out-of-the-way corners of the British Empire. You know that Defoe based his invention of Robinson Crusoe on the strange story of Alexander Selkirk, a Largo man, who lived alone on Juan Fernandez for four years (1704-8). But for the fact of the intervention of America, a semi-Scot might one day have been Queen of Hawaii, for the pretty Princess Kaiulani is the daughter of an Edinburgh man, Mr. A. S. Cleghorn, who married Princess Likelike, sister of the dethroned Queen, Liliuokalani. Similarly, Mr. Robert Gillespie Reid, whose big railway concession has practically made him King of Newfoundland, is a native of Coupar Angus.

But even more interesting than any of these is the adventurous family of Clunies Ross, who own the Cocos-Keeling and Christmas Islands, in the Indian Ocean, over which the British flag flies; for although they might have been Russian or Dutch, the Clunies Rosses chose Victoria as their ultimate Sovereign; and when the head of the house, Mr. George Clunies Ross, was in London the other week, the Colonial Office had seen no more interesting client for many a year. Indeed, the story of the Cocos-Keeling Isles and their monarch is more wonderful than many a comic opera, and but for the fact that a solemn Blue-Book attests its reality, might be thought to belong to the region of fantasy.

Photo. by London Stereoscopic Co.

MR. GEORGE CLUNIES ROSS, WHO OWNS THE COCOS-KEELING ISLANDS IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

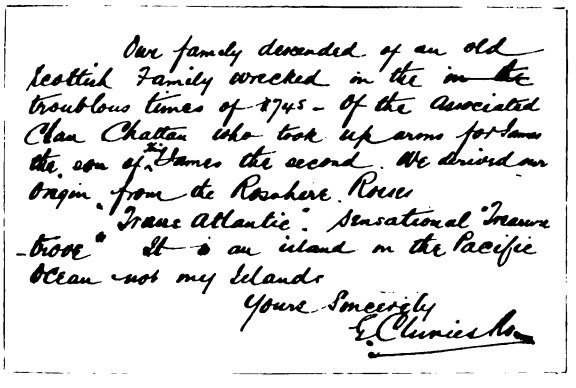
But where are these Happy Isles, you ask? Christmas Island lies serene in the Indian Ocean, about a hundred and ninety miles south of Java, while the Cocos-Keeling group (numbering twenty islands

in all) are three days farther off, if you go by steamer. The latter group was discovered by William Keeling, "General for the then East India Adventurers," who died at Carisbrooke, in the Isle of Wight, in 1819. Thus the Queen can never forget her subjects in those dim and distant isles, for whenever she visits Carisbrooke Church she cannot but see the painted wooden tablet which commemorates the courageous Keeling in the lines—

Fortie and two years in this vessel frail,
On the rough seas of life did Keeling saile,
A merchant fortunate, a captain bould,
A courtier gracious, yet, alas! not old.
Such wealth, experience, honour, and high praise
Few winne in twice as many daies.

The discovery of Captain Keeling might have been forgotten but for the adventurous spirit of a Scotch sailor called Ross, who landed (in 1825) on the islands, which were then unoccupied. He came of the powerful Ross-shire family of Ross, for whom the cause of Bonnie Prince Charlie had spelt ruin. Having failed to create a new King of Scots, Ross resolved to be a king himself. So he hurried back to Scotland to tell his kinsmen of the good tidings of those Happy Isles beyond the sea, returning there in 1827. Meantime, however, an English adventurer called Alexander Hare had settled on the islands, having come in the *Melpomene*, a ship commanded by Ross's own brother. Hare and Ross did not get on, however. Hare was an eccentric person, and all his followers, whom he had originally brought from Malacca (at the tail end of the Malay Peninsula), ultimately left him and went over to Ross. Finally Hare left the islands and died at Singapore.

Ross died in 1854, and was succeeded by his son, J. G. Clunies Ross. The latter died in 1871, and was followed by his son, the present King of Cocos, Mr. George Clunies Ross, who was born in 1841, was educated in Guernsey, and married a Cocos maid who does not speak English. His second brother, Charles, who takes charge of Cocos in his absence, was educated at St. Andrews University—those Scots are so insistent on education. A third brother graduated in a bank at Batavia. The youngest of all is a farmer in New Zealand, while one ran the family schooner *J. G. C. Ross* (forty tons), in which two of the brothers once sailed round the world.


Our family descended of an old Scottish Family wrecked in the in the troublous times of 1745 - Of the associated Clan Chattan who took up arms for James the son of the James the second. We derived our origin from the Rosshire Rosses
"Trans Atlantic". Sensational "Treasure-trove" It is an island in the Pacific Ocean not my Islands
Yours Sincerely
G. Clunies Ross

PART OF A LETTER IN MR. CLUNIES ROSS'S HAND-WRITING.

The Cocos-Keeling group are coral islands, forming a broken circle like a horse-shoe, and they are connected by the hard cement rock on which they rest. Some of them are from one to seven miles in length; others are only about a hundred yards. If you know your Darwin well—and his theory of coral reefs is one of the most fascinating subjects that the science of the reign has concocted—you will have some idea of the character of this strange kingdom rising in the Indian Ocean, and you will be prepared to hear that the land is rising, and may yet form a circular island, surrounded by a crater-like edge, the whole resembling a giant crater.

Since 1857, when H.M.S. *Juno* visited them, the British flag has flown over Cocos-Keeling Islands, and on Aug. 24, 1886, Mr. A. P. Talbot, Assistant Colonial Secretary of the Straits Settlements, who had arrived on H.M.S. *Zephyr*, annexed the islands to that colony, Mr. George Clunies Ross still remaining in charge of the group. He is, indeed, king of the islands in almost every sense, protecting the interests of his 600 subjects—of whom 400

WHERE THE SANTA CLAUS OF CHRISTMAS ISLAND (MR. ANDREW CLUNIES ROSS) LIVES.

Photographs by Mr James Fuller.

NATIVE HUT ON THE KEELING COCOS.

are Cocos born and 200 are imported from Bantam to help in the work of the place—as a father. Mr. Ross has stood out against a metallic currency, holding that it would breed gambling and other vices. The one export from the island is copra, the annual output being from 500 to 600 tons, but it is all of the highest quality.

Christmas Island has a long history, with very few incidents, however. The island, which is about twelve miles long by seven broad, is surrounded by seas of enormous depth. It seems to have been discovered by a Dutchman called Goos, who noted it in a map of 1666. Dampier was there in 1688, and got some wood from it to make a canoe with. But it was not till 1857 that any attempt was made to explore the island. This failed, however, and thirty years passed when the surveying vessel, the *Flying Fish*, circumnavigated the place. Ten more years elapsed, and then Mr. Charles W. Andrews, of our Natural History Museum, went out under the auspices of Sir John Murray, of *Challenger* fame. Meantime, however, a Santa Claus had come to Christmas Island in the person of Mr. Andrew Clunies Ross, the brother of the Cocos King, for he and thirteen persons were landed at Flying-Fish Cove in November 1888, and now the population numbers about forty.

THE WAVING PALM TREES

The climate during the greater part of the year resembles a very hot English summer tempered with sea breezes. For a time the only meat of the settlers was provided by the birds which swarm all over the island, and are extraordinarily tame. A Government official from the Straits Settlement who visited Christmas Island in 1891 declares that he caught a little thrush with a butterfly-net, and "shot ten pigeons on one tree, one after the other, without one of them attempting to fly away." Coffee can be cultivated with profit on the island. Mr. Andrew Clunies Ross, who is just forty-one, was educated at the Edinburgh

Institution, and, as noticed, used to command the family schooner, the *J. G. C. Ross*.

A high point of civilisation has been reached among Mr. Ross's subjects, although it is not quite British, for English is not taught in the one school that is situated in the Cocos - Keeling group, and conducted by a native islander who was trained at Singapore. Indeed, some members of the Ross family themselves speak little or no English. Yet vaccination is carried on, while the great disease-scourge of the islands, called "beri-beri," has greatly diminished in recent years. On the other hand, the rats of Western civilisation are a great pest. They were once landed from a ship, and the cats that were imported to kill them have overrun the islands and become a perfect nuisance themselves by killing birds, most of which were brought to the islands to destroy the cocoanut-beetle.

But the islands are happy in a series of negatives. There is No Jail, No Policemen, No Opium, No Chinamen. The Rosses themselves do all sorts of work; they are excellent mechanics and carpenters, and made their little schooner, the *J. G. C. Ross*, years ago. Like the two Gondolier Kings of Mr. Gilbert's whimsical fancy, they might be said to "rise early in the morning and proceed to light the fire."

The islands are cut off very much from the outside world. The present writer, for instance, communicated with Mr. Ross one November, and did not get a reply until the following September, the letter then bearing the postmark of Batavia, and, of course, a Dutch stamp. Ships may pass in the night, but they seldom call at the Cocos Keeling, although, as the Blue-Book attests, they would receive a hearty welcome from those sturdy Scots in the far-off Indian Ocean. It sounds like a fairy tale, yet the story of Ross Rex is quite real.

A GROUP OF NATIVES ON THE TRAMWAY TRACK AT COCOS.

FINE FEATHERS.

SCRAPS FROM LADY BABBIE'S NOTE BOOK.

HERE we are in the middle of spring—at least by the calendar—for what the season may vouchsafe in the actual matter of seasonable weather only the season itself knoweth. Since winter has gone coquetting in summer's borrowed plumes, even down to late December, the months seem to have derailed themselves all along the line, and April cannons into November, or January into June, with the most beautiful disregard of all subsequent sublunary discomforts to us poor mortals.

Most patiently we women waited until the New Year had lost its newness in the faint yet ardent hope of wearing our smart furs and exposing our expensive effects in sable, broadtail, or seal to admiration, but the opportunities were meagre, and scarcely warranted the considerable outlay with which we had made ready for coy Jack Frost. As a matter of fact, those who long to refresh themselves with the sight of ice and snow have now to go far afield for the purpose, and seek the snowy heights of Switzerland in which to recruit their jaded beings. Even there the climate has modified its original rigorous manners, and in the high-perched Grindelwald, where I have been lately "takin' notes" as well as some severe and unforgotten lessons on the ice, the very glaciers which have long been the pride of the district have begun to recede, and mountaineering authorities assure me that both these weird blue heights have almost imperceptibly declined for the past fourteen years. All of which leads one to fear that this present "eider-down generation," as some lady has called us, is being slowly trained by initial stages for the inevitable warmth which its demeanour or misdemeanours call for in the *Ewigkeit*. Meanwhile we remain in that intermediate *status quo* of the *demi-saison* which renders decidedly wintry or decidedly spring-like garments equally inappropriate to our immediate needs—a juncture which one always, somehow, finds an awkward one in England, but which the Parisienne is an adept in meeting satisfactorily, suitably, and becomingly. Spring sunshine has a searching way all its own of finding out the weak spots in garments that have stood a winter siege and repeated brushings from London mud, which is, by the way, of that constant clinging quality that never entirely brushes off.

Meanwhile, cloth still continues to be one of the most popular possible wearables for both afternoon and evening; a soft bright make, called *peau de gant*, being especially adapted to the garments "clinging like cerements" of our present mode. "Embroidery, and still more embroidery," would seem to be the clan-cry of every dressmaker, judging by the lavish embellishments which show on each freshly issued creation. Cut-out designs of plush or velvet overlaid with beads piped with cord and chenille are the most frequent, while thick guipures in *bise* (string-colour) and ivory appear on the more elaborately arranged costumes, but always supplemented with the inevitable embroidery of our extravagant habit.

In Paris the lately developed fondness for evening gowns made of pale-coloured cloths still continues; but they are made of lighter, finer, and, if possible, more highly polished texture than before. One just done by Bur for a Spanish royalty is

of cream-colour with a surface like new ivory; the pinafore-shaped polonaise is laid over a lisse bodice thickly oversewn with pearls. The ivory silk underskirt treated in the same manner has two pearl-sewn flounces of Mechlin lace. Shoulder-straps of light green velvet embroidered with emeralds and turquoises make the only spot of colour on this recklessly beautiful frock, with which are to be worn the Infanta's historical emeralds.

A week in Paris—and I have just returned from that combination of acute delight and despair—always fills me with joy in Lutetia's accomplishments, and corresponding sorrow in being unable to emulate them—this more particularly perhaps in the matter of millinery. The chapeau of our dreams and desire can only, indeed, be fashioned by deft French fingers inspired by the quick French brain, composed by the artistic French intelligence, for nothing in the world is more elusive, more difficult, more alluring than the Paris hat.

Every girl fancies she has a taste for millinery—save the mark!—and many achieve results more than possible for self or admiring and grateful acquaintances. Two days in the capital of France must reduce even the most self-sufficient of these artistic amateurs to a humbler frame of mind, however, as shop-window or salon discloses the apparently simple masterpieces whose equivalents range from fifty francs to two hundred, or even more, but whose *chic* and skill are—like another rare possession—far above rubies.

There is no doubt whatever that for general use the automobile is coming, and when a little, or, preferably, a good deal, less expensive than at present, we shall "mote" as eagerly as we erstwhile bicycled. Already Frenchwomen have adopted a distinct costume to meet the somewhat dusty, oily exigencies of their last toy. Putty-coloured draperies are accepted as resisting the inroads of both these accompanying facts of the motor as it is at present understood, but no doubt when the inevitable improvements begin to arrive we shall be able to ruffle it in muslins and silks successfully. Another new colour—a cross between purple and ruby—is called automobile, and on that account and its dark serviceable colour, obtains a measure of recognition with the fair motists whom I admiringly watched steering their vehicles in and out of the crowded Bois last week with that ease and elegance which in any situation remains with a Parisienne. Lord Carnarvon is one of those who have taken the motor up at home, and during the hunting his geeless drags brought many a batch of fair onlookers or pink sportsmen to the meets around Newbury.

One of the smartest women I know, with whom the art of always looking perfectly dressed seems a sixth sense, is wont to declare that one's hair is the most important part of one's altogether; so with her excellent example and wise precept in mind, I paid some attention to the coiffeur's art as practised in Paris at the moment. Highly perched arrangements are *de rigueur*, the low style not having caught on, and with a halo of loosely waved locks many eccentricities of garniture are in evidence for evening wear. Louis Quinze bows of stiffened ribbon have lost their vogue, and are replaced by jewelled winds of upright bows of silver or gold tinsel oversewn with sequins. Rosettes of coloured gauze surmounted by fancy feathers are smart, and an immense dragon-fly done in green gauze and jewels for fair or silver for dark hair is a *haute nouveauté*. One brilliantly coloured ostrich feather turning back from the fringe and of contrasting tone to the dress is also in the present form, while small flowers mounted on long stiff stems are worn with a tuft of foliage lying on the hair. Another new and an excellent innovation—which may the gods inspire every matinée-goer to wear—is the theatre toque, composed of some well-wired folds of brightly hued velvet, wider at back than front, where they are met with an upright bow of tinsel ribbon wired and edged with pearls or other stones. The hair, dressed high, comes up through this toque with charming effect, and the ensemble will, it may safely be averred, meet the admiration rather than the objurgation of anyone sitting behind it. All neck-trimmings

continue to be made very high, but plain and shaped to the neck; so high, indeed, that they have been appositely called "enclosures." The fashion was brought in by a well-known mondaine, who, though by the aid of certain helps has kept her complexion, yet cannot smooth out the tell-tale neck wrinkles of six-and-forty seasons. A clever dressmaker has for some years cut her neck-bands in high points behind the ears, and this winter the fashion came over to us—hence our satin stocks and "enclosures." As for jewellery, chains, pendants, crosses, lockets, bangles, earrings, and large jewelled corsage ornaments are separately and together everywhere evident on the fashionable dame, while pearl collars clasped with diamonds and sometimes emeralds or turquoise are never absent from the *grande tenue* of a well-dressed woman, whose jewel-box, when not filled with real stones, is, as in the case of our illustrated demoiselle, no less artistically catered for by the renowned creations of the Parisian Diamond Company.

Next, perhaps, to her wardrobe and her jewel-safe, the affectionate attention of a modern madam is given to her daintily filled linen-presses, which not even in the housewifely annals of our grandmothers contained more lace, embroidery, or drawn-thread work than now. Irish linen holds pre-eminently first place for purity and excellence; but, as in the case of a Holloway tradesman who was lately fined for selling mixed cotton and flax for pure Irish linen, it seems that we must be careful where we buy when about to supplement our dower-chests. When the magistrate fined this tradesman heavily for palming off a "union" of flax and cotton for Irish linen, Mr. Grain, counsel for defence, humorously remarked that another injustice to Ireland had been righted. One hopes so, but is meanwhile not oblivious of the fact that these tricks of trade may be practised again by others than high-class traders. So, in buying Irish linen, it is as well to make assurance doubly sure by going to the fountain-head, or, otherwise, to Irish manufacturers whose bona fides are above suspicion, and in this connection Hanna and Co., of Bedford Street, Belfast, are on all counts to be commended for the purity and excellence of their manufactures, which include all kinds of linen from the delicate cobwebby cambric and grass-lawn handkerchief to elaborately embroidered sheets, all of which are woven and bleached at Messrs. Hanna's old-established factory at Lurgan, and sent on from there to their firm in Belfast. Drawn work being one of their specialities, it is quite worth while to send for a catalogue, if only for the purpose of seeing the exquisite designs set forth, and equally applicable to sheets, pillow-covers, tray-cloths, or other articles variously. Some decorative church linen, just accomplished by Messrs. Hanna, is going to France, the land of fine embroidery — and is as beautiful as any ever made there. Handkerchiefs of fine cambric and delicately drawn thread borders are surprising, by reason of their worth and low price, as anyone sending for a dozen of their No. 19 at 6s. 9d. can forthwith amply testify—while their double damask table-linen is of a particular fineness and durability, combined with prices surprisingly low as compared to its actual value and beauty of design. In a word, when about to buy linen, the Irish manufacturer is advisedly the man to apply to, as the before-mentioned recent case in our law courts has entirely proved, for at this fountain-head, as in all others, there can be no adulteration.

Like little Bo Peep of distressful memory, or rather her wandering charges, we shall all very shortly bring our tails behind us wherever we appear, for the Parisian ukase hath it that the trainless woman cannot now be received as one of fashion's elect, and accordingly the dressmakers are busily ringing the changes on this new order of things for the benefit of obedient customers, to whom the modish order is as that of the laws of the Medes and Persians—not to be questioned, but accepted with enthusiasm, and in that degree, moreover, which the exigencies of their pin-money will permit.

A slim sheath-like polonaise of one material is now shaped shawl-fashion, and

made to hang with its pointed ends front and back over a jupon of either velvet or silk in another tone of the same, or a contrasting colour. At Monte Carlo, where versions of the more pronounced new fashions are wont to disport themselves before negotiating their particular points at home, a fascinating example of this shawl tunic has been worn by Mademoiselle Batourine, daughter of the Russian Consul-General, whose taste and *chic* uphold the classic reputation of her countrywomen. The jupon of marguerite-yellow velvet, made long and narrow, is worn under a polonaise, shawl-shaped, of thin ivory cloth with a highly polished surface; a four-inch border of delightful chenille embroidery done in mauves and pale green, like the Neapolitan violet and its leaves, edges this dainty tunic. The bodice matches style of skirt—a pointed velvet yoke surrounded by embroidery meets the upper part of tunic, while a hat of velvet violets tilted high on one side completes this spring-like toilette.

Even the smart Newmarket coats which are to be the only form of our outdoor occasions and spring race meetings, partake of the generally long-drawn character of this season's clothes, and the redingote, cloak or coat, are all elongated to their utmost possible possibility. To distinguish this last Newmarket from those that have gone before is easy, as the rounded fronts and a shortened centre are now *de rigueur*, and have, besides, the advantage of indicating the smart frock worn underneath.

Naturally there will be a great uplifting of skirts if not of spirit with all this trailing drapery, so an added attention is being paid to the dainty decoration of stocking, shoe, and petticoat. Many of the first are now treated to panels of real lace, which is either carried round the—must I say leg?—in the form of insertion or inlet, panel-fashion, over the instep. The price of these lace inlet stockings is, therefore, the reverse of modest; but what of that "if one looks nicer," as the ingenuous young lady from New York explains in her classic quatrain. It is a curious psychological fact, however, that an Englishwoman has never really arrived at holding up her frock gracefully. This generation sees her booted sufficiently well, and our *pieds Anglais* are no more the elephantine reproach of past times. That other little idiosyncrasy of untidily held up trains is one, though, that might advantageously be got rid of by a course of practising before a mirror, when many well-meaning dames who now either exhibit undue proportions of their altogether in a pardonable zeal to evade the ever ready caresses of London mud, or else abandon one side of their draperies entirely to its clinging attentions, though laboriously grasping the other side, and ankle high, or even higher, might then go gracefully. The last French Ambassador used to say that you never saw the top of a Frenchwoman's boot, nor ever escaped that view in the case of her Anglo-Saxon sister, which just describes a matter that we must certainly forthwith set ourselves to remedy.

It may seem early days to talk of linen gowns while March winds are blowing, but the new material, heavy as sail-cloth, and glossy as ivory, has just arrived, and is to figure largely in spring costumes. A new model in cerise linen has a trained skirt with one graduated flounce deep in front, narrowing to about six inches behind. The coat, built tailor-fashion, is cut away in front, and has a deep rounded basque. A yoke and shoulder collar of the same linen, covered with large white embroidered spots, finishes a very smart dress.

Ball dresses made up entirely of wide coloured ribbon joined by insertions of needle-point, which is the favourite lace of the season, are another novelty. Extremely handsome effects are possible to this combination, and one just sent to a representative society leader across the Atlantic is made of grey ribbon and string-coloured lace, a very *chic* duet of colour. Both lace and ribbon taper from the waist, widening gradually until a wide flounce of lace is reached. The front of the skirt is grey mousseline over string-coloured satin, crimson roses are worn on the bodice, and the shoulder bands are cerise velvet bands in a lighter shade.

FLASHES FROM THE FOOTLIGHTS.

THE MOST INTERESTING STAGE FAMILY.

BY far the most interesting family the English stage now possesses is the House of Terry. During the greater part of this century they have been amusing us—and that is surely a real contribution to life. Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Terry were actors of the good old type. They had four daughters and two sons, all of them players. Kate, the eldest daughter (who made her London début as Sir John Falstaff's page, Robin, so long ago as 1851), was for long unknown to the younger generation, for in 1867 she married Mr. Arthur Lewis, the head of the firm of Lewis and Allenby, who may often be seen at first nights, and until last year, when she returned to the stage under Mr. John Hare's management, she had not been seen as an actress. She then, however, had the pleasure of acting with her daughter Mabel, who is wonderfully like her in every way. Ellen Terry has been acting since 1856, when, as a child of eight, she appeared as the child Mamillius in "A Winter's Tale." She was born in Coventry, where two houses, from rival signboards, claim the honour of her entry. Both her children, Miss Ailsa Craig and Mr. Gordon Craig, are players, and the latter is a draughtsman and wood-cutter, as may be seen from his quaint little brown-paper-covered magazine the *Page*. Marion, the third daughter, is one of the most charming actresses we have; and yet, alas! she is rarely seen. The fourth daughter, Florence, who retired from the stage on her marriage, died

Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street.

MISS TERRY LEWIS AS BELLA IN "SCHOOL."

the other year. Of the sons, Fred, the husband of Miss Julia Neilson, is the better known. His brother Charles has a very clever daughter, Minnie, who has done some memorable work, though she is still a mere girl.

A RARE COMEDIENNE.

Annie Hughes, one of our very few comédiennes, has, happily for Londoners, been playing again in town (in "The Brixton Burglary.") Miss Hughes is the legitimate successor of Mrs. John Wood. She made her first appearance at the age of fifteen at a Gaiety matinée under the name of Annie Maclean, because she had studied with John Maclean. She owed her first long engagement to Mr. Charles Hawtrey, who gave her a part in "The Private Secretary." Then she got a first-rate training from Mr. Charles Wyndham, with whom she remained two years. She was the little Lord Fauntleroy in the injuncted version of that play. She has acted under the Kendals, Mr. Willard, Mr. Comyns Carr, and has run a theatre for herself—her "Sweet Nancy" is unforgettable. She has published some stories, has written a three-act comedy (that has never been produced), and is the author of some funny verses called "Pussy's Better Nature," which Mrs. Kendal used to recite. She has been twice married. She is now Mrs. Edmund Maurice; her husband was the brawny Taffy in "Trilby."

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

MISS ANNIE HUGHES.

A WHOLE FAMILY ON THE SAME STAGE.

A curious stage family is that of Mr. Charles Arnold, who has been playing at the Strand with his wife and his little daughter. The father and mother appeared in "What Happened to Jones," while the little maid, who is called Edna—a lucky name, surely, in view of the success of "The Belle of New York"—played the house in with "The Empty Stocking." Mr. Arnold is a Swiss by birth, though he came to this country when he was three. But it was his memory of the mountains that made his yodeling songs in "Hans the Boatman" come so easy to him. His little daughter used to appear in "Hans"

Photo by Rotary Photo Co.

MISS EDNA ARNOLD IN "THE EMPTY STOCKING," AT THE STRAND.

when she could scarcely toddle. She had no regular part, but had an impromptu chatter with her father—the subject varying, of course, every night. She has been all over the world—India, Australasia, and America.

"PRETTY MAMIE CLANCY."

Of all the ladies in "The Belle of New York," pretty little Miss Snyder is one of the most charming. Her frock tries in vain to make her look a frump. She has a fund of perpetually good humour that conquers you at once; she is a nimble dancer; and sings her songs with great verve. She has a pretty sister in the chorus.

A COMIC OPERA COMEDIENNE.

People shook their heads over "Milord Sir Smith," produced by Mr. Arthur Roberts, but everybody was agreed that Ada Reeve was splendid. Her talent is certainly varied, for while playing at the Comedy she was also appearing at

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES ARNOLD IN "WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES."

the Palace. Indeed, Miss Reeve learnt her art in the music-halls. She began in the theatre itself, however, at the mature age

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street.

MISS SNYDER IN "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."

of six—taking part in a pantomime at the Pavilion, in which Lottie Collins and her two sisters, Marie and Lizzie, had parts. She played in several pantomimes after that, filling up the year mainly at the halls. It was her acting in "Little Bo-Beep" at Birmingham in the early 'nineties that made Mr. George Edwardes annex her for the Gaiety. She helped to make "The Gay Parisienne" a success. Indeed, the managers are certain to scramble for her after her recent successes.

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

The success of "Alice in Wonderland" at the Opéra Comique showed how much a pretty Christmas entertainment for children is wanted and welcomed. The theatre has not been lucky, and yet "Alice" crowded it. The little play introduced us to a very clever new-comer, Miss Rose Hersee, who might be expected to know her art in view of the historic theatrical name she bears. She was supported by some charming little folk, such as the Rabbit (Master Paunce-fort) who is pictured with her on the next page.

SOME UNDERSTUDIES.

Every leading player has his or her understudy, who is ever eager to get a chance. That comes when the principal is "indisposed"—an actress is never ill like other people—and though the critics seldom get the chance of comparing notes, still, the understudy gradually becomes known. Thus, Miss Winifred Emery for long understudied Ellen Terry, and came at last to her own. On subsequent pages I give some of the more notable understudies of the moment.

KATIE SEYMOUR.

Miss Katie Seymour has become as much an institution at the Gaiety as Nellie

Photo by Ellis.

MISS ADA REEVE IN "MILORD SIR SMITH."

Farren used to be. She is a trim little prim little lady, who looks as if she had left the schoolroom only yesterday. As a matter of fact, Miss Seymour (who was born in Nottingham) has been on the stage for more than twenty years, for she made her début at the age of four, and appeared at the Adelphi in "Goody Two Shoes" in the early 'seventies. She was in America in 1880, had a round of pantomime and music-halls, and made her first hit in "Joan of Arc" in 1891. Since then she has been a favourite who has won her way to the public heart with increasing charm. She practises her dances before a cheval glass at home, loves gardening, and rides a bicycle. She is beloved by the Gaiety staff, for she is quiet and unpretentious—a striking contrast to many ladies in the same line.

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

MISS ROSE HERSEE IN "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" TALKING TO THE WHITE RABBIT.

When Miss Seymour is out of the bill, Miss Marie Fawcett makes a good second.

EDNA MAY THE SECOND.

Having dealt last month with Edna May herself, I may pass on to her understudy, Miss Jessie Carlisle. She made her début in the chorus of "The Passing Show"

Photo by Ellis.

Photo by Ellis.

MISS KATIE SEYMOUR AND HER UNDERSTUDY, MISS MARIE FAWCETT.

at Mr. George Lederer's New York Casino. One night the prima donna became suddenly ill, and Miss Carlisle was asked to play the part. This she did, and continued in it to the end of the season. The New York journals wrote in praise of her, under the title "Prima Donna in a Night." She has been with Mr. Lederer

Photo by Downey.

Photo by Taber.

MISS EDNA MAY AND HER UNDERSTUDY, MISS JESSIE CARLISLE.

ever since, and was brought across to understudy Edna May. When she is not required to fill Edna's shoes, she figures

Photo by Ellis.

MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.

as one of the bridesmaids; and she has also played Miss May's part in the provinces. Miss Phyllis Rankin's understudy was Miss Rose Witt. Instead, however, of studying Fifi, she is now studying the tastes of a husband, for on coming over to England she met a millionaire on board, and he married her and robbed the stage of her.

ANOTHER MAY.

London has two Mays in this dreary month of March, that which is Edna and also Miss Maggie May. The latter understudies Miss Marie Tempest. She is a protegée of Miss Geraldine Ulmar.

BLITHE BY NAME AND NATURE.

Coralie Blythe, who understudies Miss Ellaline Terriss at the Gaiety, is well named, for her life has been spent in helping folk to laugh. She is only eighteen, but has been before the public more or less since she was a tiny tiddle-toddle. Her first appearance of any importance was in the Lyceum pantomime of "Santa Claus" in 1894. In the following year she did a turn with her master, Mr. Ernest D'Auban, at the music-halls, called "The Umbrella Courtship." She is an excellent mimic, which fits her to be a capital understudy.

MARY MOORE'S UNDERSTUDY.

Miss Florence Fordyce, who is understudy to Miss Mary Moore, has been a sort of leading lady herself in her time; but she used to support Mr. Toole in the old days

Photo by Ellis.

MISS CORALIE BLYTHE, UNDERSTUDY TO MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.

in King William Street. She is clever, especially in light comedy parts, and may yet get her chance in work of a more serious cast.

Photo by Ellis.

Photo by Ellis.

MISS MAGGIE MAY AND HER CHIEF, MISS MARIE TEMPEST.

Photo by Ellis.

Photo by Madame Gaston Charles.

MISS MARY MOORE AND HER UNDERSTUDY, MISS FLORENCE FORDYCE.

THE BEST-DRESSED ACTRESS.

Mrs. Brown Potter, who is so excellent as Milady in Tree's "Musketeers," probably possesses greater artistic instinct in the matter of dressing herself for the stage than any other woman. To start with, she is a very beautiful woman, and she enhances her beauty by exquisite dresses. For instance, what could have been better than her gown as Charlotte Corday posing as Judith? It is twelve years since she made her first appearance. Curiously enough that was at the Haymarket in Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife." Since then she has worked hard. She has acted in America and in Australia, and has been in this country during the last two years. Her maiden name was Urquhart.

MRS. BROWN POTTER AS MILADY IN "THE MUSKETEERS," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

This picture, taken by Madame Garet-Charles, shews the tell-tale fleur-de-lys which proclaimed Milady a criminal.

WHERE THE DIAMONDS COME FROM.

By ROBERT M. SILLARD.

A short description of the Diamond Mines and inhabitants of Kimberley.

THIRTY years ago a South African ostrich-hunter named O'Reilly sought shelter one winter's evening at a solitary farmhouse near the banks of the Orange River. As he entered he overheard a dispute between the children, which was being settled by their mother. While playing on the banks of the river close by, they had picked up some pretty pebbles, and it was the possession of one of these which gave rise to the quarrel. It shone and sparkled by candle light, and was so unlike any other stone they had ever seen that the mother made an arrangement with O'Reilly that he should try to sell it at Graham's Town, and then share the profits with her. The stone proved to be a magnificent diamond, of 21¼ carats, which O'Reilly sold for £500. On the site of this farmhouse now stands the prosperous little town felicitously named Hopetown. A few months later a Hottentot came wandering towards the same place with a brilliant stone, which he offered for sale

A COMMON SIGHT IN THE STREETS OF KIMBERLEY.

to a certain Boer, who gave him what he asked for it—£200 in money and £200 worth of goods. Next day the astute Dutch farmer parted with his bargain for £12,000 in gold, bought a larger piece of land and troubled himself about diamonds no more. This diamond was the famous 83-carat "Star of South Africa," and is now known as the "Dudley," as it afterwards became the property of the Countess of Dudley. It is now worth about £50,000.

A great stir took place in the colony when the news of these valuable finds got abroad. A rush of diggers to the dry, desolate region of Griqualand West took place in 1870, and soon the miners' camp became a town, and the town a city, and that city is now called Kimberley, with a population of close on thirty thousand. Diamonds were discovered daily, and proved to be almost as "plentiful as blackberries." In November 1871 the British Government took over the whole district, and as one walks through its broad open streets to-day, it is hard to realise that thirty years ago it was a wind-swept, bleak desert.

Kimberley is six hundred and seventy miles by train from Cape Town, and as dreary a thirty hours' journey as one could imagine. It is some four hundred feet above sea-level, and, as a consequence, is what is considered fairly well situated for a city. The streets are mostly well planned, and there are quite a number of good shops. The houses are not like those at home; very few of them are more than one storey high, and all are roofed with iron. Every house has a verandah to protect it from the heat, and it is there that all free time is spent. Half of the entire population is coloured, and these live in what are called locations or villages outside the town, where they must remain during the night. Any coloured gentleman or lady found away from his or her "location" after nine o'clock p.m. is forthwith arrested and accommodated with lodgings for the night, and the following

A KIMBERLEY GRAND ORCHESTRA.

morning is introduced to the magistrate, and without fail gets a month in prison with hard labour. During the day-time these coloured folk cannot use the footpaths in the town, they must keep to the roadway and leave the side-walk free for their white brothers and sisters. It can be gathered from this "arrangement" that a Darkie's life—no more than a policeman's—is not a very happy one. The sable portion of the population is made up of almost every nationality—Kaffirs, Hottentots, Zulus, Indians, with any number of Chinese, Japanese, as well as Moors, Arabians, and Persians, and each one dresses (and undresses) after the fashion of his own country, so that a motley crowd is constantly passing to and fro.

We depict a group of Zulu "warriors" arrayed in "full dress." The two on the left appear somewhat handicapped with their fantastic costume, and altogether lack the light and airy appearance of their two companions on the right. Most of the attention of the gentleman on the extreme right would appear to be devoted to balancing his somewhat peculiar-looking head-dress, which seems to partake of the nature of a Grenadier's busby which had seen better days. Men in this and similar costume are to be met in the streets of Kimberley as frequently as the more orthodoxly garbed civilian.

The ten fine-looking fellows arranged *à la* Christy Minstrel band are labourers in the De Beers mines, and, like all their tribe, are passionately fond of music—or, rather, musical sounds—and when opportunity offers, "nothing can bob them out of their melody." It is quite evident that some English wag had a hand in labelling their primitive "instruments," and it is very doubtful if our celebrities—Brinsmead, Collard, or Erard—would be altogether flattered by such an advertisement; but as the all-sustaining liquor for which Dublin is famous has found a "haven" in the Dark Continent, we are sure that Messrs. Guinness will not fail to appreciate the prominent position which one of their barrels (deprived of its original lining) occupies in this native orchestra.

GOING DOWN AN OPEN MINE.

There is no need to tell our readers that diamond-mining is the only industry in and about Kimberley. The country around is most unattractive and unproductive. The soil is good, but owing to the scarcity of rain it is useless either for tillage or grazing; vegetables are brought from Natal, where there is more rain, and manufactured goods are all imported, and are heavily laden with duty. It will thus be seen that everything depends on the diamonds. Should they fail, Kimberley will be added to the list of lost cities; but experts say that the supply of the precious stones is inexhaustible. So far, at any rate, ten tons' weight have been found, representing a value of about eighty million pounds. It reads like romance to say that De Beers Company exported over two million pounds'-worth last year.

The diggings are of two kinds—the wet and the dry. At the river diggings the diamonds are found among the pebbles along the bank. The soil is dug up and carried in buckets to the river, and there washed in boxes of zinc pierced with holes. This is called a "cradle." It is rocked to and fro under a stream of water. When all the earth is washed, the boxes are examined, and in a "fair claim," about one diamond will be found in every ten bucketfuls of earth. But the "dry diggings" are the most important mines now, and are several hundred feet deep. They were formerly known as the Du Toits Pan, Bultfontein, De Beers and Kimberley Central. They are now amalgamated into one huge company, known as the De Beers Consolidated Company, with a share capital of many million pounds sterling.

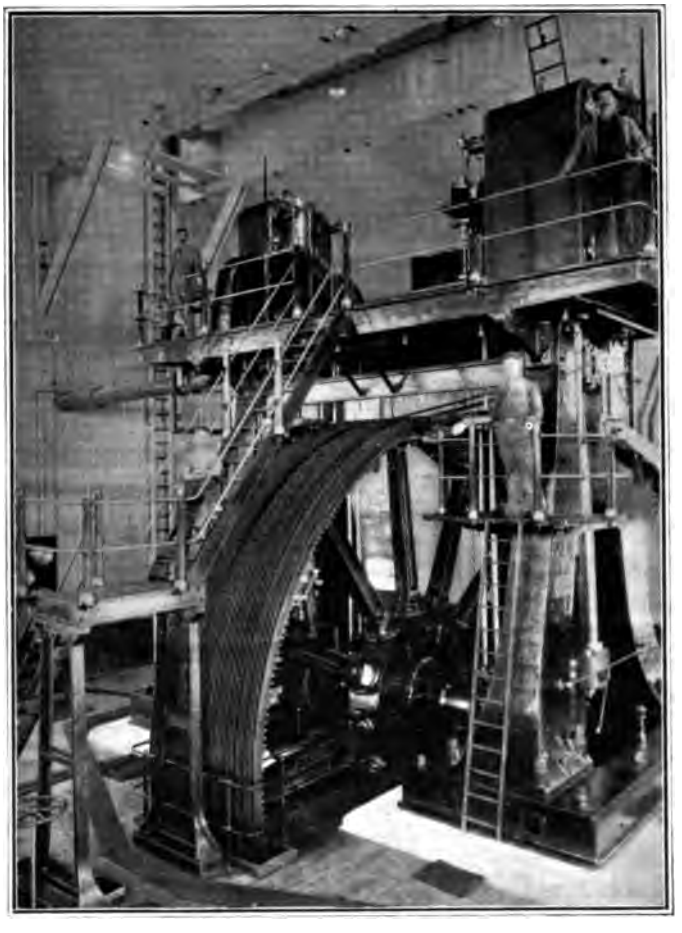
In working the old open mines, the trolley was rolled on wire cables a sloping distance of one thousand feet, and a perpendicular depth of five hundred feet. The open mines are not worked now. They are fenced in, and, as can easily be imagined

KAFFIR CONVICTS SEARCHING FOR DIAMONDS.

by looking at the Illustration, are tremendous chasms.

In these old diggings the grit was first riddled through a coarse sieve, then through a finer one, and so on, until the whole had been carefully examined. Now, however, most of the diamonds are obtained from mines more than a thousand feet deep. They are found in a serpentinous breccia, known as "blue ground." This is first pulverised and crumbled, and then passed through rotary machines, where the lighter particles are washed away and the heavier remain. Another picture shows four Kaffirs, convicts, engaged in searching for diamonds. The material on the table has passed through all pulverising processes.

Some idea of the perfection of the machinery in use can be obtained from the picture on this page. This is the largest wheel used for mining purposes in the world, and was cast by the De Beers Company at their mines in Kimberley.



LARGEST MINING WHEEL IN THE WORLD.

There are over twelve thousand coloured men employed in the various mines, with a staff of nearly three thousand white men engaged as officers, tradesmen, engineers, etc. The work goes on day and night, Sundays included, without intermission. Two thousand men are employed below for eight hours at a time. The remainder live on the surface, and while awaiting their turn are enclosed in what is called the compound, resembling a vast barrack-square, and surrounded on the inside with sheds, where the coloured folk sleep on the bare ground. The cooking is carried on by each one in front of his shed in the open air. Most of them have on as little clothing as one likes to imagine. They are entirely cut off from the outer world for three months, then anyone who wishes to leave his work (except the convicts) is kept in a room by himself for a week, where all his clothing is taken from him, and he is compelled to take medicine of no delicate nature, lest he may have swallowed some of the coveted gems. That such precaution is necessary can be gathered from the fact that some time ago one fellow had a sore leg and had it well bandaged just as he was leaving. The defective limb was examined, and

in a self-inflicted wound were found nine small diamonds, value for about sixty pounds.

Visitors are occasionally allowed down the mines, and it is a sight never to be forgotten. They are first provided with a full rig-out of waterproof clothing, boots, etc. They are then brought to the hauling gear, and put into a cage-like lift, or elevator, which immediately descends at a very rapid rate through dense darkness for a distance of fifteen hundred feet or more. When the visitors are "landed" they find themselves in a vast chamber brilliantly illuminated with electric lights, and a thousand coloured men at the searching work. They are next conducted through a tunnel half a mile long to where the diamond-bearing material is being dug up. Along this tunnel are two lines of rails with many hundreds of trolleys; one set of rails conveying full, and the other empty trolleys, and all propelled by the same endless wire cable. The "blue ground" which bears the diamonds is brought to the surface in astonishing quantities. It is spread on floors, about five hundred acres in extent, for several months, after which water reduces it to dust, when the precious gems are collected. All round these floors are placed guards at short distances, who keep watch day and night, and on an eminence is a sort of observatory furnished with powerful telescopes, search-lights, etc., so that even on the darkest night any part of the floors, or any of the guards or workmen, can be inspected instantly.

It may be easily gathered from this short sketch that there are few places of more interest on our planet than a Kimberley diamond mine.

LADY BARBARITY.

A ROMANTIC COMEDY.

By J. C. SNAITH.

Mr. J. C. Snaith, the well-known Author of "Fierceheart the Soldier," has chosen the stirring times of the Jacobite Rebellion for the mise-en-scene o' this story.

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SYNOPSIS OF FORMER CHAPTERS.

LADY BARBARITY becomes tired of the London Fashion, and retires to her family's ancestral seat, High Cleeby. While there, Captain Grantley, a London acquaintance of Lady Barbarity, in pursuance of his military duties craves permission of the Earl to escort a Jacobite prisoner whom he is taking to Newgate across the Earl's moor and to billet the escort at High Cleeby for the night, which permission the Earl, an ardent Hanoverian, readily grants. Captain Grantley gratifies Lady Barbarity's curiosity to see the prisoner, whom she finds to be young and handsome. She inquires what punishment is going to be meted out to him, and is told that as he has done good service for the Pretender he will be hanged at Tyburn. On further inquiry she learns that he is of low birth and named Anthony Dare, and that he has preferred death to the betrayal of his friends. Inspired by pity or a love of mischief, she at the dead of night sets him free of his fetters, but just as the prisoner attempts to escape Captain Grantley appears. There is a hard struggle, in which the Captain is wounded by the prisoner with a pistol given by Lady Barbarity, who herself receives a flesh wound from the same shot. The prisoner makes good his escape, but after eluding pursuit for some time, returns to High Cleeby to save Lady Barbarity from the consequences attendant on the release of a rebel. Lady Barbarity then has great difficulty in inducing him to make one more effort to escape. Before he can put this into effect he is nearly discovered by Captain Grantley's troopers, and is again saved by Lady Barbarity, who turns the pursuit upon herself by putting on the prisoner's cloak and running away. She only just manages to reach the wood, narrowly escaping being shot.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.

I HAD soon breasted through the trees to the side of a dark runnel that darted through the glade. Arrived there, I felt that my enemies were nonplussed, as I had come by a devious and mazy way, of which they must certainly be ignorant. Surely I could breathe at last, and when I stopped beside the stream to recover myself a little, my success seemed so complete, and I had played such a pretty trick upon my friend the Corporal withal, that I was quite complacent at the thought, and felt a disposition to celebrate this triumph in a new sphere in a fashion that should startle 'em. Now it must have been the action of the freakish moon upon my giddy head, or the magic of the woods, or a strain of wild music in the stream, for somehow, as I stood there in that perishing cold night listening to the solemn river and my enemies calling through the stern stillness of the trees, all the wantonness of my spirit was let loose. The sharp frost made my blood thrill; my heart expanded to the pale loveliness of the sleeping earth. This was life. This was spacious air, and the pride of freedom. In this oppressive eighteenth century of ours, with its slaveries of rank and fashion, one must go into a wood by moonlight in the middle of the night for one's pulses to pipe to the natural joys of unrestraint. At least I thought so then, and in the exuberance of the moment I concocted a

merry plot for the diversion of myself and the mystification of the Corporal and his men. Nor was it made of mischief merely, since it was to be ordered in such a cunning way that it should still further throw them off the rebel's track, and confirm their theory that they had already seen him in this wood.

First I returned upon the road I had come by and spied out where they were. This was a matter of small difficulty, as their voices were plainly to be distinguished close at hand.

Creeping through the thickets at the direction of their tones, I came at last to a place where a rift among the tree-tops let the brightness in. It poured upon the Corporal and his men, assembled in still another consultation underneath a glorious silver-birch, arch and lissom as a maid, which rose above them with graces indescribable, and seemed from where I stood to fade into the sky. Clearly my pursuers were seriously at fault, and even dubious of the road to take in this strange wilderness. 'Twas in my mind to minister to this perplexity.

Selecting a spot appropriate to the purpose, I cheerfully set about preparing them the surprise I had in store. I crushed my soft, three-cornered hat into a pocket in my cloak, unbound my hair, and let its whole dark luxury shine with moonlight to my waist. This in itself I considered sufficient to destroy all resemblance between the figure I intended to present and the fugitive they had so lately chased across the park; and as all of them must be extremely ill-acquainted with the features of my Lady Barbara, having only beheld them for an instant the previous night, 'twas not at all likely that they would be recognised just now. This done I crept some distance up the glade, and as I did so took occasion to recall the weirdest melody I knew, which partook of the nature of a chant, wedded the absurdest doggerel to it, though it must not be denied the merit of being a kind of interpretation of my abandoned fancy, and lifted my voice up loud and shrilly in a song. Having fallen after the first bar or two into a proper strain, I warmed to the wanton mirth of it and plunged my spirit completely in its whim.

I tripped from my concealment in the glade into an open avenue leading to a spot in which the soldiers stood in council. Full before their astounded eyes, I came dancing down the moonlight singing—

This world it is not weary,
  Though my life is very long;
For I 'm the child of faëry,
  And my heart it is a song.
My house it is the starlight,
  My form is light as air,
As out upon a bright night
  I issue from my lair;
And riding on a moonbeam,
  I come to realms of men;
Yet when I see the day gleam,
  I then go back again.

I never saw six grown men affected so profoundly. One broke into a howl, not unlike a dog's when his tail hath been trod on suddenly, wheeled about, and fled precipitately hence. Two others locked themselves in one another's arms, and turned away their eyes in the anguish of their fright; whilst the remainder seemed struck entirely stupid, fell back against the tree-trunk, and, being unable to believe their eyes, opened their mouths as widely as their orbs, probably to lend some assistance to their vision.

As for me, you may be sure I was delighted highly by this flattering reception. And I do not doubt that I made a most unearthly figure with masses of hair streaming wild on my shoulders, my eyes wide-staring, and my feet tripping a fantastic measure to the shrill chant issuing from my lips—

I ever choose the woodland,
  For here the wild birds are,
And I 'm a sister to them,
  Though my home it is a star.

Thus I sang as I danced down the glade waving my hands above my head in a kind of unholy glee at the weird music that I made. I halted opposite these tremblers, and set up a ridiculous scream of mockery. Then I looked upon them with great eyes

of wonder, and then again began to dance and sing—

A blackbird is my brother,
I see him in that tree.
A skylark is my lover;
But I prefer a bee.

While I was in the middle of this arrant nonsense, my good friend Flickers, who was paler than a ghost, hung on to his pistol with tenacity, for that piece of iron held all the little courage that he had. I could see the perspiration shining on his face, as he muttered in a voice that trembled like the ague—

"What you are I don't know. But if you're woman or if you're fiend, come a step nearer and I'll—I'll shoot you!"

He pointed the pistol, but the muzzle tottered so that he could not have hit a tree.

"Ha, ha, ha!" I laughed in my throat, in a voice that was sepulchral, then danced before them once again and began to sing—

Water cannot quench me,
And fire cannot burn;
Pray, how will you slay me?
That have I yet to learn.

The effect of this was to cause the pistol to drop on to the grass from his nerveless hand.

"Go—go 'way!" he stuttered; "go 'way, you—you witch!"

Whereupon I broke out in reply—

He says I am a night-witch,
But this I do deny;
For I'm a child of faëry,
And my house it is the sky.

Mr. Flickers said no more. 'Twas not surprising, either. I much question whether any human creature could have conversationally shone in that moonlit wood just then. Those simple soldiers, shown on a solemn background of gloom and mighty trees, were sufficient in that eerie light to shatter the nerves of a person of the strongest mind should he come upon them suddenly. What must I have been, then? And these victims, being very little encumbered with their education, had, therefore, the less restriction imposed upon their ignorant fancies. 'Twas quite certain that I was either a witch or a rather superior sort of devil, as, of course, the popular conception of fiends is not by any means so beautiful.

I did not venture any nearer to them than I need, lest they should discover too many evidences in me of the very clay of which they were themselves composed.

"Behold in me," cried I in prose, but with that impressive grandeur that belongs to the queens of tragedy, "behold in me the Spirit of the Woods. And he who heeds me not shall be surely lost."

Prose even upon these primitive minds seemed to lack the natural magic that is in poetry. For now 'twas that they began to recover somewhat of their courage. But by a master stroke I proved to them that I had a supernatural quality—that of divination, if you please.

"You seek a prisoner," says I, "who escaped from a stable yesterday. His name is Dare, and he hath passed this way."

Without a doubt my prestige was increased by the singular knowledge here displayed. I could see their astounded faces asking of one another: How can this wild creature, this witch, this Spirit of the Woods, know all this unless she is, even as she says, a supernatural? Let us heed her every word, for surely she can tell us much.

Faith, it was much I told them! I told them I would be their friend, and that if they would follow my directions they should learn the way the prisoner went.

You must understand that the voice I used was one that until that hour had never been heard on earth; that my long cloak and flowing hair held awful possibilities; that I stood where the moon was brightest; that my eyes were very wild; that my face was wondrous beautiful, but weird; that I was possessed of the unnatural power of divination; while my conduct and whole appearance were the most fantastic ever seen. Therefore, when I pointed out to them the exact direction of the rebel's flight, which I had better state was precisely opposite to the one I proposed to embrace myself, they accepted it without a question and eagerly took this

road, mighty glad, I think, to be relieved of my presence on such gentle terms.

Watching them recede from sight, I then quickly knotted and tucked my hair up under my hat, and then set off for the house without once tarrying. I made a slight détour to the left to approach it from the further side, and so prevent the least risk of encountering my enemies on the journey. Speed was quite as imperative now as formerly, for the rebel should be awaiting me in the kitchen, and at the mercy of the first person of the household who might chance to see him there. Fortunately, the hour, as far as I could judge, was considerably short of five o'clock; and in the winter time the domestics were not abroad till six. Gliding through the trees and across the snowy grass, I was standing at the kitchen door in less than half an hour. Entering with stealth, I had no sooner closed the door behind me than I was arrested by the light hand of the rebel on my sleeve.

"They are fooled, my lad," says I, my triumph irrepressible, "fooled as six men never were before. And now, Sir, I think that we shall save you."

"Madam," says he, with a boyish directness that seemed charming, "oh, what a genius you have! But I cannot thank you now, I am too dead weary. And where am I to hide?"

"If you will slip your shoes off and carry 'em in your hand," says I, "I will lead you to my chamber, and once there you shall sleep the clock round if you have the disposition."

"And you," says he; "are you not weary?"

"Not I," I answered. "I am never weary of adventures. Besides, I have much to do ere you can be snugly hid."

An instant later I had guided him through the darkness and the maze of passages in deep silence to my bed-room, this being the most secret chamber I could devise for his reception. Only Mrs. Polly Emblem was ever likely to intrude upon its privacy. Wherefore I led him there and permitted him to fling his worn-out frame upon my couch.

Discarding the cloak and hat of his I wore, I wrapped a warm rug about him, gave him a cordial, and bade him get himself to sleep. Then I turned the key upon him, and repaired to the chamber of my maid.

I entered without disturbing her, for she always was a wonderful good sleeper at the hour she ought to be awake preparing a dish of chocolate for her mistress. I kindled her candle with the extreme of difficulty, for my hands were numbed so badly that for the present they had no virtue in them. Even the light did not arouse the comfortable Mrs. Polly, but when I laid my icy fingers on her warm cheek they worked on her like magic. She would have shrieked, only I held my other hand across her mouth.

"Do you see the time?" says I; "three minutes after five. But hush! not a word, my girl, as you love your life, for there's a strange man got into the house."

The foolish creature shook with fright.

"He is in my chamber," I added with an air of tragedy.

"Oh, my lady!" says the maid.

There was too little time to plague her, though, which was perhaps as well, for I was in a mood that might have caused her to take an early departure from her wits. Instead of that, however, I told the story of the night with all the detail that was necessary. When I had done, the silly but delightful thing looked at me in a kind of holy wonder.

"Oh, your la'ship!" says she, in tones of very tolerable ecstasy. "What a heart you've got! What an angel's disposition!"

"No, my silly girl," says I, though not displeased to hear her say so. "I happen to have neither. An infernal deal of naughtiness is all that my character contains. A stranger sleeping in my chamber! Besides, you know you flatter me. For if no man is a hero to his valet, how possibly can a woman be an angel to her maid?"

To prove the soundness of this argument I grasped Mrs. Polly's ear, pinched it pretty badly, and asked her what she thought of my divinity?

She was soon into her clothes though, and had a fire lit; while I made haste to pull my shoes and stockings off, their condition was so horrid, and exchanged them for some dry ones, then set about warming my hands and toes, for they were causing me to grin with the fierce hotache that was in them. Having at last put my own person into a more comfortable state, and that of the rebel into some security, I took counsel of Mrs. Polly on the problem of his ultimate escape.

She was the only creature I could possibly confide in at this moment. And as she was the staunchest, faithfullest of souls, I had no hesitation. Presently some of my clothes and toilet necessaries had to be procured. It was unfortunate that they were in my dressing-room, and that the only entrance to it was through my chamber. However, taking Emblem with me, I went to fetch them out.

Unlocking the door with care, we entered softly that we might not disturb the sleeper, for God knew how much there lay before him! I had Emblem pull the blinds up against the daylight, for should any person look upon my window from the lawn at noon 'twould astonish them to see it veiled. We soon took the requisite articles from the dressing-room, relocked the chamber door, and returned to whence we came. But ere this was done I held the candle near the sleeper's face. 'Twas to relieve the curiosity of Emblem, you understand: she was pining to see what the fugitive's countenance was like.

He made the most sweetly piteous picture. He lay huddled among snow-white sheets of linen and a counterpane of silk in his tattered, muddy suit of coarse prunella, which left many soils upon its delicate surroundings. His cheek was pale and lean as death. Where the gyves had pinched his wrists they had left them raw, and I was startled at the thinness of his body, for it appeared to have no more flesh upon it than a rat. In sooth he looked the very poorest beggar that ever slept on straw, and no more in harmony with his present situation than was Mr. Christophero Sly in like circumstances. Yet as I looked at him there seemed something so tender and so strong about his meagreness that I pushed back the hair upon his forehead with light fingers in an absent manner, and just as lightly and just as absently did touch it with my lips. No sooner had I done this than I drew them back, and turned my face abruptly round to Emblem as though it had been stung. I had forgotten Emblem!

But I saw that the maid was blushing for me very deeply, though she strove with excellent intention to look quite unconscious of my conduct. Yet I coldly stared her out of countenance.

"Girl," says I severely, "the queen can do no wrong. She may box the ears of gartered dukes, or kiss the brows of sleeping bakers' boys. But only the queen, you understand." And I shot out such a look at her that she led the way to her chamber without a single word.

I appeared at breakfast in high feather, but with rather more complexion than I usually wear so early in the day. But a woman cannot go prowling over fields of snow and moonlight at dreadful hours of morning without a tale being told. Cosmetics, though, have a genius for secrets.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH THE HERO IS FOUND TO BE A PERSON OF NO DESCENT WHATEVER.

At ten o'clock the soldiers came and reported themselves to their commander. One of them, presumably the officer in charge, was closeted with the Captain in the library for no less a time than an hour and a quarter. The others meantime put their jaded horses up, procured some food, and retired to rest themselves. At a few minutes to twelve o'clock, as the Mountain could not go to Mahomet, owing to some question of his knee, Mahomet went to the Mountain. At that hour a spy posted on the stairs informed me that my papa, the Earl, hopped—gout and all—to the Captain in the library. Meantime, Emblem and myself were discussing the situation behind locked doors, exhaustively, but

with a deal of trepidation. She, it seemed, had just come into the possession of a piece of news of a very alarming kind. It was to the effect that the Captain, not wishing to disturb his knee, had passed the night in his chair in front of the library fire. And that apartment opened in the entrance-hall, and was near the very flight of stairs up which the prisoner had passed. It was thus all too probable that he had heard incriminating noises towards the hour of four.

"Emblem," says I, "that man is the devil. At every turn he pops up to thwart us."

And before that day was out I was moved to speak of him in even stronger terms. At present, what to do with the prisoner was our chief concern. He must be smuggled away that night, if possible; but the situation was desperately complex. First, he must be provided with a horse, and then with money, not to mention an open road, and a suitable disguise. 'Twould be no kindness whatever—indeed, would merely be sending him to his doom—to despatch him a fugitive to the open moors again in the middle of the night unless he were provided with the amplest resources for escape.

Yet, while I speculated on the pros and cons of his position, and the skilfullest means of aiding him, a thought that was never absent long caught me painfully in the breast. What of my papa, the Earl? If the prisoner were not retaken in a week, that dear old gentleman would make acquaintance with the Tower. I was in a truly horrid case. The fugitive was in my hands; a word to his Majesty of the shattered knee, and the Earl, my papa, was safe. But having gone so far, how could I deliver that child over to his enemies? His lean, white look had made too direct a claim upon my kindness. His youth, his sad condition, his misfortunes had made me very much his friend. Had he not confided to me the custody of his life? And must I repay the trust reposed in me by betraying him to his foes? It appeared that my vaunted heartlessness had deserted me when needed most. I was involved in this hard problem, and casting contumely on Mrs. Polly because she could not suggest any kind of solution to it, when a knock upon the door disturbed our council. Emblem rose, unlocked the door, and admitted little Pettigrew, the page. He was the spy who had been posted on the stairs, also at the keyhole of the library door at favourable intervals. The information that he brought completely terrified us both.

I dismissed him as soon as it was given, for it was not wise that he should glean too much.

"Emblem," says I, on Pettigrew's departure, "that settles it. That leaves absolutely nothing to be done. I wish that Captain was at the bottom of the sea!"

For the result of the interview between the Captain and the Earl was this: The house was about to be searched from the bottom to the top, and every room and cupboard was to be overhauled, since the Captain, having taken the evidence of his men, and having heard strange sounds in the night himself, had put two and two together, and was now heavily suspecting me. My papa was not loth to do so either, and, at the suggestion of the soldier, had issued strict instructions that no person, under any pretext whatever, was to leave the house until a thorough examination had been made.

The prisoner was as good as lost. There was not a place anywhere in which a man could be concealed. Emblem proposed between a bed and mattress, but I scouted that as not sufficiently ingenious. I suggested a clothes-chest for a hiding-place, but Emblem was not slow to advance a similar objection.

"Well," says I, "it is a matter for the lad himself. We will bear this hard news to him and see what his own wits are worth."

Accordingly we repaired together to the chamber in which he was still asleep. There was yet an hour or two before us in which to act, as the soldiers were at present indulging in their earned repose. A couple of shakes upon the shoulder and

the rebel was rubbing his eyes and looking at us. By the utter bewilderment of his face he had evidently lost all cognisance of where he was, and I could not refrain from laughter as he gazed from me to Emblem, from Emblem to his luxurious couch, and then back again to me.

"Mr. Christophero Sly," says I, "how doth your lordship find yourself?"

"Good Madam Wife," says he, "I find myself blithe as a pea, I thank you."

This reply was evidence of three things. First, that my voice had recalled him to his present state; second, that his deep sleep had restored him wonderfully; third, that he was no fool. The third was the most pleasing to me. He had now slipped from the bed, and was standing in his stockinged feet before us with a degree of humility and pride that looked mightily becoming.

"Madam," he says, with a boy's simplicity, which was a great contrast to what I had been used to, "I shall not try to thank you, because I'm not good at words. But wait, Madam, only wait, and you shall not lack for gratitude."

It was most amusing to witness this frail and tender lad go striding up and down the chamber, looking fierce as any giant-killer. The vanity of boys is a very fearful thing.

"I am afraid I shall, poor Master Jack," says I next moment in a falling voice, "for I am here to tell you that the soldiers are in this house; that as soon as they have taken a little rest they will search it from the bottom to the top, and leave not a stick unturned; and that as matters stand there is not a power on earth that now can save you."

He took this cruel news with both fortitude and courage.

"Well, then, Madam," says he, walking up and down the room again, but this time with his face unpleasant, "if it is not to be that I shall give you gratitude, at least I think I can show you what a good death is. For at the worst it will be a better one than Tyburn Tree."

"Then you are not afraid of death?" I asked.

I thought I saw his white face grow more pallid at the question, but his answer was: "No, oh no! At least—do you suppose, Madam, that I would tell you if I were?"

This was charming candour, and I laughed outright at it, and said—

"I never saw the boy that was afraid of anything whatever."

"I am not a boy," he answered proudly.

"You have vanity enough for three, Sir; but ere you perish, boy, there is one thing I must learn. Captain Grantley gives me to understand that you are the son of a baker. Is that so? For I think you are far too delightful to be anything so plebeian."

"Ah, no!" he sighed, "not even that. I never was the son of anybody."

"Dear me!" says I. "How singular! I must assume, then, that you came upon this earth like manna from the skies?"

"When I was a fortnight old," says he, "I was left upon the doorstep of a priory. I have never seen my parents, and I do not even know their names."

"But you are called Anthony Dare!" says I.

"The fathers called me Anthony after their patron saint; they called me Dare for daring to howl upon the doorstep of a priory."

"They have given you the most appropriate name they could possibly have found," says I, in admiration of his open, candid face and his courageous eyes, "for if I read your countenance aright, my lad, you dare do anything whatever."

"I think I dare," says he, and tightened his thin lips.

"Then if you think you dare you had better kiss me," says I haughtily.

'Twas the tone I had withered princes with. I drew up all my inches, and I am not a little woman; I set back my head; I put a regal lift into my chin; I looked upon him from a snow-capped altitude; and again and again my eyes did strike him with disdain. I did not think the man was made who could have kissed me then. For 'twas not an invitation, you understand; it was a flat defiance.

He sent a look at me, and then recoiled with something of a shiver. He sent another and fell into a kind of trembling, and I could see that fear of me was springing in his eyes. My will was matched against his own; and it was now a case of mastery. But 'twas his that did prevail. A third time he came with his fiery look; I quailed before it, and next instant his lips had known my cheek.

"My lad," says I, and I was shaking like a leaf, "I think you are formed for greatness. Do you know that there is not another man in England who could have dared that deed!"

"And strike me pale," says he, "don't ask me to dare it any more. I much prefer the whipping-post."

And whiter than before he sat upon the bed in a condition pretty much the equal of my own.

"What, you 've known the whipping-post?" I cried. "What adventures you have had! And brought up in a priory. Now tell me all about 'em."

"Three times to the whipping-post?" says he, "twice to the pillory, twice to Edinburgh Tolbooth, and once a broken leg, and various embroilments, and strange accidents by sea and land."

"Oh! my lad," says I, "if we had but time, what would I not give to hear your life recited. But the whipping-post? What 's it like? Do you know, I 've been nearly tempted there myself, for it must be a very unique sensation."

"It is somewhat like kissing you, Madam, only nothing like so painful."

This incorrigible rogue said this with the sobriety of a cardinal.

"And now," says he, "I won't tell you one other solitary thing till you have appeased my hunger. I am famishing."

"What!" says I, "you who are to die in half an hour requiring a meal!"

I was astonished that the imminence of death did not affect him. But then I had no need to be, for there was scarce a trait in his strange character that did not pass quite outside of my experience.

"Now tell me more about your life," says I, "you charming young adventurer."

His answer was a droll expression; and he shook his head and placed a finger on his lips to remind me of his vow of silence. And he would not speak another word of any kind until I had sent Emblem to smuggle up some food and to inquire whether the soldiers had yet begun their search.

When she had gone, I said: "Suppose, my lad, you proved, after all, to be a person of high consideration, deserted by your parents for State reasons or matters of that sort. We read of such things in the story-books, you know."

"Not I," says he with his delicious gravity. "I know quite well I am not that. I am a person of low tastes."

Here he sighed.

"They might be the fruits of your education," says I tenaciously, for I love aught that seems at all romantic or mysterious. "Let me hear them, Sir, for I believe I am well fitted to pronounce a verdict thereupon."

"For one thing," says he, "I am fond of cheese."

"How barbarous!" says I.

"And I prefer to drink from pewter."

"'Tis a survival of the Vandal and the Goth," says I.

"And velvet frets me. I cannot bow, I cannot pirouette, I cannot make a leg, and I have no gift of compliment."

"Mr. Dare," says I, "you are indeed a waif, and not a high-born gentleman. Mr. Dare, your case is hopeless."

But so heavy a decision sat upon him in the lightest manner, for he heard the feet of the approaching Emblem and the rattle of dishes on a tray. She, too, had evidently formed a low opinion of his tastes, for she had brought him the rudest pigeon-pie and the vulgarest pot of ale you ever saw.

"I hope, my wench," says I sharply, "you let no one in the kitchen see you procure these things. They will say I have a diabetes else."

"Deed, no, my lady," she replied; and then in a confidential whisper, "the soldiers are not yet begun their search. I have had a word with Corporal

Flickers, who is on duty. He hath told me privily that by the Captain's orders their investigation is to be postponed till four o'clock, as they are in such urgent need of food and sleep."

"And what gave you Corporal Flickers for this news?" says I, frowning at her.

Emblem puckered up her lips and looked puritanically prim.

"Only a look," says she demurely; "and a very indifferent imitation of one of your own, Ma'am."

Meantime, the condemned rebel had swallowed half the pigeon-pie and drunk a pint of ale. I watched him in polite surprise, and the thought came to me that if his fighting was as fierce as was his appetite, six men would be none too many to retake him. Having at last despatched his meal, he said—

"Madam, do you know that I feel quite wonderfully better? Fit for stratagems and devilry, in fact. And, Lord knows, they 'll be required."

"They will indeed," says I. "But stratagems—you talk of stratagems—now let me think of 'em."

I seldom lack for a certain fertility in inventions. I began to put it to the test. To sit tamely down and watch this fine lad perish was by no means what I was prepared to do. Having pledged myself so deeply to his affair, I would see him through with it.

"Madam," he broke in on my thoughts, "two feet of straight and honest steel is worth a mile of strategy. Give me a sword, and bother your head no more about me."

"'Tis bloodymindedness," says I; "and you such a tender, handsome boy!"

"I am not tender, I am not handsome, I am not a boy," says he.

"You are the very handsomest lad I ever saw," says I mischievously, "and Mrs. Polly Emblem knows it also. She looks on you as sweetly as though you were a corporal."

"Bah!" he cries, "do you suppose, Madam, that I will let a parcel of women pet me like a terrier pup. I was born for better things, I hope."

"For the whipping-post, the pillory, the Tolbooth, you saucy rogue," says I, laughing at his anger, and the way he treated one of the foremost ladies in the State. "But you know you are very handsome, now," says I, in a very coaxing manner.

"To be handsome," he replied, "a man must be six feet high, splendid wide shoulders, slender hips, and muscles made of steel. No, I am not handsome. I am only a little fellow: five feet five inches is my height, my frame hath no more consistency than your own. See how my shoulders slope, and my very voice is thin and feminine."

"Why certainly it is," says I, "but still you are very handsome."

"'Tis untrue," says he, determined to prevail, and doing so, for he was of that disposition that whatever he wished he obtained and whatever he undertook he performed; "but, Madam, if it will be a satisfaction to you, I may say that for my size I possess an arm that merits your attention. Observe these muscles, Madam. They are flexible."

And I laughed aloud when he pushed his sleeve up suddenly and laid his forearm bare. He bent it and made its fibres rise, and before he would be content I had to grip it with an appearance of great interest.

But the catalogue of his dimensions and his feminine resemblance was to put me in possession of one of the bravest stratagems that ever was conceived.

"I have it!" I exclaimed, in a tone of victory. "I have it! I have discovered a device that shall fit you like a glove."

"I do not want a device," says he; "give me an honest sword, and a sturdy courage. They are worth all your pussy-cat tricks."

"You have a feminine exterior," says I, "and I possess the clothes and the arts that can adorn it. In half an hour you shall become a most ravishing girl."

"I will not, by thunder!" he exclaimed, with gleams of purple in his face. "I will go to Tyburn rather."

"Well, think about it," says I coaxingly, "and remember this is your only

chance of life. I do believe that I may save you thus. Besides, a boy of your height will make a very fine, tall woman."

This it was that moved him to the scheme. In a moment was he reconciled.

"Tall!" cries he. "Well, it's worth trying anyhow. And at least there's room in a woman's what-do-you-call-'ems to stow a pistol and a bit of ammunition?"

I assured him that there was.

Thereupon Emblem and I set about at once to prepare him this disguise. The more I considered it, the more positive did I grow of its success. Our present mode seemed to have been invented to assist our audacious plan. Every lady of pretension must have her powder, her patch, and her great head-dress. The hooped skirt was then the fashion too. I placed the most elegant one I had at his disposal. That is to say, the biggest, for the larger they were the more "tonnish" they were considered. Indeed, the petticoat I procured him was of such capacity that it fitted over his masculine clothes with ease, and abolished the necessity for underlinen, as his shirt and breeches fulfilled its duties admirably. We got him into this rich silk dress, with convolvuli and mignonette brocaded on it, in the shortest space of time. The bodice, though, was a different affair. He had to remove his coat and vest ere we might venture to put it on at all. Then he had to be dragged into it by main force, till it seemed that a miracle alone had saved the seams from bursting.

"Huh!" he sighed, "I cannot breathe. This is less humane than hanging."

"But not so ignominious," says I.

"Well, I wouldn't be too sure of that," says he. "For surely 'tis of the very depth of degradation for a lusty man like me to be put in petticoats, and made a woman of."

"Wretch!" says I. Mrs. Polly Emblem, being employed at that moment in pinning a gold brooch into the collar of his bodice, by misadventure stuck it cleverly in his throat.

We made him a bust with a pad of wool. His hair was a matter for nice consideration. He wore it long, and of a yellow colour; and although of a coarse male quality, it was profuse enough to occupy his shoulders. Emblem, however, was a past mistress in the manipulation of a head-dress. It shook me with laughter, yet thrilled me with pleasure too, to witness the degree of mastery with which she seized that ungovernable mane, that was no more curly than is a grey rat's tail, and twisted it to her own devices. She packed it up with pins and divers arts known only to the coiffeuse, enclosed it in one of my commodes, and made the whole of such a height and imperial proportion that even I would not have disdained to wear it publicly.

There now remained the question of his tell-tale hands and feet. But the difficulties they presented were very well got over. His form being cast in so slight a mould, it was not strange that they were of quite a delicate character; and when a pair of long mittens had been stretched across his hands to hide their natural roughness, there remained small chance of detection on their account.

But his feet were a somewhat more serious affair. My own shoes were outside the question utterly. When Emblem mischievously produced a pair, and suggested that he should try them on, his face was worthy of remark.

"What, those!" says he. "I might have tugged 'em on when I was four weeks old, but I'll swear at no time thereafter."

Emblem then produced a pair of hers. They fared but slightly better, she being a very dainty creature, a fact of which she was very well aware. Thereupon, she repaired below stairs to discover if any of the maids could lend assistance. In the end she returned in triumph with a not inelegant pair the cook went to church on Sundays in. She being one of the most buxom members of her tribe, they promised well.

It was a squeeze, but the lad found a way inside them, and walked presently across the room to allow us to judge of the general effect.

"A little more rose-pink upon his cheeks," says I, "a rather darker eyebrow, a higher frill about his throat, a deeper shade of vermilion on his lips, two inches more ascension in his bust, and we shall have the rogue a rival to myself."

Emblem, most enthusiastic in the cause, brimful of mirth, and with a pardonable vanity in her own accomplished hand, worked out these details to a miracle. A touch or two and Venus was superseded.

He looked into the mirror and saw his image there, and kissed the glass to show how deeply the picture there presented had wrought upon his susceptibilities.

"A deuced fine girl!" says he. "Faith! I think I 'll marry her!"

"You are wedded to her for a day or two at least," says I.

The lad made the most charming picture. Those rare eyes of his were roving in a very saucy way; his features were alert and delicate, yet strong, and emphasised in delightful fashion by Mrs. Polly Emblem's inimitable art. His clothes were very cunningly contrived, and he had a graceful ease of person that in a measure disguised the absence of soft curves. Besides, that enormous hoop petticoat was very much his friend, as it stood so far off from his natural figure that it created a shape of its own accord.

"My dearest Prue, how are you?" cries I with warmth, and pretending to embrace him.

"So my name is Prue?" says he; "a proper name, I vow."

"Then 'ware lest you soil it with an impropriety," says I, disapproving highly of the way in which he walked. "You are to impersonate my friend the Honourable Prudence Canticle. She is very fond of hymns; she thinks a lot about her soul, and is a wonderfully good young creature. But my dearest Prue, is that how Pilgrim walked upon his progress? Pray correct it, for it is, indeed, most immodest and unwomanlike. In four strides you have swaggered across the room."

"All right, dear Bab," says he, with an impudence that I itched to box his ears for. "But I so detest you niminy-piminy fine ladies, with your affectations and your foibles. Therefore, I remove my manners from you as far as possible. I spurn your mincing footsteps, dear. Besides, I am on the narrow and the thorny track, and the bigger strides I take the sooner I shall have walked across it."

"You must contrive to modulate your voice in a different key to that," says I, his mentor. "You must become far less roguish and impertinent; you must manipulate your skirts with a deal more of dexterity; and, above all, I would have you imitate my tone. The one you are using now is bourgeois, provincial, a very barbarism, and an insult to ears accustomed to refinement."

"Lard, Bab," says the wicked dog, "give me a chaney arange, or a dish of tay, for I 'm martal tharsty."

"Prue," says I, "let me proceed to read you the first lesson."

(To be continued.)

FIRST IN THE FIELD.

By MARY HARTIER.

IT was drawing towards milking-time on a May afternoon, when Robert Balsdon, the miller, sauntered out of his gate to the little bridge that led into the churchyard. He leaned over the low wall, while the stream went merrily on its way beneath him, and the sound of the mill-wheel droned in his ears. He looked meditatively across to the goodly bit of meadow-land which lay next to the churchyard. Three prosperous cows stood in the far corner under the shade of the elms that rose from the hedge, and patiently flicked their tails and chewed the cud as they waited for the pretty milk-maid, Leah Parminter.

The miller filled his pipe and lighted it; then he dropped into soliloquy.

"Wull, there! 'Tez a weist world. 'Tez so: as nice a bit of medder-land as a man could wish for, and to think poor Dan Parminter hath a-got vor leave it and come t'other side of the hedge. 'Tis the burying to-morrow, so I must mind Eliza Ann to put my black clothes in readiness. I should like to pay him every respect, and the bigger the burying the more comfort for them as is left.

"I wonder now if the widow will keep on her little farm. I'd rent this yer bit of land if 'er'd got a mind to give up, but I reckon 'er'll stick to it. That there John Marlin's got his eye on it too, I know, for it lies as handy to his place as it does to mine. Then his Dick's keeping company with Widow Parminter's maid—and a tidy little maid 'er be—so I shouldn't be surprised if he doesn't think he'll get hold of the land that way.

"There's another way, besides, but 'twill hardly have come into his mind yet, and if it has, two can play to once at that little game."

Here Robert Balsdon became so lost in thought that his pipe went out.

"I've heard tell as widows is always willin'. Still I've been a bachelor over fifty year, and 'twould go hard to give up my freedom. Her's a pretty masterful sort, is Martha Parminter. But 'tez a bütiful bit of medder-land. I'm danged if I don't have a try vor 't. I'll go in aisy, so as I can draw back if I can't bring my mind to it, but I'll be first in the field, anyways."

And the miller, after hunting in vain for a match in the many pockets of his flour-dredged garments, strolled back to the house to get a light for his neglected pipe.

As he left his post of observation Leah Parminter came into the field to fetch home the cows. If she had called she need not have walked to the far corner by the stream to drive them, for she was a little later than usual, and an occasional "moo" of expectancy showed that her charges were only too ready to obey her summons. But she had evidently no desire to save herself this trouble. She made a fair picture as she hurried across the daisy-starred meadow. Little vagrant curls escaped from the sun-bonnet which had been hastily tossed on, and framed a face that seemed akin to the apple-blossom rioting in the next orchard. And when Dick Marlin jumped over the hedge the faint tinge of the open bloom turned to the deeper tone of the rosy bud on her face. It was no wonder that to see this change Dick should contrive every excuse for being in the orchard at milking-time.

"I mustn't stay," she said.

"Just a minute, to let me see how yü 'm looking, my dear." He turned the girl's face to his, and noticed with concern that tears seemed very near.

"It 's all dreadfully sad, and everyone 's so busy, there doesn't seem any time to think of poor father." A little break came in her voice, and she looked so touching as the sense of her loss came home to her that Dick tried to console her to the best of his ability.

"Dear little maid," he said, and his arm went round her, but to his surprise she drew away.

"No, you mustn't be kind, and that," she said. "I shall cry if you do."

He was a little bewildered, but "and that" happened before he had time to think, and then she did cry, and let herself be comforted in his arms.

"Yü 'll walk with me at the burying to-morrow, won't 'ee, Leah?"

"I 'll try, but I 'm not sure if mother'll think it proper."

"How is she bearing up?" enquired Dick, trying to be sympathetic, though he did not like Mrs. Parminter.

"Poor mother, she 's in a terrible way," the girl answered. "She cries all the time, and says she 's got nothing left to live for, and when the neighbours come in she takes on worse than ever. I 'm afraid she 'll be ill next."

"I 'm more afraid you will, my dear. It comes hard, having to look after her and manage everything, and you such a little maid. Leah, when are you going to let me look after 'ee? I couldn't say much when I knew how you were wanted to nurse your poor father, but you won't keep me waiting long now, will 'ee, my dear?"

"Oh, Dick, you mustn't say a word about that. Think how lonely-like poor mother 'll be! I couldn't leave her."

Then suddenly finding that the cows had left the meadow and were probably at home in the milking-yard before this, she hurried away, while Dick gazed after her with longing eyes.

He went moodily back to his own work. "If Mrs. Parminter is the woman I make her out to be," he muttered, "she won't be lonely-like for very long. 'Tis always the ones that takes on most that is soonest consoled."

The next day the May warmth and sunshine had vanished and March seemed to have returned with blustering winds, while April flung behind her the showers she had failed to use in their season.

The "burying" was a large one, and the widow, within her voluminous crape draperies, exulted in the fact. She was an emotional woman, and the unstinted flow of her tears gave her some secret satisfaction. She felt they formed the crowning point of her wifely duties. Her daughter's calmness during the sad service provoked her. The girl had put a great restraint upon herself, but she had broken down at last as the procession moved homeward, and sobs shook her as she leaned heavily on her lover's arm. This was as it should be, and the widow felt appeased.

In the orthodox fashion all the women kept their faces buried in black-bordered handkerchiefs to hide their tears or their absence of tears, as the case might be. It was an occasion on which they felt the proud superiority of their position. The men on whom they hung, having no shelter for their countenances, wore abashed and miserable expressions, as if fully conscious of how mean and niggardly their display of grief must appear by comparison with that of their female relations. As the long black line reached the gate of Mrs. Parminter's home a little disorder crept into its ranks, and Miller Balsdon found himself close to the widow.

"Don't 'ee take on so, Mis' Parminter," he murmured, with sympathising accents. "Yü 'll never want vor friends, and I 'll be one tü 'ee my own self. Being neighbours I 'll drop in often and help 'ee not to feel lonely-like."

The widow slowly withdrew her handkerchief from her face, and made of it a screen from the bystanders. A belated tear was in the act of hurling itself to destruction over her high cheek-bone, but the ghost of a twinkle glimmered in the eye from whence it came.

"Yü 'm too late, my dear," she said. "John Marlin, he spok' afore sarvice."

TWO short plays, *The Heather Field* and *Maeve*, by Edward Martyn, are published by Duckworth and Co., 3, Henrietta Street, W.C. The book is bound with that daintiness and lavishness of margin apt to suggest inevitable fears—in the present case unfounded—as to whether its contents will, to use the current phrase, "repay perusal." Clear printing is, in the mind of the general public, too often associated with obscure writing; and expensive binding with cheap literature. This volume is, however, very well worth reading, if it were only for the preface to the plays by Mr. George Moore, a delightfully amusing preface. The book should by rights have been called "An Introduction by George Moore," and then the names of the plays should have followed as an appendix. For it is certainly not too much to say that the Introduction has already created more interest and given rise to more lively discussion than the plays themselves in all human probability are ever likely to do, whether they are played with scenery and all accessories or merely rehearsed. (The latter seems more likely.) When Mr. Moore criticises he may be at times inaccurate, but he is always interesting. This essay contains many truths, some excellent phrases, and some impressions and opinions either violently laudatory or excessively hostile, on such various subjects as Mr. Archer, Mr. Yeats the poet, Mr. George Moore, Mr. Alexander, Dickens, Maupassant, and Mr. Pinero; Mr. Moore's rooted dislike to the successful play "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" being still, after a period of many years, a subject of passionate asseveration.

This is not the place to offer opinions on the drama, but on the discussion that arose out of this Introduction, as it is strictly a literary discussion, we may be allowed, perhaps, for a short space to dwell. Mr. Moore assures us that "Cyrano de Bergerac" is "merely rhymed Sardou." Such successful plays are mere fashions, and he firmly points out the risk which he thinks Mr. Archer may occasionally run of too great readiness to label a play "literary" if it be an exhibition of some social problem. With these, literary writing has no necessary connection. The result is that when a bad play is called "literature" the public who go to see it say, "Oh! so that is literature; well, literature does not do on the stage." Mr. Moore goes so far as to say that "the Divorce Court has always been accepted by Mr. Archer as a symbol of thoughtfulness." Mr. Moore does not distribute his blame or praise with the solemnity of a successful schoolmaster, but, on the contrary, is apt to be carried away by his new discoveries; and by his rankling and bitter detestation of "pseudo-literary" plays. To do him justice, for "Charley's Aunt"

he has indulgence, nay, appreciation, for is it not a perfect specimen of its kind? and, therefore, it can hold its own with the best, just as a tiny figure of Chelsea or Dresden china can hold its own with the finest statues in the Vatican, and "Lady Windermere's Fan" take its place beside Congreve and Wycherley. A play that possesses qualities of balance, design, and sequence can hold its own in any company.

Mr. Archer's reply is characteristically judicial as contrasted with his antagonist's rather studied petulance and vivacity. He says, speaking of Mr. Moore's criticism — a thing of ecstasy and indignation, of worship or vituperation—

"He cannot be content to adore Balzac without depreciating Mr. Meredith. He cannot proclaim the genius of Mr. Yeats without yoking Homer to his triumphal car and throwing Mr. Kipling under the wheels. There is something spasmodic, I had almost said epileptic, about this order of enthusiasm that is foreign to my temperament. When I consider the similarity of Mr. Bernard Shaw's processes to Mr. Moore's, I begin to wonder whether there be not, after all, something in race.

"The truth is that Mr. Moore (and this is also true to a certain extent of Mr. Shaw) feels and writes, not as a critic, properly so called, but as an artist. Now, artists, if I may venture on a generalisation, are the best critics of certain other artists, but are incapable of taking a wide and comprehensive view of the whole domain of art. Mr. Moore pays for the intensity of his perceptiveness in one or two directions by almost total imperceptiveness in others. We may reverse in his case Hamlet's enigmatic remark, and say 'He is but *sane* nor'-nor'-west; when the wind is southerly, he does *not* know a hawk from a heronshaw.' Nature is a cunning hand at averages, and it is no doubt the very genius which enabled Mr. Moore to write 'Esther Waters' that disqualifies him from appreciating the first two acts of 'The Benefit of the Doubt.' And I should not be surprised if Mr. Pinero's genius were quite strong enough to disqualify him from appreciating 'Esther Waters.'"

Another critic, as far removed in temperament and method from one antagonist as from the other, now saunters forward to criticise this fray of the critics, in the person of Mr. Max Beerbohm. In his dandified way, but from the standpoint of a serious artist in style, he censures Mr. Moore for "those unfinished sentences, tapering away into three dots . . .," while from the point of view of the caricaturist he evidently delights in the conflict between the canny Scot on the one hand and the wild Irishman on the other, seeing Mr. Archer and Mr. Moore at once as "Sandy" and "Pat," and speaking of their methods as those of the shillelagh and the claymore. This irreverence is highly characteristic of a writer who scruples not to speak of Dr. Grace, the cricketer, and Dr. Conan Doyle, the author, as two eminent medical men. But, while I deplore such flippancy, I must own that beneath the persiflage of one who plays with language as one plays with what one loves, there exists in all Mr. Beerbohm's writing a strain of thoroughly sound sense, of cool and well-balanced judgment. He is one of the few "brilliant" writers who are entirely without fads and destitute of prejudices—excepting, perhaps, a prejudice in favour of the best English. He delights in every example of weakness—if it is amusing—and every trait of character, and perhaps there is no critic of our time who possesses more in perfection the impersonal view. But I must now return to the plays themselves, which have been made an occasion for this amusing "tea-cup tempest."

The Heather Field is certainly not without merit. It has cleverness and promise, and if on reading it one is not at once struck by its possibilities of effectiveness for the stage, the same may be said of many of Ibsen's plays. These we know, or we should know, for we have been told often enough, are specially effective on the stage, even when they may not seem